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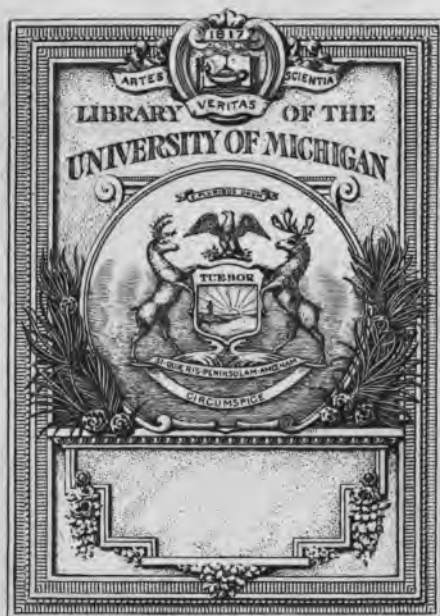
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THE  
CHRISTIAN AD,  
A  
P O E M  
IN SIX BOOKS;

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF  
MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA

---

BY  
J. CRANWELL, M. A.  
RECTOR OF ABBOTS RIPTON IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

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M,DCC,LXVIII.

74

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

'FATHER IN GOD,

*J O H N,*

LORD BISHOP OF *LINCOLN*,

THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATION

OF

VIDA's CHRISTIADOS,

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT

AND

MOST DUTIFUL SERVANT,

J. C.



Dir.

Guyon

11-6-47

60184

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE original Poem, of which a Translation is here offer'd to the Public, is of the heroic kind; its subject is the Life and Actions of JESUS CHRIST; a subject in its own nature of the highest importance, and happily made by the Poet's art, as entertaining as it is profitable.

I have often wonder'd, and thought it great pity, that a Poet, so highly valued by persons of the finest taste, and consummate judgement, in all times; as appears from the innumerable elogiums of him, shou'd never, in this noblest of all his works, have had the good fortune to be communicated to the English in their mother tongue. But whether our Poets have had little inclination themselves; or whether they apprehended the Public wou'd but ill relish a work of this sort; or whether they judg'd it unworthy their labours, as having a few errors of the Romish Church scatter'd in it

## P R E F A C E.

—so it is, that this excellent and masterly Performance, when many foreign Pieces of less consequence and less entertainment, have been successfully translated into our language; has lain for two hundred years, quite overlooked and neglected.

Certain it is, that a work of this nature, if *properly executed*, cou'd not fail to meet with encouragement, and be well receiv'd, by numbers of serious and sincere Christians. Whether the following Translation can lay claim to that Character, is submitted to the decision of the candid and judicious Reader. What I can truly affirm, is, that it was undertaken at first with a good intention, and is now made public with the same view, *viz.* to bring those, who are not qualify'd to understand the Original in its Latin dress, acquainted with a Work; wherein the Life and Actions of our SAVIOUR are set in a most beautiful and striking Light—by which means a peculiar pleasure is added to the conviction of the heart, resulting from a plain and historical narration.

But to obviate any objection that may arise against this Poem, as being written by



## P R E F A C E.

a Member of the Romish Communion; it may not be improper to observe, that excepting a few passages (such as the bodily presence of Christ in the Eucharist, the Pope's Supremacy, the worship of the Cross, our Saviour's descent into purgatory to redeem and bring back the souls of sinners) which a Translator cou'd not omit, without mangling the body of the work, and doing an injury to his Author; there is nothing, I may venture to say, in the other parts of the Poem, that is at all repugnant to the doctrines of the Church of England; nor any thing advanc'd that can reasonably give offence to the strictest and most scrupulous Protestant: A circumstance rather to be wonder'd at; as the Poem was written by an Italian Bishop, under the command and encouragement of a Roman Pontiff.

I will not pretend to trouble the Reader with excuses, concerning the difficulty of this undertaking, and the great hazard there is of sometimes mistaking an Author's sense, where there is no previous clue to guide and direct a Translator: such as it is, I offer it to the Public; and fairly own I have us'd

## P R E F A C E.

my best endeavours to do the Author justice. If there be any merit in the Performance, the Public will easily discern, and I dare say readily allow it; if there be none, and it is not worthy their attention, no apology of mine can make it so.

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T H E



---

THE  
CHRISTIAN  
OF  
VIDA

TRANSLATED BY  
Mr. CRANWELL.

---

With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;  
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.  
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow  
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

POPE.

---

A

M'ARCI

---

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

---

**Q**UI mare, qui terras, qui cœlum numine com-  
ples,

Spiritus alme, tuo liceat mihi munere regem

Bis genitum canere; è superi qui sede Parentis

Virginis intactæ gravidam descendit in alvum,

Mortalesque auras hausit puer; ut genus ultus

Humanum eriperet tenebris et carcere iniquo,

Morte suâ, manesque pios inferret Olympo.

Illum sponte hominum morientem ob crimina

Tellus

Ægra tulit; puduitque poli de vertice Solem

Aspicere, et tenebris infuetis terruit orbem.

Fas mihi, te duce, mortali immortalia digno

Ore loqui; interdumque oculos attollere cœlo,

Et lucem accipere ætheream; summiq; Parentis

Consilia, atque necis tam diræ evolvere causas.

Jam prope mortis erant metæ, finisque labo-  
rum

Christo aderat; Solymûmque ideo haud ignarus ad  
urbem

Phœnicum extremis remeans de finibus, ibat.

Illum ingens comitum numerus, juvenesque senes-  
que

Sponte sequebantur, rerum quos fama trahebat

Undique collectos: nam magnas sive per urbes

Ferret.

---

V I D A's  
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K. I.

---

O Thou! that spread'st thy universal reign  
O'er earth, o'er air, and Ocean's wide domain,  
Indulgent Spirit! aid me while I sing  
Of that eternal, twice begotten King;  
Who from his Father's awful Throne on high  
Descending, deign'd within the womb to lie  
Of spotless Virgin; and content to share  
Our earthly Nature, breath'd this vital air:  
By Death to vindicate man's injur'd Right,  
And rescue Millions from the Realms of Night;  
Indignant Earth with sympathetic pain  
Beheld him dying for the sins of man;  
And the Sun blushing veil'd his radiant head,  
In gloomy darkness, and unusual shade.  
Give me, beneath thy conduct, to rehearse  
Immortal subjects in no vulgar verse;  
On tow'ring wing beyond this globe aspire,  
Pierce thro' the clouds, and catch th' etherial fire;  
The secret counsels of high Heaven relate,  
And the sad causes of so dire a fate.

Now Christ beheld the destin'd Period near,  
Of all his Labours, and a Life of Care;  
When from Phœnicia's coasts he bent his way,  
To where Judæa's sacred city lay.  
With him, a Train, invited by his fame,  
Of old and young, in crowds promiscuous came.

Ferret iter, seu desertis in montibus iret,  
 Olli se innumeri jungebant, usque parati  
 Jussa sequi, vellet quascunque abducere in oras;  
 Atque novos erat hîc semper fas cernere cœtus.  
 Pinifero veluti Vesuli de vertice primum  
 It Padus, exiguo sulcans fata pingua rivo;  
 Hinc magis atque magis labendo viribus auctus  
 Surgit, latifluoque sonans se gurgite pandit.  
 Victor; opes amnes varii auxiliaribus undis  
 Hinc addunt, atque inde; suo nec se capit alveo  
 Turbidus, haud uno dum rumpat in æquora  
 cornu.

Tum verò numero socios sejunxit ab omni  
 Bis senos, sibi quos olim delegit, ut essent  
 Tantorum memores operum, testesque labo-  
 rum.

Atque ubi secretos nemora in seclusa vocavit,  
 Procerâ innitens cedro, mœstissimus ore,  
 Eque imo rumpens suspiria pectore, fatur.

Ventum ad supremum, focii; data tempora  
 vitæ

Exegi in terris: lux nunc infanda propinquat;  
 Meque pii manes expectant: illius ergo  
 En ultro insensam Solymorum ascendimus urbem.  
 Illic informis leti mihi dira parantur  
 Supplicia: immeritum me nunc conjurat in unum  
 Sæva sacerdotum manus; ut, non inscius, ipse  
 Prædixi toties, ac vobis cuncta retexi.  
 Ibo, morte meâ veterum scelus omne piabo.  
 His me prime malis oneras pater; ipse tulisti  
 Dulcia poma; mihi sed nunc tua furta luen-  
 dum.

Cum tamen expulerit tenebras lux tertia rebus,  
 Aëreas, cæde abluta, revocabor in auras.  
 Vos etiam, quos non pertæsum denique nostri,  
 Funera acerba manent; audete, et lucis amor  
 Istius æternum vitæ immortalis honorem

Mecum

BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD.

5

For whether he pursu'd the public road,  
Or in the pathless Mountains made abode;  
Fresh throngs of hearers glad attendance pay,  
Prepar'd to follow where he leads the way.  
Thus from the heights of Vesulus, the Po  
Winds it's small current thro' the vales below;  
Thence by degrees collecting force it spreads,  
With broader surface thro' the verdant meads;  
At length by new auxiliar streams supply'd,  
Far o'er it's limits rolls the rapid tide,  
And pour'd impetuous o'er the sounding plain,  
Sweeps thro' a hundred channels to the main.  
Now from his mixt attendants Twelve he chose,  
To future times commission'd to disclose,  
His various Wonders, and record his Woes. }  
To whom, retir'd amidst the secret shade  
Sighs from his bosom bursting, thus he said :

The fatal time is come; I've liv'd on earth  
The measur'd space allotted from my birth;  
Now shortly hence from these abodes must go,  
The Saints expect me in the shades below.  
For this, my Friends, our destin'd course we bend,  
Where lofty Solyma's proud tow'rs ascend;  
There, urg'd by Malice and revengeful Hate,  
The murd'rous Priests for my Destruction wait :  
As oft ye know, in vain from me conceal'd,  
Their schemes I've noted, and their plots reveal'd.  
I go, and chearfully my Death embrace,  
To screen from Vengeance Man's devoted race.  
This is the weighty burden, these the woes,  
Thou, father Adam ! did'st on Me impose;  
Thyself the tempting fruit did'st bear away,  
And I the dreadful Forfeiture must pay.  
But the third orient Morn, th' Atonement made,  
I'll rise triumphant from the gloomy shade.  
Ye too, my friends, my firm associate train,  
Must taste of Death in all his shapes of pain:

6 CHRISTIADOS. [LIB. I.]

Mecum omnes præferte : domus non hæc data,  
non hæc

Sunt vobis propriæ sedes :

vos ætheris alti

Lucida templa vocant, stellis florentia regna;

Pax ubi secura, ac requies optata laborum.

Hic domus, hic patria : huc omnes contendite læti

Angustum per iter : vestras hic figite sedes.

Dixerat : at focii defixi lumina mœstis

Hærebant animis, ac tristitia multa putabant.

Tum senior, Petrus haud linguæ, vocive pepercit ;

Et tali Divum affatus sermone precatur.

Nate Deo, quæ tanta Deum te denique cœli

Vis agit, ut libeat letum crudele pacisci

Pro quoquam, aut certis ultro te offerre periculis?

Quin age te incolumi potius (potes omnia  
quando,

Nec tibi nequicquam Pater est, qui sidera torquet)

Perficias, quodcunque tibi nunc instat agendum,

Non adeò exosus lucem ingratusque salutis.

Hos animos, hanc confestim, precor, exue mentem ;

Ipse tui miserere, tuum miserere, nec ultro

Projice nos, qui te, tendis quocunque, sequemur.

Sic ille : increpuit dictis quem talibus heros :

Non pudet, ô nunquam sapiens, mortalia  
semper

Volvere, nube oculos pressum, cœlestium inanem?

Nec potis es vanis unquam desuescere curis?

Hæcne tibi consulta mei suasere labores?

Non hoc consiliis, non hoc auctoribus istis

Tempus eget ; Genitor jussis haud mollibus  
urget.

At vos ô, rebus spretis mortalibus, omnes

Ferte viri, et duros animo tolerate labores ;

Oblique hominem, cœlo altas tollite mentes.

Et



BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD.

7

But banish fear, and learn with Me to love  
The purer pleasures of the Realms above.  
This world, uncertain seat, th' eternal God  
Did ne'er predestine for your fixt abode.  
You the pure Regions of ethereal Light,  
Heav'n's starry Kingdoms, to their Thrones invite;  
Where you shall reign secure, these Evils past,  
And all your Labours find a Port at last.  
Here fix your seats, and thro' life's thorny way  
Pursue your passage to eternal day.

He said; his friends stand fix'd with downcast eyes,  
And scenes of sorrow in their thoughts arise.  
Peter alone nor voice nor tongue suppress'd,  
And in these words the Deity address'd

Declare, Oh Son of God! what pow'r so great  
Of Heav'n impells thee to this wretched state,  
That thou for man should'st yield thy sacred breath,  
And fall a victim to triumphant Death?  
Rather what deeds must here on Earth be done,  
Perform in safety, and these dangers shun.  
(For Nature hears thy voice, and not in vain  
Thou claim'st a Sire that rules th' ethereal plain.)  
This fatal courage in thy breast subdue,  
Thyself, thy friends with kind Compassion view;  
Nor leave us helpless to the foes a prey,  
Who chearful follow thy appointed way.

He said; the Heroe thus with warmth replies;  
Oh! wilt thou ne'er by discipline be wise!  
But still on earth thy grov'ling thoughts employ,  
Too long a stranger to coelestial joy!  
Did all my labours and a life of woe,  
But teach thy thoughts such counsel to bestow?  
Alas! these times for other lot decree;  
New woes, new troubles Heav'n reserves for me.  
Ye too, my friends, with noble pride disdain  
Life's softer pleasures, and it's toils sustain;  
And lost to human views your thoughts remove  
From earth; enamour'd of the joys above.

Et cum mortales linguas in jurgia solvent  
 Vos contra, falsis onerantes nomina vestra  
 Criminibus, gaudete, ac firmo pectore ferte,  
 Indignamque ignominiam contemnite læti.  
 Hinc fortunatos vos dicite; præmia quando  
 Certa manent, oriturque ingens hinc gloria vestra.

Hæc fatus, montes aditum fert tristis in altos :  
 Incedunt unà focii cum rege parati  
 Cuncta pati, et juvenis sortem indignantur ini-  
 quam,

Et jam palmosæ subit Hierichuntis ad  
 urbem :  
 Zacchæi excipitur tecto, mensisque paratis,  
 Cui quondam componere opes, per fasque ne-  
 fasque.

Immenſas amor acer erat, ſed luce receptâ  
 Hoſpitis adventu, cœpit male parta luendo  
 Reddere cuique ſuum, partiri cætera egenis,  
 Tot facti infectique auri congeſta talenta.  
 Hic ſubito, non læta ferens, gravis impulit  
 aures

Nuncius, atque animum rumore momordit amaro,  
 Lazarus haud procul hinc Bethanes regna tenebat,  
 Dives opum, clarus genus alto à ſanguine  
 regum :

Nam pater ingentes Syriæ frenaverat ôras,  
 Vique ſibi captas quondam ſubjecerat urbes.  
 Nemo illo hoſpitibus facilis magis : omnibus  
 illa

Noctes atque dies domus ultro oblata patebat.  
 Huc etiam perſæpe ipſum ſuccedere Chriſtum  
 Haud piguit; creberque domûs indulſit amicæ  
 Hoſpitio, atque Deum poſitâ ſe nube reſexit.  
 Hunc igitur poſtquam morientem accepit, et acri,  
 Vix, morbo correptum, auras haurire ſu-  
 premas,

Et

**BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD.**

9

And when mankind your guiltless conduct blame,  
With lies aspersing your unspotted name;  
Rejoice in secret, and despise the shame.  
These bitter hardships but prepare the way,  
To endless Glories in the realms of day.

This said, our Lord the neighbouring hills ascends,  
His steps attended by his faithful friends;  
Prepar'd with him thro' all events to go,  
Yet inly mourning at his destin'd woe.

And now with weary'd step he reach'd the † town,  
Whose beauteous meadows verdant palm-trees  
With joy Zacchæus, at his social board, [crown.  
Receives and welcomes his illustrious Lord.

He, who before to truth and justice blind,  
With lust of Lucre had debas'd his mind,  
Now by the light of pure religion blest'd,  
Each sordid passion banish'd from his breast;  
To those he wrong'd, returns th' ill-gotten store,  
The rest dividing to th' industrious poor.

Meanwhile dispatch'd with haste, an herald bears  
Unwelcome tidings to his trembling ears.  
Not far from hence th' extended region lay,  
Where scepter'd Laz'rus held his potent sway;  
In lofty Bethany who made abode,  
Renown'd for wealth, and sprung from regal blood;  
For erst his sire had rul'd with wide command,  
And stretch'd his conquest o'er the Syrian land.

To strangers none so affable and kind,  
None bore, like him, an hospitable mind;  
For morn and night, with ample plenty blest'd,  
His gates stood open to the casual guest.  
Hither our Lord himself wou'd oft repair,  
The gen'rous banquet of his friend to share;  
And here, unveil'd, his heav'nly Pow'r display,  
As social converse wore the hours away.  
Soon as the tidings reach'd him, that his friend  
Was now approaching to his destin'd end,

† Jericho,

That

Et quasi jam leti portas luctarier ante;  
Demisit lacrymas, sociisque hæc edidit ore.

Cedamus; leto actutum revocandus amicus  
In lucem, modò me summus Pater audiat ipse,  
Atque suas velit hìc, ut sæpe, ostendere vires.

Hæc ait, et gressum Bethanzæ tendit ad urbem.  
Prosequitur comitum manus ingens, atque videndi  
Innumeri studio socios se protinus addunt.

Interea longè mundi regnator opaci,  
Infelix monstrum, penitus non inscius, illam  
Jam propè adesse diem, superi, quâ maximus ultor,  
Imperio Patris, infernis succederet oris  
Manibus auxilio, ac sedes vastaret opertas;  
Sollicitus partes animum versabat in omnes,  
Si qua forte potis regno hanc avertere cladem;  
Molirique Deo letum meditatur, ea una  
Denique cura animo sedet, hæc sæpe una resurgit:  
Demens, qui, id propter tantum non viderat ipsum  
Demissum cœlo juvenem, quo sponte piaret  
Morte obitâ, veterum culpam et scelus omne  
parentum.

Protinus acciri diros ad regia fratres  
Limina, concilium horrendum, et genus omne  
suorum

Imperat. Ecce igitur dedit ingens buccina signum,  
Quo subito intonuit cæcis domus alta cavernis,  
Undique opaca, ingens; antra intonuere profunda,  
Atque procul gravido tremefacta est corpore tellus,  
Continuò ruit ad portas gens omnis, et adsunt  
Lucifugi cœtûs varia atque bicorpora monstra,  
Pube tenus hominum facies, verùm hispida in  
anguem

Desinit ingenti sinuata volumine cauda.  
Gorgonas hi, Sphyngasque obsceno corpore  
reddunt;

That fainting, sick, he scarce cou'd draw his breath,  
 And seem'd just struggling at the gates of Death;  
 Some tears he shed; and then, with grief oppress'd,  
 His lov'd companions in these words address'd.

Hence let us go; our friend, this instant dead,  
 Must strait be summon'd from the dreary shade;  
 If, as he oft is wont, Heav'n's gracious Sire  
 Incline his ear, and favour my desire.

This said, to Bethany he pass'd along;  
 Behind him follow'd an unnumber'd throng.

Meanwhile the ruler of th' infernal shade  
 Detested monster! conscious and afraid,  
 That now at length arriv'd the fatal hour,  
 When the Avenger, in his father's pow'r,  
 Descending fierce from heav'n's ethereal height,  
 Shou'd spread destruction thro' the realms of night;  
 This way and that distorts his lab'ring mind;  
 Some hidden cause solicitous to find,  
 That haply might avert th' impending fate,  
 And save from ruin his devoted state.

In his dark thoughts he meditates the way,  
 To certain death the Godhead to betray.  
 Fool! not to know, that for this cause alone,  
 The youth descended from his heav'nly throne,  
 That his all-precious blood, here freely spilt,  
 Might make atonement for primæval guilt.  
 Now anxious for his reign, he bids resort  
 Th' infernal council to the regal court.  
 Soon as the brazen trumpet 'gan to blow,  
 With horrid thunder shook the dome below,  
 Huge, spacious, gloomy; groan'd the caves around,  
 And sudden earthquakes rock'd the trembling ground.  
 Strait to the gates th' assembled brethren come,  
 And uncouth monsters throng the Stygian Dome:  
 Far as the waist were human limbs express'd,  
 A Dragon's filthy form conceal'd the rest.

There some in shapes of Gorgons, Sphinxes; here  
 Like Centaurs, Hydras, other forms appear;

Figures

Centanrosque, Hydrafque illi; ignivomasque  
Chimæras;

Centum alii Scyllas, ac foedificas Harpyias,  
Et quæ multa homines simulacra horrentia fingunt.  
At centum geminus flammanti vertice suprâ est  
Arbiter ipse Erebi, centenaque brachia jactat  
Centimanus, totidemque eructat faucibus æstus.  
Omnes luctificum fumumque, atrosque procaci  
Ore, oculisque ignes, et vastis naribus efflant.  
Omnibus intorti pendent pro crinibus angues,  
Nexantes nodis sese, ac per colla plicantes:  
In manibus rutilæque faces, uncique tridentes,  
Quæis fontes animas subigunt, atque ignibus  
urgent.

Nec minùs illi etiam diversis partibus orbis  
Conveniunt properi, qui terris omnibus errant  
Hortantes scelera, ac variis mortalia ludunt  
Pectora imaginibus, rectique oblivia suadent.  
Nec non ventorum, tempestatumque potentes,  
Nubivagum genus, haud certâ regione locati,  
Nimborum in mediâ consueti nocte vagari.  
Ergo animis prompti, atque opibus coiere  
parati

Unâ omnes: fremitu vario sonat intus opaca  
Regia; rex donec nigram ignè tricuspide dextram  
Armatus, coetu in medio sic farier orsus,

Tartarei proceres, cœlo gens orta sereno,  
(Quos olim huc mecum superi inclementia regis  
Æthere dejectos flagranti fulmine adegit,  
Dum regno cavet, ac scep̄tris multa invidus  
ille

Permetuit, refugitque parem) quæ prælia toto  
Egerimus cœlo, quibus olim denique utrinque  
Sit certatum odiis, notum, et meminisse neces-  
se est.

Ille astris potitur, parte et plus occupat æquâ  
Ætheris, ac pœnas inimicâ è gente recepit

Crudeles:

Figures obscene; foul Scyllas, Harpys dire,  
And fierce Chimæras, belching liquid fire.  
But Hell's grim tyrant, of terrific mien,  
In ten-fold stature o'er the rest was seen;  
His hundred hands he brandishes around,  
Thick flames expiring from his jaws profound.  
Dire monsters all; mixt smoke and flames arise  
From their vast nostrils, and ensanguin'd eyes.  
For hair, their heads with horrid snakes are crown'd,  
That twisted curl in many a fold around.  
To torture guilty souls huge prongs they rear,  
And fiery torches in their hands appear.  
Nor less to the imperial summons come,  
Who wide o'er earth in quest of mischief roam;  
With false ideas human minds molest,  
And sense of Virtue banish from their breast.  
Those too, who o'er the blustering clouds preside,  
Direct the whirlwinds, and the tempests guide;  
And unconfin'd to any destin'd place,  
Still range at freedom earth's unmeasur'd space.  
Thus to th' infernal hall th' Associates came,  
Prompt to assist; in heart and mind the same.  
The vast stupendous edifice around,  
Remurm'ring echo'd to the various sound.  
At length hell's monarch, grasping in his hand  
The forkey lightning, thus address'd the band.

Ye Peers of Tartarus! a race of gods,  
(Whom urg'd by envy, from the blest'd abodes,  
Heav'n's awful tyrant with his thunder hurl'd  
To these drear mansions in the nether world;  
While to secure his throne he bends his care,  
And anxious trembled at the chance of war;)   
What dreadful Legions to the field we brought,  
With mutual hatred how the day was fought,  
Full well ye know; and how we warr'd in vain,  
Repuls'd, must doubtless in your minds remain.  
He rules triumphant in th' etherial sky,  
While prostrate at his feet the vanquish'd lie.

For

Crudeles : pro fideribus, pro luce serenâ,  
Nobis senta situ loca, sole carentia tecta  
Reddidit, ac tenebris jussit torquere sub  
imis

Immites animas hominum, illætabile regnum.  
Haud superæ aspirare poli datur amplius  
aulæ ;

Ingens ingenti claudit nos obice tellus ;  
In partemque homini nostri data regia cœli est.  
Nec satis ; arma iterum molitur, et altera nobis  
Bella ciet, regnisque etiam nos pellit ab imis.  
Id propter juvenem æthereâ demisit ab arce,  
Seu natum, five alitibus de fratribus unum.  
Iamque aderit, fretusque armis cœlestibus ille  
Sedibus exitium vehet his, et regna recludet.  
Infera, concessasque animas nostro eximet orbe.  
Fors quoque nos, nisi non segnes occurrimus,  
ipfos

Arcta in vincla dabit, victosque inducet Olympo  
Victor, ovans ; superi illudent toto æthere  
captis.

Iste autem quamvis mortalia membra caducus  
Induerit, tamen est nostris imperditus armis.  
Nempe ego sæpe adii, coramque interritus  
urgens

Tentavi insidiis nequicquam (non ea me res  
Falsum habuit, neque enim nunc primum talia  
cerno)

Quas non in facies, quæ non mutatus in ora  
Accessi incassum ? semper me reppulit ipse,  
Non armis ullis fretus, non viribus usus ;  
Sed tantum veterum repetito carmine vatum,  
Irrita tentamenta, dolos, et vim exiit omnem.  
Ergo, quæ mihi nunc surgit sententia, pandam.  
Ille iter antiquas Solymorum instaurat ad arces,  
Sit licet invisus magnæ primoribus urbis :  
Quippe sacerdotes odiis ingentibus illi  
Inferens insidias, ut cuique est copia, tendunt,

Solliciti



**BOOK I.] THE CHRISTIAD. 13**

For Suns perpetual, for Heav'n's blest'd abode,  
These dark Tartarean dungeons he bestow'd;  
And here employ'd us, to afflict with pain  
The Souls of Sinners; an unjoyous reign!  
Weak are our efforts to regain the Skies,  
Heav'n's Tow'r thrice guarded all access denies;  
And earth-born Man, an highly favour'd race,  
Is now exalted to our vacant place.  
Nor yet can conquest his resentment quell,  
He means to drive us from the Throne of Hell;  
And to this end from Heav'n commissions down  
Some winged Angel, or his fav'rite Son.  
Who soon, confiding in coelestial might,  
Will spread swift ruin thro' these realms of night;  
Hell's dark Abyss expose to open day,  
And wrest the Captives from our lawful sway.  
Nay, if with speed we arm not, on his foes  
Perhaps the Victor will new chains impose;  
And lead us trembling to his awful reign,  
The sport and pastime of th' etherial train.  
Yet Him, tho' cloath'd in Human Nature frail,  
Our arms and malice but in vain assail.  
With guileful arts the Youth I oft pursu'd,  
Th' attack, tho' vanquish'd, still as oft renew'd;  
(Not by a foolish Ignorance betray'd,  
Th' event was certain e'er the Plots were laid)  
Vary'd my shape, and ev'ry measure press'd,  
To win admittance to his cautious breast.  
In vain; each art undaunted he defy'd;  
Nor on the aid of Arms or Force rely'd;  
With chosen maxims drawn from books of old,  
My wiles he baffled, and my rage controul'd.  
Then hear attentive, while my lips impart  
To you, the secret counsel of my heart.  
He, tho' abhorr'd by those that bear the sway,  
To Salem's tow'ring city bends his way:  
The Priests incens'd, with studious zeal prepare  
Their foe by fraudulent cunning to ensnare,

And

Solliciti veterum pro religione parentum  
 Ut ferro incautum superent, et funere mulcent :  
 Quandoquidem ille novos ritus, nova sacra per urbes  
 Instituit, priuscasque audet rescindere leges.  
 Hic opibus vestris opus : en nunc confieri rem  
 Tempus adest : in eum cuncti majoribus illos  
 Inflammate odiis, et vera, et prava canentes,  
 Pestiferumque animis furtim inspire venenum,  
 Ne victi, oblique iras, corda aspera ponant ;  
 Sed sævi magis, atque magis, stimulisque subacti  
 Acribus absistant nunquam, nisi cæde peractâ.  
 Si verò, si quis fociis ex ipsius unum  
 Bis senis capere, atque dolis pervertere possit ;  
 Res confecta, metus penitus sublatus et omnis.  
 Præcipitate moras ; fluxis succurrite rebus  
 Nunc tectis opus insidiis, nunc viribus usus.

Vix ea fatus : ubique ruentes iussa faceffunt  
 Auctores scelerum, portisque ex omnibus altè  
 Diversi rumpunt ; tremat abdita murmure tellus.  
 Incubuerunt auris : crinitas anguibus alas  
 Obscurum per inane movent, terrasque capeffunt.  
 Non tam olim densâ sublimes nube per auras  
 Florilegæ glomerantur apes æstate serenâ,  
 Nubifugo Borea, et madidis cessantibus Austris ;  
 Si quando exorta est inter discordia reges,  
 Sævaque collatis invadunt prælia signis.  
 Væ, quibus institerint terris quibus orbis in oris  
 Dira cohors ! quantas populis feret illa ruinas !

Jamque emensus iter, multis comitantibus, heros  
 Vera Dei soboles Bethanes mœnibus instat.  
 Cernit ibi mœstas crinem laniare sorores,  
 Munera fraterno tumultu suprema ferentes,  
 Expertem thalami Marthan, atque urbis avitæ  
 Magdali dictam de nomine Magdalenam.  
 Progreditur, bustumque petit ; mœstissima Martha,  
 Hunc simul ac vidit, comites, fratrisque sepulcrum  
3
Deserit,

And plot his death ; all aid the common cause,  
 Alarm'd and trembling for their ancient laws ;  
 For he on Men new sacred rites has laid,  
 And banish'd customs which their Sires obey'd.  
 Now is the time your artful schemes to lay,  
 The present season brooks no dull delay.  
 Urge cruel Hatred in their breast to rise,  
 And in each ear infuse pernicious Lies ;  
 Thro' all their veins th' envenom'd rage inspire,  
 Nor let them vanquish'd from the work retire ;  
 But more inflam'd in wrath and madness grow,  
 Till in successful death they crush the foe.  
 And cou'd, Oh ! cou'd some Dæmon not in vain  
 Seduce but one of all his social train ;  
 The work were finish'd, and our point we gain. }  
 No longer then the task enjoin'd delay  
 By force to conquer, or by fraud betray.

Scarce had he ceas'd ; when in a moment all  
 Impatient issue from th' infernal Hall ;  
 Rush thro' the portals of the dark profound,  
 And ride the winds ; Earth trembled at the sound.  
 On snaky wings they cleave the dusky air,  
 And fraught with mischief to this globe repair.  
 Not bees, while tempests hush'd in silence lie,  
 In swarms so num'rous wing the vernal sky ;  
 When two contending kings in war engage,  
 And the fierce battle glows with mutual rage.  
 Alas ! What havock must on earth ensue !  
 What dreadful ruin from so dire a Crew !

But now, a length of way with labour trod,  
 At Bethany's high walls arrives the God ;  
 There sees the mournful Sisters rend their hair,  
 And to their Brother's tomb the last sad honours bear :  
 Martha, whose virgin charms no husband claim'd,  
 And Magdalena, from fair Magdal nam'd.  
 Soon as our blessed Lord approach'd in view,  
 Sad Martha weeping from the Tomb withdrew ;

Deferit, ac multo venienti occurrit honore.  
 Insequitur soror inde, oculos ambæ imbre madentes,  
 Fæminiis ambæ plangoribus indulgentes.

Ut te post cari germani funera tandem  
 Accipimus venientem !

ut te sæpe ille vocabat,  
 Magne hospes, gelidi perfusus frigore leti !  
 Atque equidem credo, tunc fors te si qua dedisset  
 Nobis, nunc etiam vitales duceret auras.  
 Nunc quoque (nil quando clari tibi Rector Olympi  
 Abnuvit) haud penitus nobis spes omnis adempta est.

Talibus orabant : comites simul omnia luctu  
 Miscebant : mœstis resonabant cuncta querelis.

Ast Heros tristes dictis solatus amicis  
 Spondet opem, superas rediturum ad luminis  
 auras

Actutum fratrem incolumem, quem faucibus haustum  
 Telluris quarto jam sol non viderat ortu.

Diditur hæc totam confestim fama per urbem,  
 Quæ cunctis incredibilisque et mira videtur.

Vicinis populi passim de montibus omnes  
 Concurrunt studio visendi, atque omnia complent.  
 Ventum erat ad tumulum : stat circumfusa juven-  
 ventus :

Ipsæ autem in medio duplices ad sidera palmas  
 Jam dudum tendens, oculosque immobilis Heros  
 Orabat, tacitusque Parentem in vota vocabat.  
 Orantem observant taciti, intentique tuentur,  
 Quid jubeat, quæ signa ferat, quæ deinde cadat  
 res.

Bis toto color ore abiit ; bis pectore anhelò  
 Infremuit ; nutuque caput concussit honestum.  
 Ecce autem tumuli tremere ostia visa repenti.  
 Omnibus extemplo subitâ formidine sanguis

Di-

In haste the train of pious Mourners leaves,  
 And her lov'd Lord with gratitude receives.  
 Her Sister follows ; loud laments arise,  
 And the big tears gush copious from their eyes.

Do we at length, illustrious Guest ! she said,  
 Behold thy Presence, our dear Brother dead ?  
 How oft he call'd Thee with his latest breath,  
 All cold and shiv'ring on the verge of death !  
 And Oh ! I trust had'st Thou, my Lord, been there,  
 His Soul ev'n now had breath'd this vital air.  
 Nay (since kind Heav'n rejects not thy request)  
 Ev'n yet some comfort dawns within our breast.

Thus they ; the sad Attendants mourn'd around ;  
 The vallies echo'd with the plaintive sound.

The Youth Divine, by kind compassion sway'd,  
 Vouchsafes the Promise of his pow'ful aid ;  
 To free their Brother from death's dark domain,  
 And safe restore him to their eyes again :  
 Tho' o'er his buried Corse, with orient light  
 Four Suns had risen, and four sunk to Night.  
 This strange report, as wide it spreads along,  
 Excites th' attention of the wond'ring throng ;  
 Eager to watch th' event, a num'rous train  
 Pour from the neighbouring hills, and fill the plain.  
 Now to the Grave they come ; the crowds around  
 Gath'ring in troops on troops, o'erspread the ground.  
 Himself, as in the midst He stood, his Eyes  
 Fix'd and unmov'd uplifting to the skies,  
 And both his Hands to Heav'n devoutly spread,  
 In awful silence to his Father pray'd.  
 The crowds behold him fix'd in solemn thought,  
 And all his actions with attention note.  
 Twice from his cheeks the sanguine Colour fled,  
 And twice he groan'd, and bow'd his sacred Head.  
 When lo ! the heaving ground began to rock,  
 And the deep Cavern from it's centre shook.  
 A sudden fear congeal'd their curdling blood,  
 And down their limbs the clammy moisture flow'd.

Dirigit, penitusque invasit pectora frigus ;  
Cum tandem Deus has effudit ad æthera voces.

Summe Parens, quamvis precibus nil abnuis  
unquam  
Ipse meis, quæcunque petam ; tamen hoc tibi *grates*  
Munere semper agam : tua quanta potentia,  
vidit

Circumfusa manus, populi videre frequentes.  
Vos autem famuli properate, recludite marmor,  
Saxum ingens auferte, viroque exolvite vittas.  
Nec mora præceptis ; patuerunt claustra se-  
pulcri :

Concurfu accedunt magno, attonitique pavore  
Inspectantque, videntque intus deforme cadaver,  
Vixque sibi credunt, nullo cogente moveri.  
Nec mora ; clamantis ter voce vocatus amici  
Erigitur, loquiturque, et cœli vescitur auris.  
Obstupere omnes : nec fat vidisse loquentem,  
Aut audisse semel, dum cuncta ex ordine  
narrat

Conventu in medio, quæ funere passus in ipso est :  
Quanto anima instantis vi leti exclusa dolore,  
Terrenosque diu eluctata reliquerit artus ;  
Quas facies moriens, quàm obscoena aspexerit  
ora

Terrentùm juxtà furiarum, irasque, minasque :  
Ut vix fidereâ volucres missi arce ministri  
Auxilio possent avidas inhibere rapinis.  
His addit scelerum poenas, ac læta piorum  
Præmia, quæve animas miseras subiisse necesse est  
Arbitria, æternosque nigris fornacibus ignes.

His actis, Deus orantis vicina Simonis  
Tecta subit, quem tota olim lacerum ulcere  
membra

Eripuit morbo, atque in pristina reddidit ipse.  
Dum vero mensas grati dignatus amici

Ac-

Then with the weight of human grief oppress'd,  
These accents issu'd from his heav'nly breast.

Almighty Father! tho' thy gracious ear  
Thou always bendeſt to my fervent pray'r;  
Yet for this Pow'r thy goodneſs deigns to ſhow,  
My ſoul for ever ſhall her thanks beſtow.  
Th' admiring crowds that here aſſembled ſtand,  
Have ſeen the wonders of thy potent hand.  
And now, ye menial ſervants, haſte he ſaid,  
Remove the tomb-ſtone and unbind the dead.  
Swift at the word, th' obſervant train obey,  
And the wide entrance of the vault diſplay.  
Around, impatient numbers eager come,  
And bending downwards view the hollow tomb;  
There ſee within, yet ſcarce their eyes believe,  
The ſhrowded Carcaſe on a ſudden heave:  
Till at the pow'rful ſummons of it's Lord,  
It breathes, it ſpeaks, to vital air reſtor'd.  
Theſe ſtrange events the gaping crowd confound;  
Eager to ſee and hear they throng around.  
Whiſt he relates the woes to death decreed,  
What pangs he ſuffer'd e'er his ſoul was freed;  
How from the mortal limbs with pain it paſt,  
And fled reluctant, when it fled at laſt.  
What hideous forms he ſaw, what ſhapes obſcene;  
Infernal furies with terrific mien  
So fiercely threat'ning, ſcarce th' angelic bands  
His ſoul cou'd reſcue from their harpy hands.  
To theſe he adds, what heav'nly joys await  
Heroic virtue, in an endleſs ſtate;  
And in what torments guilty wretches dwell,  
Condemn'd for ever to th' Abyſs of hell.

This done; the God, by kind entreaties preſs'd,  
To Simon's roof repairs, a welcome gueſt;  
Whom from a loath'd diſeaſe, his pow'rful word  
To health and vigour had at once reſtor'd.  
Here while our Lord, to ſerve ſome pious end,  
Accepts the banquet of his grateful friend,

Accubat, in medio procerum urbis; protinus ecce  
 Ingreditur formâ insignis cultuque Puella,  
 Picta peregrinas tunicasque, sinusque crepanti  
 Argento saturos, atque auro intertexto :  
 Cui caput implicitum gemmis ; it flexile collo  
 Aurum ingens, mixtis onerosa monilia baccis ;  
 Propexique nitent electro molle capilli,  
 Nexilibus quos in nodos collegerat hamis :  
 Aureaque ex humero demissam fibula vestem,  
 Eois opibus gravidam et Gangetide gaza,  
 Subnectit : media micat ardens fronte pyropus ;  
 Crebraque consertis pendent redimicula gemmis :  
 Qualis læta sinus cum tellus veris honorem  
 Pandit, opesque suas gremio explicat alma  
 virenti :

Hæc olim amissis utrisque parentibus orba  
 Restitit, et proles in opes successit avitas  
 Unica, quas pater immensas prædives habebat :  
 Dumque ætas rudis, una illi super omnia cordi  
 Religio fuit, et servandi cura pudoris.  
 Mox autem, paulatim annis fervente juventâ,  
 Sensibus illapsa est Veneris malefuada cupido.  
 Quæ mentem immutans furiis subjecit iniquis,  
 Ah miseram ! abjecto non obstat cura pudori ;  
 Non species, non fama movet ; cessit timor  
 omnis,

Religioque oblita : domo jam nubilus exit ;  
 Jam convivia, jam spectacula læta fre-  
 quentat,

Vinclaque contemptis rectoribus omnia rumpit :  
 Ac veluti ratis Ægæo sine remige in alto,  
 Sublatos simul ac fluctus inflaverit aura,  
 Nunc huc incerto, deinde illuc fluctuat æstu,  
 Quo ventique undæque, urgent, spoliata ma-  
 gistro.

Et jam freta opibus prædulces ambit amores  
 Florentium juvenum, siquis, spectabilis ore  
 Egregio, formæque, alios supereminet omnes.

Ergo



Nor on the social couch disdains to rest;  
Sudden appears an unexpected guest;  
A lovely Damsel, of engaging air,  
Graceful her shape, her form divinely fair.  
Rich was her dress and beauteous to behold,  
Of silver tissue, interwove with gold.  
Her head large sprigs of sparkling diamonds deck,  
And golden chains adorn her iv'ry neck:  
With polish'd amber shone her glossy hair,  
Bound in a graceful knot, and smooth'd with care.  
A golden buckle clasps her shining vest,  
Charg'd with the treasures of the gorgeous East:  
A ruby on her forehead blaz'd like fire,  
And gems unnumber'd grac'd her rich attire.  
Such as when genial spring unlocks her stores,  
And various bounties from her bosom pours.  
She, by an early fate her Parents gone,  
Of all their fortune was the heir alone.  
At first to modesty her infant mind,  
And pure Religion's sacred laws inclin'd;  
But as her years encreas'd, unchaste desires  
Possess'd her heart, that burn'd with Venus's fires.  
Estrang'd from virtue which she lov'd before,  
The paths of honour she regards no more.  
Deaf to Religion's call, the voice of fame,  
Of fear regardless, and unaw'd by shame;  
In the full blaze of beauty, from her home  
In quest of lovers she delights to roam:  
Sports, banquets charm her unexperienc'd soul,  
On pleasure bent, impatient of controul.  
Thus the gay ship, her tackle torn away,  
Toss'd by fierce tempests on th' Egæan sea,  
This way and that inclines, without her guide,  
An easy conquest to the winds and tide.  
Now trusting in her wealth success to gain,  
She courts th' affections of the youthful train;  
And him, who foremost boasts unrivall'd charms,  
With wily arts solicits to her arms.

Ergo læta virum præstanti corpore postquam  
 Accepit venisse, Deum quem fama ferebat;  
 Nullam passa moram, studio correpta vi-  
 dendi

Venerat. Ast ubi conspicuos deperdita vultus  
 Haussit, et egregiæ divinum frontis honorem,  
 Divinosque oculos, ardentis pabula amoris;  
 Diriguit, penitusque animo sententia versa est;  
 Atque alias longè concepit pectore flammæ.  
 Ecce autem subitò visæ spirantis ab ore  
 Septem adeò circum offusâ caligine, et atrâ  
 Nube exire faces; veluti cum torris obusti  
 Ultima sursum flamma fugit, fumumque re-  
 linquit.

Hæc, Deus, hæc inquit, caput foedissima septem,  
 Corruptam miseræ mentem vexabat, Erinnyes.  
 Tum Maria (hoc illi nomen) mutata, nec illa  
 Argento quæ illusa sinus modo venerat aureos,  
 Jam capiti crinale aurum, colloque monile  
 Detrahit, et tunicas squalentes exuit auro.  
 Jamque sui piget, et curis mordetur honestis.  
 Inde Deum orabat veniam, genibusque vo-  
 lutans,

(Ut canis ad mensam procumbere fuetus herilem)  
 Lambebatque pedes nudos, lacrymisque rigabat,  
 Veste fovens, alios tulerat quam nuper in  
 usus.

Tum de marmoreis varios deprompsit odores  
 Thesauris; casias, et nardi mollis aristas,  
 Aut thuris lacrymam; atque auram fragrantis  
 amomi,

Pronaque permulsi nudas liquido unguine plantas:  
 Suavis in æreas diffugit spiritus auras.  
 Cuncta Deus placidâ quæ mente accepit, et illam  
 Dignatus veniâ, monitis implevit amicis.

Interea circumpositis ex urbibus ægrum  
 Cernere vulgus erat conventu accedere magno;

Multi

Soon as report had newly spread abroad  
A youth's approach, whom fame pronounc'd a God;  
She flies ; the truth impatient to enquire,  
Eager to gaze, and burning with desire.  
But when his form majestic she survey'd,  
In awful splendor to her view display'd ;  
His front sublime ; his eyes that sparkling shine ;  
Bright kindling fuel of her love divine :  
At once forsaking all her arts, the dame  
In holy rapture glows with other flame.  
Lo ! from her trembling lips, in open view,  
Wrapt in surrounding clouds, sev'n torches flew ;  
As from a smoking fire-brand upward flies  
The quiv'ring blaze, and shoots into the skies.  
Behold the fury ! said the God ; the pest,  
Of sev'n the foulest that inflam'd her breast,  
At this Maria (such the damsel's name)  
From sin converted, now no more the same ;  
Steals from her head the gaudy drefs of pride,  
And lays each glitt'ring ornament aside. [shame,  
Now for her former crimes o'erwhelm'd with  
Within her breast she feeds a virtuous flame ;  
Repentant hastes full pardon to entreat,  
And bending down submissive at his feet,  
(Like spaniel, wont beneath the genial board  
To fawn in suppliant posture on his lord)  
Bathes them in tears ; and gently wipes them o'er  
With robes, which late for other use she wore.  
Then with a lib'ral hand, to public view  
Rich odours from a golden cask she drew ;  
Amomum, casia, nard with spikey ear,  
And incense, dropping the soft balmy tear.  
Strait o'er his feet she pour'd the precious gum,  
The costly ointment breath'd a rich perfume.  
The God accepts the gift, her pardon seals,  
And heav'nly counsel to her mind reveals.  
Meanwhile from Juda's cities far and near,  
In wretched troops sad multitudes appear ;

Multi ibant oculis clausis, multi auribus orti  
 Indociles, fandi ignari; quique ægra trahebant  
 Membra, ferebantur; quosve exagitabat Erinays  
 Captos mente, sui immemores, Deus ipse ju-  
 vabat

Auxilio; validique omnes lætique redibant.

Tandem hinc digrediens Solymorum tendit ad  
 arces:

Hanc fundâsse, Semes, soboles tua dicitur urbem,  
 Vitifator pater, exactis simul imbribus ingens.  
 Cessavit vastis stagnare paludibus orbis,  
 Plurimaque immensi compressa licentia ponti:  
 Tum venire, suo bellis qui gente subactâ  
 Urbem appellârunt de nomine Jebusæi.  
 Protinus hinc reges, à prisco sanguis Iûda,  
 Finitimis læte dominam coluere subactis.  
 Hic templum Solomon, per terras omnibus  
 aris

Everfis, ope barbaricâ rex condidit olim,  
 Templum, opulentum, ingens, educam ad sidera;  
 molem.

Huc menfas, arasque sacras, et ahenea labra  
 Transtulit, et veteris vestes ac munera templi,  
 Ostro perfusas vestes, auroque rigentes;  
 Tum lychnos, lancesque, cavaſque invexit acerras,  
 Cymbiaque, et tripodas, fulvoque ex ære lebetas;  
 Inclusasque sacro leges ac fœdera ligno,  
 Quæ gemina in filice omnipotens Pater ipse no-  
 târat

Hic gentis rex, atque omni cum gente sacerdos,  
 Sacra ferens pecudum fundebat rite cruorem:  
 Victima non alias maculabat sanguine sedes.  
 Undique mos erat huc populos ter adire quot-  
 annis;

Et proprios genus Isacidum instaurabat honores;  
 Ipse etiam huc Heros crebrò se ferre solebat.  
 Jamque

To various maladies by fate consign'd,  
The deaf, the dumb, lame, lunatic, and blind.  
All these the God with kind compassion view'd,  
And their disabled pow'rs at once renew'd;  
No more oppress'd with various ills they mourn,  
But joyous to their native homes return.

At length retir'd from hence, he bends his way  
Where Solyma's proud tow'rs in prospect lay.  
This royal city 'twas of old believ'd  
By Shem was founded, who his birth receiv'd  
From that old patriarch, whose industrious hand  
First planted vineyards on the fertile land:  
What time the flood o'er all the world was ceas'd,  
And the huge ocean in it's bounds compress'd.  
Then Jebusites, a race victorious came,  
And on the conquer'd town impos'd a name.  
Hence scepter'd kings arose, from Judah's blood,  
Who fierce in arms the neighbouring tribes subdu'd.  
'Twas here the sapient king, when wars were o'er,  
A spacious temple built in times of yore;  
The stately fabric rear'd it's head on high,  
Crown'd with barbaric spoils, and brav'd the sky.  
Here splendid tables, with wrought gold inlaid,  
Altars, and brazen cisterns he convey'd;  
Rich garments, consecrated gifts of old,  
Shining in purple die, and stiff with gold.  
Here chargers, goblets, lamps the temple grace,  
Huge massy cauldrons of refulgent brass;  
And in the sacred ark, with care bestow'd,  
The laws, engraven by the hand of God.  
The king, the priest, and all the pious race  
Of ancient Israel, to this holy place  
Their wonted off'rings brought; here altars stood,  
And here the victim pour'd his sacred blood.  
At this accusom'd feat, thrice ev'ry year,  
Th' assembled tribes in solemn pomp appear,  
Their victims offer'd and the banquet shar'd;  
And hither oft the God himself repair'd.

Now

Jamque viis plenis multis cum millibus ibat,  
Unde urbis poterant turrets atque alta videri  
Culmina : læti omnes ramos viridantis olivæ,  
Quasque manu gestent palmas, à stirpe refrin-  
gunt.

Præcedit peditum latè manus omnis; it ingens  
Ponè equitum globus : in medio pulcherrimus  
Heros,

Haud acri provectus equo, phalerisque superbo,  
Eminet; at sibi pauperiem ut placuisse be-  
atam

Admoneat socios, Rex quadrupedantis aselli  
Terga premit, vates quondam ut cecinere fu-  
turum.

Nudus erat vertex; humeris demissa fluebat  
Ad talos vestis, quam festinaverat olim  
Ipsa parens, pueroque dedit gestare; nec il-  
la est

Ullo attrita usu, nullâ consumpta senectâ :  
Taurea nudatis circumdat tegmina plantis.  
Talis iter tendit, recipitque ad mœnia gressum.

Ante urbem pueri occurrunt, mixtæque puellæ,  
Floribus ac variis ornatae tempora fertis.  
Omnibus in manibus palmæ, omnes carmina  
læti

Lætæ canunt, tonsis et inumbrant ora coronis,  
Certatimque Dei gaudent placida ora tueri.  
Tum demum portis urbem ingrediuntur apertis,  
Et propius Regem Servatoremque salutant,  
Præduntque manu thyrsos, oleasque coruscant  
Frondeutes : superas ingens it clamor ad auras.

Spargitur hîc rumor subito; ac totâ urbe vagatur.  
Consurgunt gentis primi : procul ecce per auras  
Pulveream cernunt tolli super æthera nubem,  
Ignari penitus rerum, causasque requirunt  
Tam subiti motûs; quemnam tam multa sequantur  
Millia

Now to the City as he nearer drew,  
The glitt'ring Spires refulgent rose to view.  
Torn from the trees with joy the gath'ring bands  
Wave high the verdant Olives in their hands.  
With shouts the foot precede, and in the rear  
In crowds triumphant troops of horse appear.  
The beauteous Hero in the midst was plac'd,  
Not on a Steed with sumptuous trappings grac'd;  
But as his meek behaviour was design'd,  
To teach the Virtues of an humble mind;  
And ancient Records this event foreshow'd,  
Borne on an Ass in lowly state he rode.  
Bare and uncover'd was his sacred head,  
Down to his feet the woven mantle spread,  
Which the fond Virgin gave her darling Boy;  
No use cou'd soil it, and no time destroy.  
Fast on his naked feet with thongs were tied  
The leathern sandals, form'd of coarsest hide;  
And thus equip'd his onward course he sped,  
Where to the city walls the pathway led.

And now, of lovely youths a graceful throng,  
With virgins, chanting the triumphal song,  
To hail his entrance from the gates proceed,  
Boughs in their hand, and garlands on their head.  
Eager they gaze, majestic as he rode,  
Charm'd with the blooming features of the God.  
At length, the glitt'ring portals op'ning wide,  
Mix'd throngs incessant pour on ev'ry side;  
Glad their great King and Saviour to survey,  
As thro' the crowded streets he sweeps his way.  
Joyous they wave their verdant boughs on high,  
The loud Hosannas echo to the sky.

This rumour by the gaping vulgar spread,  
On wings of lightning thro' the city fled:  
The chiefs alarm'd, as from their seats they rise,  
See clouds of dust ascending to the skies;  
As yet unconscious of the sudden cause:  
Then ask what motive in such tumult draws

The

Millia ductorem ; quis tantus clamor ovantum ?  
 Ast illi, quibus est Divi haud incognita fama,  
 Occurrunt alacres Regi, plausumque sequentes  
 Ingeminant ; quaque ingreditur, passim ecce ru-  
 benti

Insternunt ostro sola, barbaricisque tapetis,  
 Intenduntque vias fertis, et floribus augment.

Vix ingressus erat, cum densam respicit  
 ecce

In bivio turbam, clamoremque auribus haurit  
 Ingentem, et secum admirans vestigia pressit.

Vallis erat circum frondosis undique septa  
 Collibus : in medio rivis atque imbribus humor  
 Collectus semper stabat, laticesque perennes ;  
 Quod solitæ innuptæ prædivitis urbis aquari,  
 Et potum pariter pecudes compellere præsci  
 Pastores, lymphæque gregem curare salubri :  
 Unde lacum fama est olim dixisse minores.  
 Huc concursus erat certis de more diebus,  
 Turbaque adibat inops variis exercita morbis.  
 Namque videbatur, magno quandoque moveri  
 Cum sonitu, medio unda lacu ; et perculsa re-  
 pentè

Sublato ad cælum spumabant cærulea fluctu :  
 Sed vulgo subiti quæ motus causa latebat.  
 Impubes pueri tantum, innuptæque puellæ  
 Signa prius manifesta dabant, seseque cane-  
 bant

Cernere pennatum puerum fulgere per auras  
 Undanti chlamyde, atque auro radiantibus alis,  
 Delapsumque polo tranquilla impellere utraq;  
 Stagna manu, lateque viam signare ca-  
 dentem.

Qualis stella, Pater superum quam misit Olympo  
 Aut nautis signum, aut populis in castra co-  
 actis,

Præ-



BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD. 31

The gath'ring throng? what chief the crowds surround,  
And why such clamours thro' the streets resound?  
But they, to whom the Godhead's fame was known,  
Approach in triumph, and their Monarch own;  
Join the loud shouts, and where in state he pass'd,  
Low at his feet rich shining carpets cast,  
That glitt'ring with refulgent purple glow'd;  
And o'er the streets triumphal chaplets strow'd.

Scarce was he enter'd, when his eyes beheld  
A place, with numbers from all quarters fill'd.  
A ceaseless tumult from the crowd ascends,  
He stops; admiring what the noise portends.

Crown'd with thick trees, a winding valley lay  
Retir'd and shaded from the solar ray;  
I'th' midst, a standing pool; supply'd by rills [hills.  
That murmuring trickled down the neighbouring  
Unmarried nymphs were whilom wont to bring  
Fresh urns of water from this limpid spring;  
And here with drink the swains of old supply'd  
Their flocks, or drench'd them in the cleansing tide.  
From whence in later times, if fame say true,  
T'was call'd a lake, and such appear'd to view.  
On certain days assembled here are found  
Numbers, whom various maladies surround.  
For oft the peaceful lake was seen to rise  
In foamy billows, bounding to the skies.  
But from what source this strange commotion  
Was undiscover'd by the vulgar throng. [sprung.  
Fair maids alone, and beardless youths reveal'd  
This wondrous secret, from the rest conceal'd;  
That thro' the air, in glitt'ring mantle bright,  
A Youth descending from th' ethereal height,  
With both his hands to move the lake was seen;  
The bubbling waters trembled from within:  
Swift as he pass'd, his golden wings display  
A radiant gleam of light that gilds his way.  
Thus the bright star, from high Olympus sent,  
To fleets, or hosts encamp'd a dire portent!

Shoots

Præcipitat, flammis longè lateque coruscis  
 Scintillans : corda ignaris mortalibus horrent.  
 Ergo expectabant denso miseri agmine circum  
 E cœlo signum intepti, laticesque quietos  
 Servabant oculis, atque omnes auribus auras ;  
 Auditum ad signum subitò ut se primus in undâ  
 Quisque daret, stagnoque sonanti immergeret artus.  
 Quippe erat inde salus semper, non pluribus, uni,  
 Qui subitò impulsus prior exiliisset in æquor.  
 Sicut ubi vacui tendunt medio æquore campi,  
 Viribus, et rapido, juvenes, decernere cursu ;  
 Arrexere animos cuncti, signumque parati  
 Expectant ; pulsat pavor intus pectora anhelus  
 Omnibus ; atque locum spondet sibi quisque priorem.

Hos inter, longo detentus brachia morbo,  
 Brachiaque, et plantas, omnes et inutilis artus,  
 Jetrus erat ; cui quondam, et opes, et avita fuere  
 Prædia opima : sed ut juvenili è corpore morbum  
 Pelleret, heu nimiùm mendaci credidit arti ;  
 Dumque vias omnes, medicæque explorat opis vim,  
 Pauperiem morbo adjecit miserandus iniquam,  
 Offibus ad vivum qui jam persederat imis.  
 Jamque ferè demum in luctu quater egerat annum  
 Innumeris circumventus morbisque, fameque :  
 Quem postquam adspexit proprius stellantis Olympi  
 Rege fatus, sic est ultrò placido ore locutus :

Infelix, quæ te segnis mora detinet unum  
 Servantem has frustra ripas, et tristibus undam  
 Præsentem morbis ; alii cùm scilicet omnes  
 Protinus hinc abeant læti, oblique laborum  
 Accipiant solitas reparato in corpore vires ?

Ille sub hæc ; largoque genas simul imbre  
 rigabat.

Non hoc crimen aquæ, non vis mihi fontis iniqua est :  
 Verum ego dum motum opperior salientis aquæ,

Shoots thro' the Ether, in a trail of light,  
 While trembling mortals gaze with wild affright.  
 Here from all parts conven'd, a wretched band  
 To wait the signal with attention stand;  
 With keen impatience eye the lake profound,  
 And anxious listen to the passing sound:  
 Each rais'd in eager hopes, the sign apply'd,  
 Before the rest to plunge into the tide.  
 For not to all the lake fresh vigour gave,  
 But him, who foremost touch'd the trembling wave.  
 As when, where fields their spacious bounds extend,  
 In strength and swiftness rival youths contend;  
 Hopes of success their daring minds elate,  
 Eager they stand, and for the signal wait;  
 Fear strikes their panting breasts; intent each eyes  
 The distant goal, and wins in thought the prize.

Close by the bank, amidst the crowd, was laid,  
 His limbs by long disease all useleſs made,  
 Petrus; who once was bleſs'd with wide command  
 O'er flocks of cattle, and paternal land;  
 But from his limbs to drive the latent ill,  
 Too much had trusted to fallacious skill.  
 For while, with hopes delusive, he explores  
 Each art salubrious of the healing pow'rs;  
 No skill alas! cou'd make his torment less,  
 And meager want still doubled the distress.  
 Near forty years thus wretched had he laid,  
 Oppress'd with sickness, and to ills betray'd;  
 When in a lucky hour, approaching nigh,  
 Thus spoke the Offspring of th' etherial sky.

Unhappy Man! What causes here detain  
 Thy footsteps, ling'ring on these banks in vain?  
 Behold, what numbers have their way pursu'd,  
 With health recover'd, and with strength renew'd!

To this with groans the feeble wretch replies,  
 The chryſtal tears fast streaming from his eyes:  
 Hard is my lot; yet far from me to blame  
 The sov'reign virtues of this wond'rous stream.

Præcipites dant saltu alii se in stagna priores  
 Ad sonitum: invalidis nequeo ipse insistere plantis;  
 Nec me tunc opis externæ dignatur egentem  
 In stagno quisquam ante alios merlare salubri.

Talia narrantem placido Deus ore tuetur,  
 Atque ait: ipse tuis pedibus subsiste; valensque  
 Carpe viam: nec cuncta undis debere necesse est.  
 Vix ea, cum subito cernentibus omnibus ecce  
 Erigitur, stratumque humeris, mirabile visu,  
 Ipse suis referens pedes omnes passibus æquat;  
 Atque suo solidæ respondent robore vires.  
 Sicut ubi in sylvis dum ramos colligit, anguem  
 Frigore sopitum pastor, brumæque rigentem,  
 Frondebis implicuit, admovitque incius igni:  
 Nulla mora est, proprius flammas vix pertulit,  
 et jam  
 Attollitque caput, jamque ignea lumina torquet,  
 Perque domum serpens micat arduus ore trilingui.

Parte aliâ ante fores templi, mediâque ministri

Ingenti strepitu testudine dona sedentes  
 Vendebant, quæ plebs æratæ imposeret aræ,  
 Lanigeras pecudes, taurosque, paresque columbas,  
 Voti ut quisque reus, rerumque ut copia cuique.  
 Quos simul atque Heros ingressus vidit, et omnem  
 Discursu et clamore locum resonare prophano,  
 Haud tulit, et verbis graviter commotus acerbis  
 Reppulit, intortum vibrans per terga flagellum,  
 Verberaque insonuit, sacroque à limine abegit.  
 Qualis ubi Arctoïs Boreas erupit ab antris,  
 Aëros rapido perverrens turbine campos,  
 It cœlo ferus, et piceas toto æthere nubes  
 Insequitur: dant victa locum, et cava nubila cedunt.

Sacra Deo domus hæc, inquit, hæc numinis ædes:  
 Vos

But whilst in fix'd attention, with the rest,  
I wait the motion on the waves impress'd;  
Others, all-needful strength to me deny'd,  
Foremost descend into the healing tide.  
And in this envy'd lake no friend will deign  
To plunge me, suing for relief in vain.

Thus while he spoke, on him the pitying God  
Kind looks of tenderest sympathy bestow'd;  
And, rise, he cry'd; in health thy way pursue;  
Not ev'ry virtue to the stream is due. [sprung  
Scarce were these words pronounc'd, when up he  
Firm on his feet before the gazing throng;  
Then bore aloft his couch, unusual load,  
Vig'rous in strength, and mingled with the crowd.  
So when some Shepherd from the thorny brake,  
'Midst gather'd leaves enwraps a frozen snake,  
And on the living embers throws unseen;  
Soon as he feels th' enliv'ning warmth within,  
His eyes glow fiery red, he glides along,  
Rears his high crest, and darts his forkey tongue.

Amidst the court, before the spacious gate,  
Tumultuous crowds in throng'd assemblage sate;  
To sell such off'rings, as the pious race  
Were wont on altars, by their law, to place:  
Each, bulls, or lambs, or turtle doves bestow'd,  
In just proportion to the debt they ow'd.  
Whom when our Lord beheld in ranks around,  
And heard the place with impious noise resound;  
Inflam'd with zeal, he snatch'd a twisted thong,  
And o'er the shoulders of this rebel throng  
Clanks the tough lash; the sacrilegious crew  
Asham'd, and wounded from the court withdrew.  
So Boreas bursting from his northern bound,  
Rides thro' the fields of air in whirlwind sound;  
Drives the big clouds with unresisted force,  
The clouds fly vanquish'd, nor obstruct his course.

This house, the seat of holy rites, he cries,  
Is sacred to the God who rules the skies;

Vos autem versam indignos scelerastis in usus.  
 Sanguine respersum est aras, animaque litatum  
 Haecenus antiquis concessio more sacrorum :  
 Indultum satis, atque ovium jam caedis abunde est.  
 Nunc Pater omnipotens pecudum volucrumque cruori  
 Parcere vos posthac jubet, ac fumantibus extis.  
 Vos diversa manent mutatis orgia sacris :  
 Discite justitiam tantum, puraque litate  
 Mente, Deumque piis precibus placate volentem :  
 Hi vestri ritus, ea deinde piacula sunt.

Sic ait, et supplex demisso poplite ad aram  
 Cernuus arcanâ prece Patris numen adorat.

Jamque sacerdotum primis exarserat ingens  
 Tristi in corde dolor, flammæque iræque coquebant.  
 Nec novus hinc primum furor, hæc odia aspera  
 surgunt :

Antiquæ irarum causæ, antiquique dolores  
 Haudquaquam exciderant animis, fixique manebant.  
 Non tamen hinc ausi sunt illum surgere contra ;  
 Sed veriti ultricem plebem, turbamque sequentum,  
 Excessere adytis, nequicquam indigna minati.  
 Quales nocte lupi stabulis cum forte reclusis  
 Appetiere gregem ; verum custodia pernox  
 Obstitit, et canibus vocalibus inde revulsi :  
 Olli (dira famas stimulis agit intus) abacti  
 Cedunt, et montes nequicquam ululatibus implent.

Dum verò affatur Genitorem Divus ad aram,  
 Mirantes focii templum per singula lustrant,  
 Suspectu molem vasto, artificumque laborem,  
 Cautibus excisas centum, centum ære columnas,  
 Omnes è solido, omnes altis montibus æquas,  
 Tignaue, et æterna ex cedro laquearia, ahenoque  
 Æratas porro stridentes cardine portas,  
 Scutilibusque minutatim sola lævia faxis :  
 Tum puro ex auro postes, mensasque metallo

But ye, by frantic superstition blind,  
Have madly turn'd it from the use design'd.  
With sacrifice your altars long have groan'd,  
And daily off'rings for your sins aton'd;  
Such the religious rites by law decreed:  
But now no longer must the Victim bleed.  
The lives of beasts th' Almighty bids you spare,  
And on new sacred acts employ your care.  
Henceforth be justice your supreme delight,  
Revere the laws of equity and right;  
With pious pray'rs the Deity appease;  
These be your holy rites, your daily customs these.

He said, and at the Altar bending down,  
Address'd his secret pray'r to great Jehovah's throne.

But vengeful thoughts amidst the Priests arise,  
Flame in their breast, and sparkle in their eyes.  
Nor do they now first feel the raging smart,  
Keen griefs of old lay rankling in their heart:  
But aw'd by fear all violence they forbear,  
And idly threat'ning from the shrines repair.  
So prowling Wolves, when night extends her shade,  
The folds unpenn'd, defenceless flocks invade;  
Yet from the spoil by clam'rous dogs debarr'd,  
And faithful courage of the trusty guard;  
Tho' urg'd by hunger, quit th' untasted food,  
And savage howlings fill each neighbouring wood.

While now the God adores his heav'nly Sire,  
His friends the Temple's spacious bulk admire,  
With pleas'd regard surveying ev'ry part,  
The rich materials and the builder's art.  
Here they behold an hundred columns rise,  
Of solid marble, each a rock in size;  
Rafters and beams in curious order laid,  
And splendid roofs of lasting cedar made;  
On brazen hinges huge enormous doors,  
And the smooth polish of the marble floors.  
Here rows of pillars, beauteous to behold,  
With massy tables, of unsully'd gold;

E simili, et fixos alta ad donaria currus.  
Distinctos ebena, et candenti elephanto.

Quæ dum cuncta legunt, perfectis ordine votis,  
Improvisus adest, tacitusque supervenit Heros,  
Atque ait : hæc moles, adeò hæc immania  
templa,

Protinus ut vento radicitus eruta pinus,  
Versa repentè dabunt labem, ingentemque ruinam;  
Et tibi digna tuis, Solyma, instant præmia  
factis ;

Quæ vates ad te missos divinitus ausa es  
Tot ferro petere, aut duris detrudere saxis.  
Ipse tuo quoties, præsens ut vera mo-  
nerem,

Tentavi cives incassum cogere in unum ;  
Ceu cristata suos dispersa examina foetus  
Singultu volucris vocat, et plaudentibus aliis !  
Ferro excisa cades : jamjam labentia regna  
Protinus arma ruent tua, vindexque hauriet  
ignis,

Et passim hæc largo sudabit sanguine tellus.  
Nonne vides, jam ut nunc res procubet in-  
clinata ?

Et tibi jam votis non profit necesse vota ?  
Longè alias Pater omnipotens sacra transtulit  
oras ;

Longè aliâ vult ipse coli et placarier urbe :  
Atque adeò hic altè depactus terminus esto.

Sic fatus, monstrat miras in marmore formas,  
Argumentum ingens, senùm monimenta dierum,  
Magna quibus magni compacta est machina mundi ;  
Et veterum eventus, et prisca ex ordine avorum  
Facta, haud humanis opus enarrabile verbis.  
Non illic hominum effigies, simulacrave divûm,  
Arcanis sed cuncta notis signisque notavit  
Obscuris manus artificis, non hætenus ulli

Cognita ;



There chariots, o'er the altars fix'd on high,  
Of polish'd ebon wrought and shining ivory.

While thus his friends, perform'd each sacred rite,  
Gaze o'er the work with wonder and delight,  
The Chief appears; and lo! this pile, he cries,  
This lofty temple of stupendous size,  
Like a tall pine, which angry winds uprend,  
Shall soon in total desolation end.

Thy crimes, O Solyma! for vengeance call,  
And instant ruin threats thy tott'ring wall;  
Who did'st the warnings of kind Heav'n withstand,  
And 'gainst the Prophets lift thy murd'rous hand.

How oft, such fatal madness to restrain,  
With tender zeal I strove, but strove in vain,  
To peaceful union all thy Tribes to bring;  
As anxious birds beneath the fost'ring wing,  
Invite their helpless off-spring to repair,  
And fondly brood them with a parent's care!

Alas! devoted to the sword and fire,  
Soon shall these envy'd glories all expire;  
Destructive arms thy empire shall o'erthrow,  
And streams of blood thro' sad Judæa flow.  
Do'st thou not see, ev'n now thy state declines,  
And vows avail not at yon' holy shrines.  
This sacred worship, by divine command,  
At length is destin'd to another land;  
In foreign coasts shall pious pray'rs ascend;  
Here let the holy Rites, and solemn Cov'nant end.

He said, and to their wond'ring eyes display'd  
Rich figures, on the marble dome pourtray'd;  
Where wrought by Artists with resemblance true,  
A six days work, Creation rose to view.  
Here on the spacious sculptur'd wall appears  
Each deed illustrious, thro' successive years,  
Of Patriarch Chiefs, engrav'd with mystic Art;  
No human language cou'd the sense impart.  
No forms of men or gods the spaces fill,  
But in obscurer types the workmen's skill,

Cognita; non potuere ipsi deprendere vates.

Hic superum Sator informem speculatus acervum;  
Æternam noctemque, indigestumque profundum,  
Prima videbatur moliri exordia rerum,  
Ipse micans radiis, ac multâ luce coruscus.

Jamque videbatur fulvâ de nube creare  
Stelligeri convexa poli, terrasque, fretumque,  
Et lucem simul undivagam; mox unde micantes

Et solis radios, et cœli accenderet ignes.  
Ipsi jam denso crepitare examine circum  
Auctoremque, ducemque suum, plausuque sonare  
Aligeri fratres supera arce volatile vulgus,  
Lucis opus primæ: necdum tamen æthera ab imis

Flammiferum terris, terras discreverat undis;  
Sed tantum confusa jacebant semina rerum.  
Nec mora; vix cœli extuderat septemplex orbem,

Ordine cui vario rutilos affigeret ignes;  
Et jam cuncta novam incipiebant sumere formam  
Paulatim, cœlumque suâ compage teneri.

Cernere erat, fixâ in medio jam mole relicta,

Littoribus curvis circum maria humida fundi,  
Illisofque vadis spumare ad sidera fluctus.  
Nondum pontivagæ curvabant ampla carinæ  
Carbasæ, nec liquido lentari in marmore remi;

Lata sed innocui verrebant æquora Cauri.  
Ecce autem, jam fagiferi capita ardua montes  
Attollunt, infraque jacent humiles convalles.  
Continuò tellus summittens Dædala germen  
Flore renidescit, et frondes explicat arbor.  
Jam videas viridi vestiri gramine campos;

Jam

The whole had shadow'd with such studious care,  
Not ev'n the Prophets cou'd the work declare.

'Here Heav'n's dread Sire, in radiant lustre bright,  
Surveying Chaos and eternal Night,  
Seem'd from those rude and indigested springs,  
To draw the seeds and principles of things.  
Here from a golden cloud he call'd to birth,  
Heav'n's starry Convex, Ocean, Air, and Earth,  
And Light wide-circling; whose prolific blaze  
Kindled the genial Stars, and solar Rays.

Here, on light wing, the Brethren of the sky,  
Around their Lord with shouts triumphant fly,  
Who on the first bright morning rose to birth;  
Nor yet had Ether from the grosser earth,  
Nor earth from ambient ocean burst it's way;  
But nature's seeds in wild disorder lay.  
Scarce had he form'd the sev'n-fold Orb on high,  
And Stars that glitter thro' the spangled sky;  
When various things by just degrees put on  
A diff'rent shape, and order not their own:  
At length the glorious Firmament display'd  
It's ample bulk, compact and solid made.

Th' emergent Earth scarce dry'd, you might behold  
Around the shores the spacious Ocean roll'd;  
Dash'd on the rocks the fretful waters rise,  
And mount in foamy billows to the skies.  
Nor yet were painted vessels seen to ride  
With sails expanded o'er the boundless tide;  
Nor bending oars yet vex'd the ruffled sea,  
But gentle Zephyrs on the surface play.  
See! tufted mountains lift their heads on high,  
While far beneath the lowly vallies lie.  
Here Earth, impregnated with various stores,  
A boundless treasure from it's bosom pours;  
The trees unfold their leaves, fresh flow'rs appear,  
And the gay fields their verdant liv'ries wear.

Jam colles densis frondere cacumina fylvis,  
Illicibusque, oleisque, et coniferis cyparissis.

Nec mora; cæruleo flammis duo lumina cœlo  
Incipiunt teneris primùm lucescere rebus;  
Et sibi, ceu mundi vigiles, statione vicissim  
Succedunt, certoque suum dant fœdere lumen.  
Nam lucis fons dimensum sol ambit Olympum  
Ipse die, terrasque novo splendore colorat.  
Nocte suas vultu pallenti servat in umbris  
Luna vices, fundens auratis cornibus ignem:  
Lucidaque exornant nocturnis æthera gemmis  
Sidera, perpetuo circumlabentia motu.

Tum bifidis passim verrebant marmora caudis  
Squamigerùm mutæ pecudes, pelagoque natabant.  
At pictæ volucres librare per aëra pennis  
Corpora, et inter se curvis decernere rostris.

Nec procul hinc errant latos armenta per agros,  
Lanigerique greges persultant pabula læta.  
Jam latebras videas meditari dira ferarum  
Semina, jam longos per humum reptare chelydros.  
Desuper hortari clarâ de nube putares  
Cœlicolùm Regem, lætasque expromere voces,  
Crescite, propagate genus, mea semina, vestrum,  
Seculaque perpetuis generatim jungite seclis.

Tandem nudus homo emicuit tellure creatus;  
Quem superùm Sator affarique, et dicere leges  
Ore videbatur coràm, ac præponere regnis,  
Qui terras immortalis ditione teneret,  
Mansisset dictis, fervâset fœdera pacta:

At campum arboribus juxtà ac viridantibus  
herbis  
Lucentem aspicias, stellantia floribus arva,  
Poma ubi cæruleo multùm vigilata dracone:

In

With waving woods the tow'ring hills are crown'd,  
 Here Olives, Pines, and Cypresses abound,  
 And oaks, extending their broad shades around. }

Now e'er the work divine compleat is made,  
 Behold two lights in glitt'ring form array'd!  
 Which, like the World's great Satellites, maintain  
 Alternate watch, thro' heav'n's unmeasur'd plain:  
 The sun o'er high Olympus guides the day,  
 Fair earth enliv'ning with his vivid ray;  
 The moon with paler lustre governs night,  
 And from her golden crescent pours the light;  
 While heav'n's high arch unnumber'd planets grace,  
 In circuit dancing thro' th' etherial space.

Here fish with forkey tails the waves divide,  
 And sportive wanton in the rolling tide;  
 There birds on pinions poize their weight in air,  
 And with their crooked beaks commence the war.

Not far from hence large grazing herds are seen,  
 And flocks of cattle bounding o'er the green;  
 Wild beasts, that fearful to their coverts make,  
 And serpents gliding thro' the thorny brake.  
 You seem heav'n's gracious Sov'reign to behold  
 This sentence utt'ring from a cloud of gold;  
 „ My seed, encrease and multiply your race,  
 „ And fill with rising births time's ample space.

In naked majesty now rose to birth  
 Man, the great lord and ruler of the earth.  
 Whom heav'n's dread Monarch seem'd with words  
 And in his bosom sacred laws impress; [t'address,  
 Yielding this lower world to his command,  
 With wide dominion o'er the sea and land;  
 That long on earth immortal he might reign,  
 Shou'd he the righteous covenant maintain.

Near this a fertil field you might survey,  
 With glitt'ring flow'rs and verdant herbage gay;  
 Where from access the fruit was safe debarr'd,  
 Kept by the wily dragon's wakeful guard.

In medio fons perspicuis argenteus undis,  
Quatuor adversis volvens regionibus amnes,  
Qui terræ gremio infusi latè arva rigarent.

Atque hîc cernere erat malesuadi fraude draconis  
Deceptum juvenem vetitos ex arbore fœtus  
Gustare, edicti immemorem, legisque severæ.  
Et jam (vix pomum infelix admoverat ori)  
Pœnituisse putes se frondibus involventem,  
Nec jam cœlituum regis gravia ora ferentem.  
Namque videbatur, fulvæ inter vellera nubis,  
Horribili super impendens mortalibus ore  
Dura redarguere, et sævas indicere poenas  
Pro meritis, quas ille olim, quas omnis  
ab illo  
Progenies lueret lucis ventura sub auras.

Interea Conjux, quæ, capta libidine dirâ,  
Jura prior, legesque datas, ac fœdera, solvit,  
Infelix fruticum frustra per densa latebat.  
At victor, factusque potens jam fraudis, ahenâ  
Effulget squamâ, teretique volumine serpens  
Ter superans stirpem, spirisque ingentibus ambit  
Tortilis, et motis insultat desuper alis,  
Virgineo irridens deceptos improbus ore.

Nec procul hinc ideo videas latè infera  
circùm  
Regna, subobscuras sedes, lucemque malignam  
Solis, ubi casti manes, animæque piorum,  
Sedibus exclusæ quondam debentis Olympi,  
Unius ob scelus, expectabant ordine longo.  
Stabant hîc cani proceres, vittataque vatum  
Agmina, tendebantque manus ad sidera passas;  
Quos omnes humeris pater altè extantibus Abras,  
Amplificam pandens chlamydem, protentaque latè  
Brachia subnixus, dextrâ lævâque tegebat.

Orantes

Full in the midst, a silver fountain flow'd,  
Which to four diff'rent streams it's wealth bestow'd;  
Whose waters thro' as many regions glide,  
The plains refreshing with a bounteous tide.

Here by the cunning serpent's fraudulent art,  
You see th' unwary youth too soon depart  
From God's strict laws; and of the fatal tree  
Taste freely, careless of divine decree.  
When lo! (the fruit scarce to his lips apply'd)  
He strives repentant with broad leaves to hide  
His guilty shame; nor can he longer bear  
His judge's awful frown, and brow severe.  
Whom, bending from a radiant cloud of gold,  
Incens'd with sudden wrath, you might behold  
This first rebellious crime expose to view,  
And the just recompence to treason due;  
Which he henceforth, and all mankind must share,  
That draw from him this vital breath of air.

Meanwhile his consort, who by passion sway'd, }  
Heav'n's righteous laws had rashly disobey'd, }  
In vain lay ambush'd in the secret shade.  
But see! the serpent, glorying in his deed,  
And proud his guileful malice shou'd succeed,  
Glisters with burnish'd scales; and round the tree  
Curling his spiry folds, with conscious glee,  
Beneath the features of a virgin fair  
With cruel insult mocks the wretched pair.

Not distant far appear'd th' infernal seats,  
Shaded from solar beams, obscure retreats;  
Where the pure souls of pious saints, alone  
Debarr'd Olympus for the crime of one,  
Impatient stand, dispos'd in long array;  
And ardent linger for the dawning day.  
Here hoary Sires, adorn'd with holy bands,  
Spread to the skies their unavailing hands;  
All these, his ample vest unfolding wide,  
The Father of the faithful strives to hide [side. }  
From heav'n's dread wrath, and guards onev'ry }  
You

Orantes illos credas, superùmque Parentem  
 Supplicibus dictis affari, parceret iræ,  
 Parceret unius noxa omnes perdere gentes.

Substitit hîc imo suspirans pectore Divus,  
 Atque ait. En nostrum deposcunt ista laborem :  
 In me nulla mora est ; ego tantæ debitus iræ  
 Morte meâ eripiam hos tenebris, et claustra re-  
 fringam.

Quin ea, quæ subitò paucis deprensa sequuntur,  
 Sublegite infandum mihi portendentia letum.

Omnibus hîc pauci extinctis mortalibus ibant  
 Inclusi ligno summas impune per undas.  
 Ingens lativago fluitabat machina ponto ;  
 Et vix extabant immani corpore montes ;  
 Quos procul abruptus collisis nubibus ignis  
 Ingeminans creber cœlo rutilante petebat.

Hîc natum senior nudo Ifacon ense petebat,  
 Infelix pater, exequitur dum tristitia jussa.  
 Aspiceres illum toto jam corpore niti  
 Dextram attollentem : nondum respexerat ; et jam  
 Nuncius ecce aderat cœli demissus ab arce,  
 Jussa ferens primis contraria : victima juxtâ  
 Pascebat, pueri ignari pro cæde parata,  
 Candidus et villis aries argenteus albis.

Hinc fratrem invisum narrata ob fomnîa fratres  
 Vendebant, misero mentiti dira parenti  
 Funera, discerptumque feris : pater ipse cru-  
 entam  
 Versabat nati tunicam, lacrymisque rigabat.

Hîc etiam, Phariis dum cives ducit ab oris,  
 Post longa exilia in patriam, promissaque regna,  
 Legifer auxiliis fretus cœlestibus heros ;  
 Orta lucis populum errantem miseranda repentè  
 Ser-



You see them stand engag'd in solemn pray'r,  
Imploring heav'n with tears mankind to spare;  
Nor leave it's offspring ruin'd and undone,  
To death devoted for the guilt of one.

Pausing awhile, the God his step suppress'd,  
And deeply sighing, from his lab'ring breast;  
These scenes demand my destin'd toil, he said,  
Nor shall the gracious work be long delay'd;  
My death shall ransom from the shades of night  
These suff'ring manes, and restore to light.  
Now mark what follows on the wall, and see  
Each vary'd type portending death to Me.

A chosen few, the race of mortals drown'd;  
Here sail'd in safety o'er the vast profound;  
Thro' shoreless seas th' enormous vessel steer'd;  
And now the mountains scarce their summits rear'd,  
When o'er their lofty heads the lightning flies,  
And frequent flashes burst from angry skies. [t'obey,

Here the sad Sire, heav'n's harsh commands  
With ruthless sword prepares his son to slay.  
Behold him stand oppress'd with silent woe,  
His hand just rais'd to strike the fatal blow;  
When from the skies a winged angel bears  
A diff'rent mandate to his joyful ears.  
A fleecy ram, that near the mountain fed,  
Well pleas'd he seizes in his offspring's stead.

For boding visions to his brethren told,  
Old Israel's sons their hapless brother sold;  
Yet other story to their father feign'd,  
And show'd his well-known coat with blood distain'd.  
The tale with grief th' unhappy parent hears,  
And o'er the garment pours a flood of tears.

Observe where Moses leads his favour'd host,  
Worn with long exile, from th' Egyptian coast,  
To Canaan's fertile bounds; that lovely land,  
To Israel destin'd by divine command.  
While thro' the lonely wilderness they stray'd,  
A loath'd disorder on their vitals prey'd;

Stung

Serpentum afflatu leto dabat, atque jacebant  
 Corpora tabifico passim morientia morfu.  
 Dux verò in medio campi suspendit ahenum  
 Ingenti è malo colubrum, stratosque jubebat  
 Dirigere huc aciem intentos, lignumque tueri,  
 Quæ miseris erat haud dubiæ via sola salutis.

Parte aliâ, rostro terebrans sibi viscera acuto,  
 Fæta avis implumes pascebat vulnere natos:  
 Stant olli circum materno sanguine læti,  
 Et pectus certatim omnes rimantur apertum.

His animadversis, portis bipatientibus ibat  
 Multa putans, necdum gradibus descenderat  
 Heros  
 Omnibus: et, magno jam longè urgente tumultu,  
 Ecce trahebatur, passis per terga capillis,  
 Pallida longævi conjux Susanna Manassæi;  
 Cui pater egregiam formâ, et florentibus annis,  
 Haud placidis tædis invitam ægramque jugârat.  
 Namque fidem ob thalami foedatam ad iusta vo-  
 cabant

Supplicia, ingenti juvenum spectante catervâ.  
 Et jam saxa manu pueri vulgusque tenebant.  
 Ipse sed antevolans prohibebat tela sacerdos,  
 Donec porticibus Christum conspexit in amplis;  
 Ad quem ubi concessit, miseramque ad limina  
 traxit,

Ingressus versare dolos, hæc prodidit, inquit,  
 Conjugium, thalamique fidem deprensa fefellit.  
 Sontem jura neci tali pro crimine dedi  
 Nostra jubent duris (sed quæ inclementia!) saxis.  
 Teque ideo, vatum interpretes mitissime, adimus;  
 Et tua quænam sit sententia quærimus omnes.

Dixerat, atque animo jam spes pascebat inanes,  
 His captum implicitumque putans sermonibus  
 Præclusos abitus, non effugia ulla relictâ: [hostem,  
 illum

Stung by th' envenom'd serpent's deadly wound,  
Their bloated bodies strow the wasteful ground.  
But Moses hangs a brazen serpent high,  
And bids the wounded here direct their eye;  
With joy this emblematic cross survey,  
Which to their safety points the certain way.

Near this, the bird whose mangled bosom bleeds,  
With her own wound her callow offspring feeds;  
Around they stand, impatient for her blood,  
And from her painful bowels tear their food.

Scarce had our Lord with skill divine explain'd,  
These mystic figures on the walls contain'd,  
And thro the gates in thoughtful musing pass'd  
Down the smooth marble steps, nor reach'd the last;  
When lo! with hair dishevell'd drag'd along,  
'Midst noise and insult by a rabble throng,  
The fair Susanna, old Manasseh's wife!  
To whom in early bloom and pride of life,  
Submitting to a parent's harsh command,  
The nymph had yielded her unwilling hand.  
And now to public justice was she led,  
For foul pollution of the nuptial bed:  
The crowds stood ready with uplifted hands,  
Her crime to punish, as the law commands.  
But when the priest our blessed Lord beheld  
Within the porch, their furious zeal he quell'd.  
Then strait with base dissimulation came,  
And yielding to his hands the captive dame;  
This wretch, he cry'd, her honour has betray'd,  
The faith she plighted and the vows she made.  
Our law, we know (but who such thoughts can bear?)  
Condemns th' offender to a death severe.

To thee, O mild interpreter, we come,  
To seal her pardon or pronounce the doom.

He said, and pleas'd with his insidious art,  
Conceives a secret Triumph in his heart;  
Deeming the foe, by specious guile ensnar'd,  
From ev'ry hope and subterfuge debarr'd.

Illam quippe neci si solveret interceptam  
Miti animo miseratus, eum turba omnis in  
ipsum

Saxaque, et ultrices raptim converterat iras,  
Quòd sanctas gentis leges everteret illex ;  
Si verò ad pœnam jussit pro crimine duci,  
Sese odiis vulgi objiceret crudelis acerbis.  
Hæc agitans jam victorem se mente ferebat,  
Pectore lætitiâ multum tumefactus inani.  
Ac veluti in somnis olim sibi visus  
arator,

Dum terræ attrito suspendit vomere terga,  
Auri ingens pondus campo effodisse subacto,  
Gaudia vana fovet : cernet somno ille relictus.  
Pauperiem, duros et adhuc sibi adesse la-  
bores,

Somnia fortunamque animo execratus inanem.  
Ipse viam Deus inveniet (fallacia numen  
Nulla humana valet contra) quâ legibus illi  
Parceret illæsis : nempe, ut defixa tenebat  
Ora solo, tandem attollens, turbamque paratam  
Aspectans, ait : haud dubium, quin crimine  
letum

Sit merita ; id præci quondam sanxere parentes.  
Ergo agite ô vestrum quicumque est criminis  
expers,

Saxa manu primus rapiat, feriatque merentem :  
Ecquis erit tanto è numero, qui vulnera prima  
Dirigat, et sceleris purum se proferat ultro ?  
Sic memorans omnes servabat lumine pronus  
Obliquo, horrendumque tuens, illumque pa-  
ratus

Inscripsisse solo, cui mens interrita nullum  
Effet ob admissum fædè, securaque culpæ.  
Stabat conspectu in medio tremebunda puella,  
Jam suffusa oculos mortis nigrore propin-  
quæ,

Et positis terram genibus submissa petebat ;

Non.

For shou'd he, pitying her unhappy case,  
The guilty dame from punishment release;  
On his own head the vengeance he wou'd draw,  
As one, regardless of the nation's law:  
But if with rigour her offence pursue,  
He'd wake resentment in the vulgar crew.  
At this, fond hopes within his breast arise,  
And joy delusive sparkles in his eyes.  
So when by fancy's mimic shape betray'd,  
Some rustic, slumb'ring in the midnight shade,  
Dreams that his plow-share winding thro' the mould,  
By lucky chance upturns some hoarded gold;  
Unusual transports in his bosom rise:  
But when the fond illusive vision flies,  
He wakes to wonted poverty again,  
And curses fortune and his dreams in vain.  
Alas! can human cunning hope to lie,  
Veil'd from the reach of Heav'n's all-searching eye?  
The God with ease will scape the deep-laid snare,  
Observe the edict, yet release the fair.  
Pausing awhile in silent thought profound,  
His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground.  
At length surveying where these Zealots stood,  
Inflam'd with rage, and thirsting for her blood;  
Doubtless the dame deserves her fate; he cries,  
Our Sires approv'd it and by law she dies.  
Then strait let him who knows no guilty deed,  
Snatch the first stone and give the death decreed.  
Prove now from all this crowd, what man is he,  
Whose blameless conscience from offence is free.  
He said, and view'd oblique the circle round;  
In solemn silence stooping to the ground,  
T'inscribe in lasting marks that happy One,  
Whose heart were guileless, and to sin unknown.  
Amidst the throng the blushing Nymph appears,  
Conscious of guilt, and drown'd in flowing tears;  
And while the shades of death her eyes surround,  
Falls on her knees submissive to the ground.

Non minùs exanimata metu, quàm in retia cerva  
 Acta canum latratu, et longo exercita cursu,  
 Cum jam consumptæ vires, cum se undique  
 cinctam

Hoste videt, mortemque instantem certa moratur.

His autem auditis responsis, omnibus ingens  
 Confestim tecidit furor, et vis fracta quievit.  
 Quisque suam tacito versant in pectore vitam,  
 Inque vicem spectant sese, atque adversa tuentur;  
 Nec quisquam turba in tanta se prodidit ultrò.  
 Saxa cadunt manibus furtim labentia, et omnes  
 Quisque sui memores abeunt, templumque re-  
 linquunt.

Ut verò Deus aspexit vacua atria circum,  
 Linea detraxit pavitanti vincla puellæ,  
 Atque illam verbis monitam dimittit amicis:  
 I melior, veterum famam jam extingue malorum.

Talia dein socios fatur conversus ad ipsos:  
 Heu durum genus! haud possunt desistere victi.  
 Nil linquunt intentatum, nil prorsus inausum.  
 Nempe ego nunc festis, fas contra et jura,  
 diebus,  
 Afferò openi invalidis, ægrosque in pristina reddo:  
 Nunc fontes, et sponte sua commissa fatentes,  
 Accipio, noxæque animos et crimine solvo.  
 Nunc focii fruges tractant et vina, priusquam  
 Dent manibus lymphas, cum victu corpora curant,  
 Néc dapibus parcunt, et quæ in nos plurimâ  
 jactant.

Quinetiam me fraude petunt furta irrita adorti:  
 Vel cum Romanis astu me opponere tentant  
 Incautum, quæruntque dolo, an fas pendere regi  
 Per capita argentum, edicto quod quisque ju-  
 betur.

Nec cæcos meâ facta movent ingentia, quæ non  
 Humanis fierent opibus, non artibus ullis:

Nec

Not less affrighted than the tim'rous deer,  
 When fast intangled in the hunters snare,  
 And urg'd by clam'rous dogs, she pants for breath,  
 O'er spent, and trembling at th' approach of death.

Scarce had our gracious Lord these words express'd,  
 When all at once their raging fury ceas'd.  
 Each, as their conscious thoughts descend within,  
 Views in his guilty breast some lurking sin;  
 Nor of this zealous crew, cou'd one be found  
 To stand undaunted forth, and give the wound.  
 At length, their secret sins too clearly known,  
 Down from their hands they drop th' uplifted stone;  
 And quitting to his juster charge the dame,  
 Forth from the temple steal, o'erwhelm'd with  
 Soon as he view'd the courts deserted round, [shame.  
 Our Lord with speed the trembling Nymph unbound;  
 Bid her no more such evil course pursue,  
 But with repentant mind her innocence renew.

Then to his friends with warmth he thus exclaim'd;  
 Oh! stubborn race! unconquer'd and untam'd!  
 Urg'd by revenge, still plots on plots they build,  
 Nor oft defeated, will resign the field.  
 Sometimes, it seems, on Sabbath-days, the poor,  
 Against their Laws, from sickness I restore.  
 Then sinners, of an humble mind, receive  
 To offer'd mercy, and their crimes forgive.  
 Now they object (and scarce escapes a day,  
 But some poor trifle to our charge they lay)  
 That ye, regardless of traditions, eat  
 With hands uncleansed, your accustom'd meat.  
 Nay, they ev'n urge the Romans to oppose  
 Their hate against Me, and commence my foes:  
 And to this end select a chosen band,  
 In humble guise instructed to demand,  
 Whether in them t'were lawful to obey  
 Rome's foreign edicts, and the tribute pay?  
 Nor do my acts, beyond the pow'r or art  
 Of men to equal move their stubborn heart.

Nec quâ vi hæc agitem spoliati lumine cernunt;  
Consiliisque audent supremi obstare Parentis.  
Nec præscos tollo ritus, legesve refigo:  
Quippe alia arcanis longè sententia dictis  
Indeprensa latet; longè altera sacra teguntur  
Nube sub obscurâ verborum ut cætera mittam,  
Quid suis horretis vetitis imponere mensis  
Viscera? non animis tabem sublimibus affert,  
Aut his, aut illis jejunia solvere rebus.  
Vobis intus obest mens ipsa, et dira cupido.  
Sed quoniam gaudet cœno immundâque palude  
Setigerum genus, et pecori huic innata libido  
est;

In sue adumbrantur veneris mala gaudia foedæ.  
Quinetiam, ut jussis animos cœlestibus auctor  
Paulatim assuefcens posset molliore colendo,  
Nec nullâ inciperet sub religione tenere;  
Indociles primùm populos, obtusaque gentis  
Pectora, jussit oves jugulare, et sanguine  
terram

Imbuere, immeritosque aris mactare juvencos:  
Quæ tamen omnia erant, si cui mens alta  
vigeat,  
Venturæ speculum mox religionis et umbra.

His actis, jam devexum cum vesper olympum  
Clauderet, egrediens malefidâ cessit ab urbe.  
Tum Genitorem obitus affarier ante propin-  
quos

Exoptans, coramque arcanas promere voces,  
Ignaros socios Taburi imâ in valle reliquit:  
Ipsa autem ascensu superans capita ardua  
montis

Constitit, aërea feriunt ubi fidera cedri.  
Addiderant comites se tantum ex omnibus illi  
Fidus Iôannes cum fratre, Petrusque vocati.  
Stabant orantes taciti, pariterque supinas  
Tendebant sine voce manus ac lumina, cœlo.

Ipsæ



Blind to the light of heav'nly truth, they still  
 Reject the counsel of my Father's will.  
 No harsh illegal methods I pursue,  
 Absolve old customs, and establish new.  
 Beneath their types far other meaning lies,  
 Wrapt in dark clouds, and hid from vulgar eyes;  
 Far other rites th' ambiguous words contain,  
 Which veil'd in shadows unobserv'd remain.  
 One instance from a thousand more to chuse —  
 Why do your tribes the flesh of pork refuse?  
 No food of this or that peculiar kind,  
 In proper measures, can corrupt the mind:  
 Impure desires that in the bosom spring,  
 These, these alone, the vile pollution bring.  
 But as the bristly kind delight to roll  
 In mud, and wallow in the slimy pool,  
 And lust intemp'rate marks this filthy race;  
 The joys of Venus in the swine we trace.  
 Besides, that God his counsels might instill,  
 And bend their passions to his sov'reign will,  
 By some religious principles subdu'd;  
 His chosen people, yet unskill'd and rude,  
 He bade the consecrated ground to stain  
 With blood of victims, on their altars slain.  
 Which rites but shadow'd to discerning eyes,  
 The true religion that in time shou'd rise.  
 These acts perform'd, as night her shade extends,  
 Our Lord his footsteps from the city bends.  
 Then urg'd, e'er death approach, with warm desire  
 To pray in secret to his heav'nly Sire;  
 From his lov'd friends this purpose to-conceal,  
 Retir'd he left them in the neighbouring vale.  
 Himself o'er Tabor's brow ascends on high,  
 Where cedars wave their summits in the sky.  
 Peter and James, and John, a chosen few,  
 With him alone from all the rest withdrew.  
 Each rapt in silent pray'r attentive stands,  
 And lifts his eyes, and spreads to heav'n his hands:

Ipse autem his magno Genitorem affatur amore.

O Pater, en, infons nunc dira ad funera  
pergo

Progenies tua! nec tot ferre indigna recuso,  
Quando certa tibi mens, atque hæc fixa voluntas;

Et tanti mortale genus; nil demoror, adsum.  
Hos saltem, qui me, patriæque suisque relictis,

Per varios casus lectissima corda sequuntur,  
Aspice, et immeritos cæcis averte periclis  
Haud vereor, quod se his homines, gens impia,  
passim

Opponunt: nil facta hominum mortalia terrent.  
Ipsi etiam (nihil hoc moveor) moriantur ad unum;  
Aut potius sævo, si vis, tu fulmine perde  
Correptos igni, et penitus res attere fractas  
Tu Genitor, tanto finemque impone labori;  
Si tantæ est genus humanum cœlo addere  
molis,

Seclaque mutatis in pristina reddere rebus.  
Tantum oro (scelus) inferno summissa barathro  
Gens, pestem meditata viris, nil improba furtis  
Officiat, non infando prævertat amore  
Insidiis captos, nec corda improvida fallat,  
Dum scelera hortatur nostrique obliviam suadet.  
Jamjam aderunt infandi hostes, armata dolis gens,  
Nondum animos satiata, graves nondum ulta  
dolores;

Has fraudes, jamque has fraudes, artesque movebunt.

Quas non mentiti simulato corpore formas,  
Ut capiant genus innocuum, vertantque venenis  
Pestiferis? Tu frange dolos, ferque irrita in  
auras

Cuncta, Pater: tandem victis edice quiescant.  
Sint, qui per terras gentes post funera nostra  
Justitiam erudiant, et religionis amorem:

Hanc

Whilst he himself, in act of filial love,  
Thus breathes his soul to heav'n's high throne above.

Since in thy sov'reign counsel 'tis decreed,  
Almighty Father! that thy son must bleed,  
For human race; in Me there's no delay,  
The work to finish, and thy will obey.  
But these, who various toils have undergone,  
Their friends deserted for my sake alone;  
With kind compassion from high heav'n behold,  
And guard from danger this selected fold.  
Not that I fear what impious men can do,  
Who still with hate this harmless tribe pursue,  
Ev'n let them all submit to death decreed,  
I ask not, Father! to reverse this deed.  
Nay, rather on their heads thy thunders throw,  
And end at once this scene of human woe;  
If 'tis a work of so much pains and care,  
A world by sin disorder'd to repair, [share. }  
And give man's guilty race the joys of heaven to  
This, this alone I make my last request;  
O let not that infernal tribe, the pest  
Of human kind, with false insidious art  
My lov'd Disciples from the truth pervert;  
By soft allurements into sin betray,  
And steal my precepts from their heart away.  
Ev'n now, as hostile death approaches near,  
Arm'd with deceits the foe will soon appear;  
On me and mine exert their utmost skill,  
A race untam'd, and obstinate in ill.  
What various shapes they try? what dark disguise,  
Their fraud to cover, and infuse their lies?  
But all their plots, their machinations blast,  
O Sire! and vanquish'd let them yield at last.  
Then, when no longer on this earth I stay,  
May there be some commission'd to convey,  
The truths of pure religion to mankind,  
And plant the laws of justice in their mind;

Hanc veniam concede : id nati cedat amor.  
 Filius hæc : Genitor contrà cui talia reddit :

Nate, Patris virtus, nostrisque simillima imago,  
 Nulla tuis fraus (solve metum) nullæve noc-  
 bunt

Insidiæ, quas nunc regni molitur operti  
 Arbiter; incæpti frustra irritus omnia tentat.  
 Induat in facies centum, centum ille figuras ;  
 Ipse adero, retegamque dolos, fœcundaque fraudis  
 Agmina disjiciam, et magnâ virtute resistam.  
 Unus erit tantum, cui mentem insania vertet :  
 Infelix, jam nunc devoto pectore versat  
 Infandum scelus ; atque tui jam pœnitet ægrum  
 Secum indignantem, tua quod præcepta se-  
 cutus

Exuerit blandum vitæ mortalis amorem,  
 Malueritque graves sub te tolerare labores:  
 Omnia quæ mecum mundi ante exordia nosti.  
 Hunc tamen indignum numero cœtuque pio-  
 rum

Addidimus, memores vatum, qui talia quondam  
 Prædixere, tuis exemplum insigne futurum.  
 Evadent alii insidias meliora sequuti.  
 Omnes, te propter contempto lucis amore,  
 Haud mortem horrescent, pergentque in funera  
 læti ;

Innumeramque suo parient tibi sanguine  
 gentem,

Projectu vitæ, et mortis amore, superbi.  
 Efficiam cœlo dignos post aspera tandem  
 Funera, deserti magnum ætheris incrementum.  
 Quos tu olim aspicias hac religione nepotes  
 Surgere, Nate, tibi ! quàm pectora certa vi-  
 debis !

Tu modò tu perge, et cæptum decurre laborem.  
 Hi, quos cernis enim vix nunc tua jussa se-  
 quutos

Indo-

Let not this boon, O Father! be deny'd.  
Thus pray'd the son, and thus the Sire reply'd.

O Son! in whom alone my glories shine,  
Thou true resemblance of my pow'r divine!  
No fraud, (dismiss thy fear) no projects laid,  
By the grim tyrant of the gloomy shade,  
Against thy friends, shall reach the end design'd,  
But ev'ry scheme be scatter'd in the wind.  
Let him in thousand various shapes appear,  
And still a thousand new disguises wear;  
Myself will frustrate all his wiles, and lay  
His inmost counsels open to the day.  
One, one alone, to truth and reason blind,  
A crime enormous harbours in his mind;  
Ev'n now repents, that for thy sake he chose,  
The world and all it's pleasures to oppose, }  
With toils familiar, and inur'd to woes.  
All which with me thy piercing eye survey'd,  
E'er the foundations of the world were laid.  
Yet him, tho' far unworthy to obtain  
Such sacred trust, we added to thy train;  
Regardful of those holy seers of old,  
Whose voice prophetic these events foretold.  
Warn'd by such sad example to beware,  
The rest uninjur'd shall escape the snare.  
Not one shall tremble at the thoughts of death,  
Or deem it hardship to resign his breath;  
But proud to add such numbers to thy reign,  
Ev'n court afflictions, and rejoice in pain.  
These, when their glorious toils are past, shall rise  
From Earth, and people the deserted skies.  
What crowds henceforth shall own thy sov'reign  
What true disciples shall thy laws obey? [sway?  
Only, my Son, perform th' appointed deed,  
And chearful to the destin'd goal proceed.  
These, who ev'n now, unlearn'd and rude of speech,  
Can scarce discover what thy doctrines teach,

Shall

Indociles, fandi ignaros (mora non erit) altos  
 Pectore concipient sensus, doctoque verendas  
 Ore canent leges afflati numine nostro,  
 Et vastum in melius referent hortatibus  
 orbem.

Succedent aliis alii, facrique nepotes  
 Victores tua signa ferent trans ultima  
 claustra

Oceani latas undis cohibentia terras;  
 Clarescetque tuum passim per secula nomen.  
 Sponte suâ invicti reges tibi sceptrâ, tibi  
 arma

Subjicient sua per terras, arasque sacra-  
 bunt,

Atque adeò gravida imperiis Roma illa su-  
 perba,

Appenninivagi quæ propter Tybridis undam  
 Ingentes populos frenat, pulcherrima rerum,  
 Summittet fasces, et, quas regit, orbis ha-  
 benas.

Illic relligio, centum illic maxima tem-  
 pla,

Centum aræ tibi fumantes, centumque ministri ;  
 Quique viris latè, atque ipsis det jura, sacer-  
 dos,

Regibus, et summo te in terris reddat ho-  
 nore.

Siqua tamen, paulatim annis labentibus,  
 ætas

Decolor inficiet mores, versisque nepotes  
 Degeneres surgent studiis ; per dura, la-  
 boresque

Exercens lapsam revocabo in pristina  
 gentem.

Illa malis semper melior se tollet ad astra.  
 Sæpe solo velut everfam, excisamque videbis,  
 Quam modò prædixi, populorum incurfibus  
 urbem.

Verum

Shall feel e'er long, by heav'nly power impress'd,  
New sense and vigour rising in their breast;  
Religion's laws with wisdom's force display,  
To truth and virtue point th' unerring way, }  
And teach a sinful world thy precepts to obey.  
To these shall others in due time succeed;  
And priests victorious shall thy standard spread  
To worlds remote, beyond th' extremest bounds  
Where distant Ocean the vast globe surrounds:  
Succeeding ages shall encrease thy fame,  
Till ev'ry Nation hears the Christian name.  
Unconquer'd Monarchs shall their scepters lay }  
Beneath thy feet; shall own thy potent sway,  
And pure devotion at thy altars pay.  
Ev'n Rome herself, who rules with pow'r supreme,  
Where ancient Tiber rolls his fertile stream;  
The world's fair mistress, from her awful throne  
Shall bow the fasces, and thy empire own.  
There shall religion spread her wide command,  
There rais'd for Thee, an hundred temples stand;  
An hundred altars to thy honour rise,  
And waft their grateful incense to the skies;  
An hundred servants wait; and o'er the rest  
With pomp superior shall a sov'reign priest  
Preside; dominion ev'n o'er Kings obtain,  
And sole on earth thy great vice-gerent reign.  
Yet if some stain, as rolling years encrease,  
Shall taint the virtues of this pious race,  
And hence a new posterity arise,  
That chang'd in manners shall these rites despise;  
Myself the nation will restore again,  
Long urg'd by toils, and exercis'd in pain.  
These toils, these woes shall but her virtues try,  
Refine from dross, and lift her to the sky.  
Full oft thine eyes with sorrow shall behold  
That glorious city, which I late foretold;  
By arms of barb'rous foes besieg'd around,  
Torn from her seat, and levell'd with the ground.

Yet

Venerat quo iugis illa iuvans cuncta, semper  
 Atrox hoc iugens celum caput inferri astris,  
 Minuque in sociis semper recidiva reponet.  
 Nec nisi lapsulo ratiunt. Hic definet orbe.  
 Sic placuit: nostri scies ex numinis esse.  
 Hic ait, et antum cuncta complens inhaesit.

Ecce autem subito rutila vibrans ab aethra  
 Cuius fons fulget ignis, et pulvis incensum ingens.  
 Nam. Pare: omnipotens munusculis ab aethere  
 auras:

Clusula radiis illustrem lucis, et igni.  
 Clusula velox: hic lux turbare Cirillus  
 Clusula: rapida, sedique in nube resoluta,  
 Vixit et aspectu parat. Deus, atque per auras  
 Nominat. Hic fuitque veritate odorem  
 Iustitiae velox peruenit. Genitoris imago.  
 Nec tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore

Lumen si credam, exortus rigit omne pro-

clum in spem: longe respicienda imago.  
 Et vixit effulgent aurata cacumina fere.  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore

Plumbeum quondam inventus coeli ardua curru,  
 Et tremavit equis multans aëris auras.  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore  
 Hic tunc emittit voce pulcherrimus ore

Nec iam velox propius tum maxima

Vixit domus, coelique ingens apparuit aula.  
 Tum Genitor nudus fulgens candentis amictu,  
 Ocula habuit Nato, et vox lapsa per auras:

Hic



Yet still the deeper she's oppress'd with woe,  
The more exalted shall her honours grow :  
Her ruin'd walls she shall with ease replace,  
Ev'n rise still more triumphant from disgrace,  
Nor cease till she the prostrate world o'er-awe,  
And vanquish'd nations own her sov'reign law.  
This is my fix'd, irrevocable will ;  
This seat shall my resplendent presence fill.  
Thus spoke th' eternal sov'reign from above,  
And clasp'd his offspring with paternal Love.

Now shot from Ether, with a rushing sound,  
A radiant gleam of glory blaz'd around.  
For lo ! th' Almighty Sire reveal'd to sight  
A Cloud, that glitter'd with bright rays of light.  
Rapt in the whirlwind Christ himself appears,  
And on his front unusual splendor wears ;  
The sudden glories on his form bestow'd,  
Display th' undoubted tokens of a God.  
From his bright locks ambrosial odours rise,  
And Heav'n's own image sparkles in his eyes.  
Not less resplendent was his visage found,  
With rays cœlestial glitt'ring all around ;  
Than when the golden fountain of the day  
Begins his orient glories to display ;  
In Ocean's mirrour we his form behold,  
And the bright mountains seem to glow in gold.  
Such to his wond'ring friends the God appears,  
In state attended by two sacred Seers.  
One in a fiery chariot rapt on high,  
Was whirl'd by coursers thro' th' etherial sky.  
The Other led from Pharaoh's hostile coast  
The tribes of Israel, an unnumber'd host ;  
And while thro' dreary wastes forlorn they stray ;  
Taught them religious laws and customs to obey.  
At once the mansions of etherial light,  
And Heav'n's stupendous court appear'd to sight.  
Then the great Sire, effulgent from a cloud,  
Embrac'd his Son, and thus was heard aloud.

The

**64**                    **CHRISTIADOS.**            [**LIB. I.**]

**Hic mea progenies, hic est mea magna voluptas :**  
**Uni huic mortales omnes parete volentes.**  
**Nec plura his: toto assouit chorus omnis Olympo**  
**Cœlestum, cantu vario, plausumque dedere.**  
**Tum demum in faciem consuetam redditus Heros,**  
**Attonitos socios, monstrisque metuque sepultos**  
**Excitat, atque hominis mortali apparuit ore.**

**MARCI.**

" Behold my Son belov'd, my joy alone;  
 " His just dominion let all nations own."  
 Nor added more; the heav'nly choirs around,  
 In various concert due applauses sound.  
 At length the Hero from the ground uprears  
 His friends, astonish'd and o'erwhelm'd with fears;  
 And in his own accustom'd form appears.

E

VIDA's

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# MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

## CHRISTIADOS

### LIBER SECUNDUS.

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**A**T Solymi trepidi rerum, et formidine cæci,  
Noctem illam patrum primi, templique ministri  
Insomnem duxere: animis adeò addita cura  
Incubat, ac nullam attonitis dat dira quietem.  
Omnibus ante oculos urbem ingredientis imago  
Læta Dei, festique manus impubis honores,  
Illiusque vident latè increbrescere nomen.  
Fama volat, passimque canit miracula rerum.  
Quid faciant? magis atque magis jam vera patescunt,  
Quæ quondam prisca vates cecinere futura,  
Terras cœlesti Regem de stirpe manere:  
Cujus in adventu templum, Judæaque tandem  
Regna ruant, Solymeque everfis desinat aris  
Antiquo de more sacros imponere honores.  
Ergo infracti animis omnes, terrore subacti,  
Tectis quisque suo septi, clausique manebant.  
Quales quæ solitæ florentia rura volantes  
Carpere apes, ubi sævit hyems, cœlumque profusus  
Solvitur in nimbos, et aquosus regnat Orion,  
Ocia lenta terunt, clausisque alvearibus ægræ  
Cunctantur, circumque fores ac limina mustant.

Tempus erat cum membra quies, cum grata so-  
porem  
Irrigat, ac positis affert oblivias curis:  
Et jam noctipotens manus imo emissæ barathro,  
Horribiles

---

V I D A's  
C H R I S T I A D.

BOOK. II.

---

**B**UT urg'd with dire dismay, and wild affright,  
The Jewish rulers pass'd the tedious night;  
While anxious cares that in their bosom rose,  
Deny'd the grateful blessings of repose.  
Still thro' the crowded gates in thought they view  
The Hero's entrance, and the shouting crew;  
And, rack'd with envy, hear his spreading name  
Still wider echo'd by the voice of fame.  
What cou'd they do? now more and more appears  
The truth, predicted by the ancient seers:  
That at some destin'd period, on the earth  
A King shou'd sojourn, of cœlestial birth;  
Whose coming wou'd Judæa's state o'erthrow,  
And lay the temple's haughty structure low;  
While Solyma, her rites destroy'd, no more  
Shou'd stain her altars with the victim's gore.  
Hence overwhelm'd with grief, from public view  
Each to his sep'rate roof alone withdrew.  
So bees, that wont to take their airy flight,  
And sip fresh dews, while summer suns invite;  
When angry winter rages o'er the plain,  
And clouds confess Orion's wat'ry reign;  
Sulk in their waxen cells, confin'd at home,  
And sullen murmurs fill the hollow dome.

Now night had spread her sable mantle round,  
And human cares in sweet oblivion drown'd;

Horribiles visu formæ furialibus omnem  
 Coetibus obsidere urbem: pars turribus instant:  
 Pars apicem templi, et fastigia summa coronant:

Cætera perque vias legio, perque alta domorum

Tecta volant, tractimque hærent per culmina tignis.

Haud secus Italiam repetunt ubi vere tepenti,  
 Cærule aves longo fessæ super æquora cursu:

Quæ prior occurrit tellus, hanc agmine denso  
 Certatim arripiunt, procurvaque littora complent.

Principiò spargunt occultum in pectora virus,  
 Vipereamque viris animam, cæcumque furorem  
 Inspirant, odiumque animis, et crimina linquunt.  
 Multi etiam in facies hominum vertuntur, et omnem

Protinus incendunt variis rumoribus urbem:

Irrèpunt tectis alii, somnoque solutis  
 Somnia dira ferunt variâ sub imagine rerum,  
 Atque hominum falsis simulacris pectora ludunt.  
 Jamque hujus subeunt, jamque illius alta potentum

Limina, et attonitos dictis hortantur in hostem.  
 Terrificantque animos, facta atque infecta canentes,

Christum inferre faces, arisque instare bipenni  
 Armatum æratâ, atque aditis extrema minari,  
 Et jam semusto in templo dominarier ignem.  
 Quin ipsos templi mentiti veste ministros  
 Singula tecta adeunt, patresque ad limina sacra,  
 Conciliumque vocant: nigri dux agminis ipse  
 Impulit ærisono stridentes cardine portas,  
 Hinc atque hinc delubra petunt: concurritur ultro

Undique, nec tenebris nox obstat euntibus atra.

Nôn aliter captam si rumor nunciet urbem,  
 Nocte dolis intempestâ, atque latentibus armis

Hostem

When issu'd forth, from hell's abhor'd abodes,  
The dreadful synod of infernal gods.  
Swift to the city walls they sweep their way;  
Some on the tow'rs a horrid front display:  
Part to the lofty temple's threat'ning height,  
In swarming legions wing their dusky flight:  
The rest thro' streets and lanes their rout divide,  
Or on the houses topmost turrets ride.  
Thus, in warm springs, to soft Italia's plain,  
The birds embody'd wing the spacious main;  
Where nearest shores approach, their course they bend,  
And o'er the beach the gath'ring troops descend.  
At once th' infernal ministers of fate,  
Rouze in the people's hearts revengeful hate;  
Bid the swift venom thro' their bosom roll,  
And wake the furies in their inmost soul.  
Numbers disguis'd in human shape appear,  
And spread strange rumours thro' the public ear:  
Others in crowds the people's roofs infest,  
And with portentous dreams annoy their rest.  
Now to the mansions of the Great they come  
In thronging tribes, and fill each pompous dome:  
Thence wake their zeal against the foe to rise,  
Each ear alarming with pernicious lies:  
That Christ their ancient altars wou'd o'erturn,  
And to the ground their lofty temple burn;  
Nay, that the gath'ring flames already spread,  
And half the structure were in ashes laid.  
Some in the garb of holy priests appear,  
And to each ruler's splendid roof repair,  
To call in council all the peers of state;  
Hell's king himself unbars the brazen gate.  
Th' assembled chiefs from ev'ry quarter come,  
(A mighty concourse) to the sacred dome;  
Crowds after crowds in endless train succeed,  
Nor night's thick darkness checks their eager speed.  
So, shou'd swift rumour on a sudden spread,  
That some great city was by fraud betray'd,

Hostem inferre acies, et jam summâ arce receptum,

Culminibusque immissa voret fax atra penates:  
 Plenis cuncta viis fervent, trepidoque tumultu  
 Huc atque huc itur, nec sat rationis eundi est.  
 Præcedunt diræ facies, facibusque nefandis  
 Sufficiunt lucem, et summo dant vertice lumen  
 Terrificas capitum quatientes undique flammæ.  
 Nec miseri tamen agnoscunt: furor omnibus in-

tus

Eripuit mentem, lapsumque in viscera virus.

Nec minus interea bis seni ex agmine missi  
 Bis senos Christi ad socios, evertere si quem  
 Possent, et furiis deceptum incendere iniquis,  
 Illi autem pleni monitis ducis (antè futura  
 Præscius ista suis prædixerat omnia) servant  
 Invictos animos, inapertaque pectora fraudi:  
 Quanquam hostis species sese transformet in om-

nes,

Nequicquam expertus, mentesque indagine cap-

tet.

Unus non valuit sese his subducere vinculis  
 Ifcarius pesti infandæ devotus Iudas:  
 Lectorum procerum labes, et pestis Iudas.

Hic se olim addiderat socium, vestigia Divi  
 Ingressus, patriâ atque opibus, charisque re-

lictis:

Incerta exilia, incertas quacunque paratus  
 Ire vias, talique necem pro Rege pacisci.  
 At mox cœptorum piguit, durique laboris  
 Paulatim pertæsum: animo tum volvere secum  
 Noctes atque dies tacitus, si qua potis arctis  
 Legibus exolvi, et priscae se reddere vitæ,  
 Indignans longum incassum cecidisse laborem.  
 Hos abitus, jamque hos abitus, et furta parabat  
 Impatiens operum, rebus non lætus egenis,

Talibus



In dead of night; that hostile troops appear'd,  
 And to the tow'rs their flaming torches rear'd:  
 In ev'ry street astonish'd crowds are found,  
 The gath'ring tumult thickens all around;  
 Numbers on numbers throng, with fear dismay'd,  
 No reason guides them, and no counsels aid.  
 The fell Tartarean bands direct the way;  
 With hasty zeal the furious chiefs obey;  
 Led by the fiery torches dismal glare,  
 And the dire sparkles of their blazing hair.  
 Nor know these wretches, by delusion blind,  
 The fatal error that misguides their mind.

Mean while twelve chosen ministers of night,  
 To Christ's select disciples speed their flight;  
 To try, if haply their insidious art  
 Might one from honour's sacred paths pervert.  
 But they (these trials previously foretold)  
 Unmov'd their Master's heav'nly counsels hold.  
 And tho' with prompt dexterity the foe  
 Each shape assume, and fair external show;  
 Yet all his specious and amassing art,  
 Cou'd find no entrance in their guarded heart.  
 One, only one, of all th' associate train,  
 Against the vile temptation strove in vain;  
 Judas alone admits th' infernal pest,  
 Iscariot Judas, scandal of the rest.

This wretch, his friends and fortune left behind,  
 Our Lord's select society had join'd;  
 Prepar'd life's arduous toils to undertake,  
 And death encounter for his Master's sake.  
 But now repenting of his hasty deed;  
 How from such hard conditions to be freed,  
 And gain his former ease, still night and day  
 In anxious thought he meditates the way:  
 Indignant that his cares no fruit obtain,  
 And all the labours of his life were vain.  
 Forth from th' associate band he longs to go,  
 Sick of this wretched penury and woe.

Talibus undantem curis, animoque labantem  
 Jampridem, nigræ reperit dux ipse cohortis :  
 Haud minus exultans animis, quàm monte sub  
 alto

Cum procul aspexit tendentem in pascua  
 cervum

Getulus leo, quem ficcis exercet hiantem  
 Faucibus ex longo collecta insania edendi.  
 Ac prius in faciem Galilæi versus Ioræ,  
 Ipsi qui fuerat conjunctus sanguine Judæ,  
 Insomnem aggreditur verbis: Tu nocte silenti  
 Montibus in solis erras insane, potesque  
 Ultro sæva pati sub nudo frigora cœlo,  
 Atque tibi alterius sub nutu degitur ætas,  
 Dum sequeris (quis te tantus furor incitat?)  
 istum

Elatumque animis, everforemque sacrorum :  
 Quem tantum illuvies adeunt, teterrima gentis  
 Foeminei coetus, et semiviri comitatus?  
 Primi omnes infensi odiis concordibus ardent,  
 Sacrilegoque necem intentant: jamque ille furo-  
 rem

Væsanum expendet, cedit fiducia tanta.  
 Non illi auxilio magnarum gloria rerum,  
 Quas mentitur, erit: nil contra obtendere  
 densa

Nubila, nil solitas accingi proderit artes.  
 Rumpe moras, eja instanti te furripe cladi.

Sic ait, ardentemque odiis instigat acerbis.  
 Tum mutata acri percussit pectora thyrsò,  
 Et subito nocti ablatus se immiscuit atræ.  
 Hinc miserum invadens præcordia ad intima  
 sese

Ingerit, atque imis dirum implicat ossibus ignem.  
 Olim, etiam in mentem veniunt, quæcunque sub  
 illo

Jussus dura tulit, quæcunque exhausta pericla :

Et

Him thus unsettled, and with grief oppress'd,  
Hell's monarch finds, apart from all the rest.  
Not less exulting in his eager mind,  
Than if in lonely woods a wand'ring hind,  
Some fierce Gætulian lion chance to spy;  
Thirst in his jaws, and fury in his eye.  
And first with guileful art the subtil fiend,  
Borrowing Jora's form, the traitor's friend,  
Begins the feign'd address—Can'st thou delight,  
In woods and mountains thro' the silent night,  
To wander with a vagrant crew, and bear  
Unhous'd the rigour of th'inclement air;  
Condemn'd the laws of others to obey,  
And bend beneath a Master's haughty sway:  
Whilst (oh! what madness in thy deeds is shown?)  
Thou shar'st the fortunes and the crimes of one;  
Who swell'd with pride, and by success elate,  
Destroys our altars, and o'eturns the state;  
Whose steps a wild licencious rout pursue,  
A mob of women, and an eunuch crew?  
Our chiefs incens'd against this wretch combine  
With mutual hatred, and his death design.  
Soon shall his madness due reward obtain,  
And all his vaunted confidence be vain.  
Nor will the wond'rous deeds he boasts of late,  
Avail to shield him from impending fate:  
No more will ambient clouds defence impart,  
And frail the succours of his wonted art.  
Then seize th' occasion, haste with speed away,  
For instant ruin waits thy vain delay.

He said; and with these daring words impress'd  
A jealous hatred in the wretch's breast;  
Confirm'd each wav'ring thought; then sped his flight  
Abrupt, and mingled with the shades of night.  
Hence this infernal pest admittance gains  
Deep in his soul, and fires his raging veins.  
To aid the plot, within his mind succeeds  
The dire remembrance of laborious deeds;

How

Et piget, atque nefas polluto volvit amore,  
Immeritumque animo sedet hosti prodere regem.  
Ah miser, ah malefane, Deum non pectore sentis?

Non oculis numen præsens, non auribus hauris?  
Quis te mutavit tantus furor? aspice quo nunc  
Culmine præcipitas, quamam trahis arce ruinam.  
Nec qualis sentis tibi menti infederit error.  
Quid struis? aut quò te raptat tam dira cupido,  
Quæ nunc te malè habet, mentisque et lucis egentem?

Quam nunc amittis sortem, irreparabile donum,  
Optabunt seri post secula mille nepotes.  
Atque adeò quæ vota foves, quam mente fecas  
spem,

Lætitia elatos animos inflatus inani,  
Omnia discerpent, rapientque per aëra venti.  
Excute, dum licet, infandam de pectore pestem,  
Quæque imis te nunc est abdita cura medullis.

Jamque sacerdotes, totaque ex urbe senatus,  
Secretam in templi sedem concesserat omnis:

Ipse sacerdotum primus, cui tempora sacra  
Insula cingebat, Caiphas in sede sedebat  
Celsior auratâ: inde alii longo ordine cives:  
Quos omnes circumfiliunt, acuuntque furorẽ  
Tartareæ haud ulli visæ sine corpore pestes.  
Nec mora, nec requies: sublapsæ in pectora  
cunctis

Eripiunt mentem, atque animis incendia miscnt.

Multa illi inter se vario sermone ferebant,  
Solliciti: vasto strepit ingens murmure templum.

Sunt qui ipsum jubeant utcunque absumere  
Christum,

Seu vi, sive dolo, juvenemque invadere ferro,  
Qui rursus in lucem nuper revocatus ab umbris  
Venerat,

How hard his fate, for ever doom'd to bear  
 Life's daily troubles, and incessant care.  
 Resolv'd at length, he meditates the way  
 The foe to succour and his Lord betray.  
 Ah! wretch accurst! with more than folly blind!  
 Do'st thou not feel the God within thy mind?  
 Do not thine eyes his heav'nly form descry?  
 Thine ears confess the present Deity?  
 What fatal madness this? what fiend has wrought  
 A change so sudden in thy frantic thought?  
 See! what a precipice thy footsteps tread!  
 What ruin threatens thy devoted head!  
 In what dire treasons do'st thou now engage,  
 Urg'd on, and blinded with impetuous rage?  
 'That happy lot thou view'st with cold disdain,  
 Thousands unborn wou'd glory to obtain.  
 Alas! those hopes that in thy breast arise,  
 The joy that kindles in thy sparkling eyes;  
 Fond scenes of pleasure, thou must leave behind,  
 Dispers'd at once, and mingled with the wind.  
 While yet thou may'st, repel th'invading pest,  
 And shake the latent poison from thy breast.

But now the priests, and rev'rend senate meet,  
 In solemn council, at the sacred seat.  
 The † chief himself, his awful temples grac'd  
 With holy fillets, in the midst was plac'd,  
 High on a golden throne; with pompous state  
 The rest in various ranks and order sate.  
 Around them throng the Stygian pests unseen,  
 And wake, and rouse th'envenom'd rage within.  
 No rest, no respite from revenge they know,  
 Infernal flames thro' all their bosom glow.  
 Fierce were their words; the lofty dome around  
 In hollow murmurs echo'd to the sound.  
 'Gainst Christ himself some counsell'd to proceed  
 By secret cunning, or by open deed.  
 Nor that alone, but ‡ him consign to death  
 Who late returning with recover'd breath

† Caiphas.

‡ Lazarus.

To

Venerat, et totam monstro concusserat urbem.

Ast alii plebem metuunt, vulgique furorem.  
Namque sibi ingentes populos devinxerat Heros,

Hos meritis, illos divino affabilis ore,

Hic Nicodemus erat pesti impenetrabilis unus,

Primores inter gentis non ultimus ipsos,  
Cui longè menti melior sententia: sed non  
Audebat dictis contra omnes tendere solus.  
Ille Deo quondam sese inscius intulit hostem,

Atque dolis frustra contra stetit: inde ubi numen

Admonitus sensit, veluti de nocte profundâ

In lucem revocatus, ei se junxit amore,  
Clâm tamen, insensæ vitans odia aspera gentis.

Tum verò illius de vitâ et sanguine cerni  
Ut vidit, lethumque insonti triste parari,  
Non tulit ulterius latebras, hæcque edidit ore

In medio: Non obscuram, non lucis egentem

Rem ferimus: neque enim vereor jam vera profari,

Pro patriâ, quamvis mihi sint extrema ferenda.

Cernitis hunc omnes manifesto numine ferri,  
Majoremque homine, et nosmet nisi fallimur ipsi,

Vera Dei patuit soboles, verus Deus, ille  
Olim quem toties afflati numine vates  
Venturum cecinere, nefas quò triste piaret,  
Commendans genus æterno mortale Parenti.

Hoc

To day's bright regions from the world unknown,  
With new-born wonder shook th' astonish'd town.  
But others dread such measures to pursue,  
Aw'd by resentment of the vulgar crew.  
For numbers he had gain'd his cause to join,  
By merits some, and some by grace divine.

Alone untainted by this hellish crew,  
No fraud or envy Nicodemus knew:  
High tho' he sate in rank, his gentle mind  
To peace, and milder measures was inclin'd;  
Yet fail'd his courage singly to withstand  
The dreaded force of this confed'rate band.  
He once, thro' vulgar prejudice a foe,  
Approach'd the God in friendship's specious shew.  
But when by signs admonish'd, he beheld  
Before his eyes the Deity reveal'd;  
As rous'd from darkness to the realms of day,  
His holy laws he yielded to obey;  
Join'd in his heav'nly cause; yet still unknown  
He kept the secret, for he fear'd to own.  
But now, discerning that with one accord.  
Their malice sought the murder of his Lord;  
No more his hidden purpose he suppress'd,  
But thus the council in bold words address'd.  
We meet, O rev'rend Peers! in solemn state,  
Upon no vulgar subject to debate,  
No trivial point—whatever ills I bear,  
My lips undaunted shall the truth declare.  
You all perceive, that crown'd with grace divine,  
Above a mortal scope his actions shine:  
Nay, or ourselves too grossly we deceive,  
This Youth God's genuine Son we must believe,  
And God himself; the same, whom seers of old  
Led by the light of prophecy, foretold  
On this degen'rate earth awhile shou'd stay,  
To purge the stains of human guilt away;  
Commending to his Father's throne of grace,  
The wretched int'rests of this mortal race.

Hoc liquet, hoc ultrà non in discrimen agendum.  
Hujus ope innumeri, quos nox obscura premebat

Luminibus captos, jucundâ luce fruuntur.  
Multi etiam voces obstructis auribus orti  
Accipiunt, redduntque: ægris quot reddita venit

Insuperata salus, qui lenta aut membra trahebant,

Victâ lue, aut subito correpti corpora morbo?  
Tres etiam (nostis) obitâ jam à morte reduxit  
Elatos idem in lucem: modò Lazarus omnem  
Perculit, et monstro ingenti permiscuit urbem.  
Prò lævas hominum mentes, prò pectora cæca,

Non hæc Pæoniis succis, non artibus ullis  
Conferri possunt: major Deus intus agit rem,  
Majus numen inest. Quoties divina loquentem  
In cassum contrà stetimus verbisque dolisque  
Instructi? quoties ausi vim tendere inermi  
Aut ferro, aut duris nequicquam perdere saxis:  
Nube cavâ eripuit caput, ex oculisque recedens  
Aligerum se cœlesti subito agmine sepsit.  
Et quisquam illius certum non numen adoret?  
Quid molimur adhuc? quid nobis deinde relictum?

Quin potius, quando nobis demissus Olympo  
Auxilio venit, unâ omnes adeamus, ab ipso  
Suppliciter pacem oremus, commissâ fatentes.  
Talia perstabat repetens: violentia cunctis  
Gliscit, et accensus semper per viscera sensus  
Conflatur magis, et sævos furor aggerat æstus,  
Paulatimque animi turgescunt tristibus iris.

Exarsere omnes, pestis latet intus, et omnem

Eripuit miseris lucem, victisque veneno  
Pestifero nebulas offudit mentibus atras.

Tum



Thus far is clear; this sacred truth, we know,  
Prevails unquestion'd or by friend, or foe.  
Many, we see, e'erwhile depriv'd of sight,  
By His assistance blest with joyful light.  
Others, whose deaden'd sense no sounds cou'd hear,  
Now feel sweet music charm their ravish'd ear.  
What numbers more, by tedious sickness griev'd,  
Have instant succour from His aid receiv'd?  
Three, e'en yourselves must own, but lately dead,  
With pow'r He summon'd from the darksome shade.  
One fresh example Lazarus appears,  
Whose rising shook the state with panie fears.  
Oh! lost to truth's fair light, perverse mankind!  
Oh! dark enchantment of the human mind!  
Not by the juice of herbs, Pæonian arts,  
These cures are wrought; a God his skill imparts:  
A greater God his mystic pow'r reveals,  
And the same hand that made his people, heals.  
How oft, when teaching in cœlestial strain,  
Against his pow'r we strove, but strove in vain?  
How oft each fruitless stratagem we try'd,  
In vain with stones, or angry swords supply'd?  
Wrapt in an ambient cloud he pass'd away,  
Protected by the winged sons of day.  
Who then can fail this Godhead to adore?  
Alas! what aim we? what pursue we more?  
Rather, since now from heav'n commission'd down,  
He comes for our advantage, not his own;  
Let us this potent Deity address,  
Intreat his pardon, and our guilt confess. [zeal,  
Scarce were these words pronounc'd with honest  
When each envenom'd breast began to feel  
The latent pest; a keen revengeful ire  
Rose by degrees, and set their soul on fire.  
All catch'd the dire infection, for within  
The gath'ring poyson lurk'd, and rag'd unseen.  
Sudden, their better sense was snatch'd away,  
And o'er their eyes a cloud of darkness lay.

At

Tum demum erumpit, quæ cunctos ira coquebat:

Infremuere omnes contrâ, gemitumque dedere.

Qualiter ære cavo dum sulfura pascitur atra  
Inclusus magis atque magis furit acrior ignis,  
Moliturque fugam, nec se capit intus anhellans:

Nulla sed angustis foribus via, nec potis extrâ  
Rumpere, materiam donec comprehenderit omnem:

Tum piceo disclusa volat glans ferrea fumo:  
Fit crepitus, credas rupto ruere æthere cœlum:  
Jamque illa et turres procul ecce stravit, et arces,

Corpora et arma jacent, latè et via facta per hostes.

Haud illi secus accensi, meliora monentem  
Excludunt adytis, atque extra moenia trudent.

Tum verò Caiphas, ubi facta silentia linguis,

Sic orsus, sibi quæ sedeat sententia, pandit:

Haud equidem moror, ô cives, quòd versus ad hostes

Iste etiam infando captus perfugerit astu,  
Qui toties summâ pro re, pro legibus olim  
Objecit patriis caput ultrò, ipsumque premebat

Obnitens contrâ nuper sermonibus hostem.

Tanta est artificis pellacia, vis ea fandi,

Ut quoscunque velit vertat, superetque venenis.

Scilicet hunc credam cœlo divinitus actum

Nobis venisse auxilio, qui se impius ortum

Patre Deo canit, ac leges abolere parentum

Antiquas cupit, atque novos inducere ritus:

Seque ultrò excidio templi venisse fatetur,

Quos

At length the grief that vex'd their tortur'd mind,  
 Kindled to flame, no longer slept confin'd:  
 Furious they gnash'd their teeth, with rage oppress'd,  
 And a loud groan burst hideous from their breast.  
 As in some cannon's brazen hollow laid,  
 While the black sulphur is in silence fed,  
 The lurking fire that in the womb is pent,  
 Impatient glows, and struggles for a vent;  
 Yet can it never burst th' impris'ning frame,  
 Till the whole substance catch the rising flame:  
 Then from the tube with rage impetuous flies  
 An iron tempest, thund'ring thro' the skies;  
 Nor walls, nor turrets can resist its sway,  
 Furious it drives, and sweeps whole ranks away.  
 Thus all his words they scorn, inflam'd with rage;  
 And from the council thrust the prudent sage.

But now, strict silence solemnly enjoin'd,  
 Thus haughty Caiphas disclos'd his mind.  
 It matters nought to me, that meanly sway'd  
 By sordid motives, or base arts betray'd,  
 Ev'n he from paths of honour shou'd decline,  
 And to the adverse cause his forces join.  
 He, who so oft for her religious laws  
 Stood forth a champion in his country's cause;  
 And ev'n but lately fought with watchful care  
 This youth by specious cunning to ensnare.  
 For such the smoothness and fair outward show,  
 Th' address so winning of this subtil foe;  
 That with a strange success his magic arts  
 Corrupt and poison ev'n the soundest hearts.  
 Believe we then, that mov'd by heav'nly love,  
 This Man descended from the realms above,  
 To save from death the wretched race of earth;  
 Who falsely claiming from high heav'n his birth,  
 Aims our establish'd customs to undo,  
 And on this old religion build a new:  
 Ev'n boasts his person destin'd to become  
 The fatal ruin of this lofty dome;

Quod nostri monitis olim celestibus acti  
 Impensis tantorum operum frustrere parentes.  
 Quæ novitas, aut religio, qui denique mores?  
 Ille etiam, ne quid sceleris sibi restet inausum,  
 Sacrilegus fontes, et quorum crimina nota,  
 Prosequitur veniam haud veritus scelerata subire  
 Limina, nec festis parcat de more diebus.  
 Ergo agite, atque illi insidias, lethumque me-  
 renti

Mitigate vini: crecentem exstinguite flam-  
 mam,

Ne mos subsilix victrix ad tecta domorum,  
 Degustaque trabes, perque ardua culmina reg-  
 net.

Subvertet solis aliter totam artibus urbem,  
 Seditione potens, populos captabit, et omnem  
 Subijcet sibi prodigiis fallacibus oram.

Hinc quæ tot nobis annos tam prospera cessit  
 Religio evertis aëturum definet aris.

Tum metuo, ne Romulide non talia passi,  
 Quicquid albiæ juris superest, à gente repos-  
 cant,

Et profugos patriæ jubeant decedere terrâ.  
 Unum pro multis detur caput: unius omnes  
 Expiet, ac tutos mors tanto in turbine præstet.  
 Hoc habet: hæc melior superet sententia cives.  
 Hæc illi ob nomen dona, hunc reddamus hono-  
 rem.

Talia fatus erat. Furiis stimulantibus intus  
 Experti, passique senes eadem ore fremebant.  
 Omnibus idem animus: sed qua ratione, quibusve  
 Id fieri occultè queat artibus, exquirebant.  
 Cùm subitò ecce suis clam se furatus Iudas  
 Improvisus adest cunctis mirantibus: illum  
 Excipiunt trepidi spirantem immane, locantque  
 Sede inter primos, farique hortantur: et ardent,  
 Quid veniat dubiis animis audire, silentque.

Which with such cost, our fathers rais'd on high,  
 Warn'd by the sacred omens of the sky.  
 What schème? What new religion is design'd?  
 Are these the morals he wou'd teach mankind?  
 Nay, such the shame of these licentious times,  
 He herds with sinners, and absolves their crimes;  
 Enters the roofs of guilt, and there displays  
 His pow'r, regardless of our sacred days.  
 Hasten then, no longer for occasions wait,  
 But quench at once this firebrand of the state;  
 Lest the fierce flame that now in secret preys,  
 Catch the tall roofs, and o'er our structures blaze:  
 Else will the foe, by his accustom'd art,  
 Our ancient rites and polity subvert;  
 With lying wonders o'er each tribe create  
 Usurp'd dominion, and enslave the state.  
 Hence shall these solemn rites, so fam'd of yore,  
 And all our holy worship be no more.  
 Besides; the Romans, if my fears are true,  
 Alarm'd, and jealous of this rebel crew;  
 What scanty pow'r they left, will re-demand,  
 And drive us exiles from our native land.  
 Let one then die; one destin'd victim fall  
 An universal sacrifice for all.  
 Be this advice, O Citizens! pursu'd,  
 This saving counsel, for the public good;  
 Such be the gifts we offer at his shrine,  
 And such the honours of this pow'r Divine:

Thus spoke the chief, with rage infernal mov'd,  
 The rev'rend elders his advice approv'd:  
 Then with determin'd voice at once combine  
 To put in practice this accurs'd design. [vain,  
 Now while they sought the means, but sought in  
 Lo! Judas, stealing from th' associate train,  
 Sudden appears before their wond'ring eyes;  
 Him, all enrag'd, the rulers with surprise  
 Receive, and bid discover his intent;  
 Then wait in silence, dubious of th' event.

Ille autem torquens huc flammea lumina, et  
illuc,

Sic fatur: Scio vos Galilæi facta furentis  
Formidare patres, patriæ qui legibus affert

Exitium: moliri ideo vos plurima cerno.

Si mihi quæ posco, promittitis: omnia solus,  
Quæ nunc vos frustra exercent, dispendia tol-  
lam:

Ille manus faciam in vestras hodie incidat ul-  
trò.

Dixerat: argenti læti pepigere talenta  
Ter dena, egregii precium memorabile facti,  
Dimittuntque alacres, atque extra limina  
ducunt.

Ille petit montes iterum, sociosque revisit.  
Fortè propinquabat genti solennis, et oræ  
Festa dies, veterum cum religione parentum:  
Immunes operum ducunt septem ocio soles,  
Perque domus ovium foetus epulantur, et acri  
Fermento parcunt iussi, properataque liba  
Expediunt, mensasque onerant agrestibus her-  
bis,

Lætitiæ veteris memores: hâc luce ferebant  
Ægyptum priscos olim cœlestibus actos  
Prodigiis magnâ cum prædâ exisse parentes,  
Ingressos pede iter salvas impunè per undas.  
Ergo ingens tum sceptriferam concursus ad ur-  
bem

Undique erat, populique omnes ad sacra flue-  
bant.

Non effusa tamen turba huc sine more ruebat,  
Verùm quisque ducemque suum, gentemque tri-  
bumque

Unà ibant comitati. Etenim licet omnibus idem  
Sanguis, cognatâque orti sint stirpe nepotes,  
Omnes Isaciæ, paribus sub legibus omnes:

Scindis

Rolling his flaming eyes; I know, he said,  
 O rev'rend Fathers! what excites your dread.  
 The Galilæan's deeds this terror cause,  
 Who threats destruction to his country's laws.  
 For this I ween, in close consult ye join,  
 And cautious meditate your deep design.  
 If then ye promise my demand to pay,  
 All future trouble I'll remove away,  
 And yield him captive in your hands to day.

}

He said; for thirty pieces they agreed  
 Of silver coin; fit price of such a deed!  
 Then glad dismiss'd him, fav'ring their designs;  
 He seeks the mountains, and his friends rejoins.

By chance the season its return had made,  
 When all the Jews, by ancient custom sway'd,  
 Sev'n suns indulge, from daily toils releas'd,  
 In sacred leisure, and the gen'ral feast.  
 From leaven'd bread observant they refrain,  
 And daily feast on flesh of lambkin slain;  
 With rural herbs heap high their boards, and take  
 In haste the off'ring of the sacred cake;  
 Mindful of ancient joy: for stories say,  
 'Twas on this glorious memorable day;  
 When their great fathers, by divine command,  
 Loaded with spoils of Egypt's faithless land,  
 Forth from the hostile coast pursu'd their way,  
 In triumph journeying thro' th' astonish'd sea.  
 Hence to the city of imperial fame,  
 Urg'd by religion mighty numbers came,  
 From ev'ry part; yet pass'd they not along,  
 A troop promiscuous, and disorder'd throng;  
 By tribes and countries variously ally'd,  
 Each march'd, attending his respective guide.  
 For tho' thro' all their veins the self-same blood,  
 By foreign mixture unpolluted flow'd;  
 Tho' all alike from ancient Israel came,  
 Their rites, religion, and their laws the same:

Scindit se tamen in bis senas una tribus gens,  
Atque Palæstinam latè est diducta per omnem.  
Libera gens, olim multâ munita virûm vi,  
Florentesque urbes populis, opibusque vigentes.  
Tunc autem patriis de finibus exturbati  
Penè omnes aberant, et Caspia saxa colebant:  
Vix de bis senis tribus una intacta manebat,  
Alteraque, et patriâ sese tellure tenebant,  
Benjamidum gens, atque ipso domus inclyta Juda,  
Ambæ tunc etiam populis, opibusque vigentes.  
Tantum autem imperio adjectam, ceu cætera pas-  
sim

Contuderat bello, et victricibus hauserat armis,  
Hanc quoque servitio partem Roma alta premebat,  
Sceptra urbi tantum, sublataque ademerat arma,  
Linquens sacra viris, ac leges victor avitas.  
Nunc tellus deserta jacet. Tot clara fuere  
Mœnia, tot populis pariter cum fortibus urbes:  
Hæ bello, hæ validis quassatæ viribus ævi.  
Usque adeò sævas superûm Pater arsit in iras  
Nimbipotens, natique necem non passus inultam  
est.

Non tamen indecorem tantæ solatia cladis  
Ipse sinam antiquam (superent modò carmina) ter-  
ram,

Ne penitus seclis obliviscentibus ætas  
Deleat extinctam pariter cum nomine gentem.  
Regem illis superûm profit regionibus ortum  
Vagisse, et cœlo primùm reptasse sub illo.

Vos ideo aligeri cœtus gens ætheris alti,  
Qui levibus magnum pedibus pulsatis olympum,  
(Nam vos sæpe polo missi peragraftis et oram,  
Et gentis crebri hospitio indulsistis amicæ,)  
Este duces mihi, dum totâ regione vagantem  
Raptat amor: longum vos mecum ferre per ævum  
Nomina, quæ cecidere, juvet, deletaque gentis  
Oppida, et antiquas antiqui nominis arces.

Post



Yet into twelve fair tribes the num'rous band  
Divided, stretch'd o'er rich Phœnicia's land.  
A free-born nation once, in days of yore,  
In cities wealthy, but in people more.  
Now most from their paternal soil expell'd,  
The barren rocks of snowy Caspia till'd.  
Their native land from banishment regain'd,  
Of all the tribes scarce two entire remain'd;  
Judah and Benjamin alone were found,  
But rich in people, and for war renown'd.  
Yet did imperial Rome, as nations far  
Had felt her conquests in the chance of war;  
Ev'n here extend her arbitrary sway,  
And teach this stubborn people to obey:  
Their arms alone and regal pow'r destroy'd,  
They still religion and the laws enjoy'd.  
But lo! where once proud tow'rs defence cou'd boast,  
All waste and naked lies th' unguarded coast:  
No trace of those aspiring walls is shown,  
By war, and time's devouring teeth o'erthrown.  
Such marks of heav'n's awaken'd wrath remain;  
Such total vengeance for his offspring slain.  
Yet will I strive to this fair land to give  
Some share of honour, if my verse can live:  
Left cank'ring age and envious times to come,  
The name, the nation to oblivion doom.  
Be it their boast, that heav'n's eternal Heir,  
Beneath those skies first breath'd the vital air.

Come then, ye light-wing'd ministers! that fly  
With nimble feet o'er all th' ethereal sky;  
(For oft have ye, by heav'n's divine command,  
On friendly errands trod this favour'd land,)  
Be now my guides; while strong and ardent love  
Thro' all these regions prompts my soul to rove.  
Oh! join with me, thro' times remotest day,  
Those tow'rs of ancient structure to convey;  
And towns, and cities of illustrious name,  
Long rais'd from annals of recording fame.

Pòst autem veſtrâ ſublatus ad æthera pennâ  
 Carmine mortales oras, viſuſque relinquam.  
 Vos me ſublimi ſiſtetis tramite veſtum  
 Avia per ſuperûm loca: me juvet alite curru  
 Aurea nûbifugo mulcentem ſidera cantu  
 Intactas primûm ire vias mortalibus ægris,  
 Et petete inſolitam cœli alta è rupe coronam,  
 Hæc olim audentem, ni deſerat ætheris aura.

Nunc mecum populos percurrîte templa pe-  
 tentes:  
 Non aliàs illuc aditum eſt majoribus unquam  
 Et numero, et ſtudiis, nec tantum ſacra pete-  
 bant,  
 Quantum avidos CHRISTI viſendi traxerat  
 ardor.  
 Orti autem à magno primi ingrediuntur Iudæ,  
 Per multos ductum reges genus: hæc tribus uſque  
 Et numero, et virtute caput ſuper extulit om-  
 nes:  
 Tantum alias ſuperans, quantum leo cuncta fera-  
 rum  
 Semina in exhaustis animis, et viribus anteit.  
 Littoreâ innumeri Gazâ venere, Sabeque:  
 Engadâ deſeruere, racemiſeroſque reſeſſus,  
 Urbis Adulææ ſedes, humilemque Raphean:  
 Hic Lyde, atque Selis, ventosaque Jamnia, et  
 Hippa,  
 Aſcalo, Azotique arces, Acharonque, Sochonque,  
 Quæque fluentiſonis Joſe perfunditur undis,  
 Projectæ rupes, pontoque minantia ſaxa.

Parte aliâ antiquam cives liquere Damafcum,  
 Primus ubi (ut perhibent) limo felice creatus,  
 Natus homo eſt, cœlique novas erupit in auras.  
 Deſeriturque Emaus, Nepſeque exhausta fileſcit,  
 Quæſivitque ſuos Egypti proxima regnis  
 Anthedon, natiq̃ue Dei cunabula Bethle,

Tum

Then rapt to heav'n on your seraphic wing,  
 No more of earthly subjects will I sing.  
 Me shall ye place in that exalted road;  
 Which heav'n-ward leads, by mortal feet untrod.  
 Where in a winged chariot borne on high,  
 Above the stars my lofty song shall fly;  
 And, to the laurel'd brows of bards unknown,  
 Reach from the rock of heav'n a golden crown.  
 This theme late times shall into being bring,  
 If heav'n desert not my aspiring wing—  
 Now, muse, the tribes in marshall'd order sing.

It chanc'd, the people at this season press'd,  
 In throngs unusual to the solemn feast:  
 For pure devotion was not all their view,  
 The fame of Jesus mighty numbers drew.  
 In fair array first march'd the ranks along,  
 Which from the royal loins of Judah sprung.  
 Num'rous and brave, this happy tribe as far  
 Excell'd all others in the deeds of war;  
 As thro' the spacious fields the lordly beast,  
 In strength and valour triumphs o'er the rest.  
 Numbers their course from ancient Sabe bore,  
 And Gaza, seated on the winding shore;  
 From Adulæan hills where vineyards grow,  
 From Engad lofty, and Raphæa low.  
 Others from Lyde, Selis, Jamnia came,  
 Hippha, and Acharon, renown'd in fame;  
 Where verdant Ascalon, and Sochon lie,  
 And proud Azotus' turrets brave the sky;  
 Where Joppa's walls indignant ocean laves  
 Whose rocks projecting threat the roaring waves.

Beneath their guides assembled numbers came  
 From rich Damascus, crown'd with ancient fame;  
 Where form'd of hallow'd mould, as stories say,  
 The fire of men first saw the golden day.  
 From Nepse, Emaüs, march'd a num'rous train,  
 Anthedon, bord'ring on th' Egyptian plain;

From

Tum deserta silent et Galgala, Bessuraque omnis,

Arvaque quæ Marethron, quæ proxima nubibus Erme,

Quæ Sigoris: mirata nurum, dum incendia verla

Respicit, humanos servasse in marmore vultus,  
Concretique salis subitum traxisse rigorem.

Quæ calet Asphaltis flammis infamibus unda,

Ingentesque palus ad cælum exæstuat æstus,

Aëra contristans graveolenti sulphuris aurâ.

Quondam hîc læta seges, riguisque rosaria campis:

Nunc stat ager dumis, obductaque sentibus arva:

Crimen amor malesuada tuum, vim tendere adorti

Infandam indigenæ pueris cœlestibus olim,

Divinâ capti facie, et florentibus annis,

Fecissentque, fuga nisi se illi ad sidera lapsi

Remigio nixos rapuissent præpetis alæ.

Non tulit altitonans Pater, atque ultricibus omnem

Involvit flammis tractum, immerisitque profundo.

Squalet adhuc cinere, et putri latè ora favillâ.

Intœcunda ideo terra, et sine frugibus agri,

Difficileisque aditus, et inaccessi secessus.

Illic, ut fama est, nitidum florem educat arbos,

Quem cupiunt juvenes, cupiunt decerpsisse puellæ.

At simulatque gravi perflante evanuit austro,

Succedunt poma hirsutis asperrima barbis,

Quæ nulli juvenes, nullæ cupiere puellæ.

Hæc tamen aspectu solida, et sincera putares:

Fœda sed illuvies intus, subitoque fatiscunt,

Ad tactum cinesacta, hominum nihil usibus apta.

From where the tow'rs of sacred Bethle stood,  
Illustrious birth-place of the Son of God!  
Galgai, and Bessura deserted lie,  
And Marethon, and Erme tow'ring high;  
And Sigoris; which erst with sad surprise  
Beheld, as on the flames she cast her eyes,  
Lot's hapless wife, neglecting heav'n's command,  
Turn'd into salt, a breathless image stand.  
Next, many their appointed journey take,  
From the wild borders of th' Asphaltic lake;  
Where vast incessant steams of sulphur rise,  
Taint all the neighbouring air, and blot the skies.  
In days of yore fair crops of springing grain,  
And golden harvests deck'd the fertile plain;  
Now waste it lies, with weeds and thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy fatal crime, unnat'ral love! alone.  
Scarce had the heav'nly guests their entrance made,  
When impious men, by brutal passion sway'd;  
To force the strangers to their lust combine,  
Smit with their blooming years, and form divine:  
And, but the youths to heav'n with speed ascend,  
The filthy miscreants had obtain'd their end.  
Such horrid injury th' Almighty Sire  
Beheld indignant, and with vengeful fire  
The wide extended track to ruin turns;  
Still o'er the soil the living ember burns.  
Hence a wild waste th' unfruitful country lies,  
And safe in covert all access denys.  
Here on a tree ('tis fam'd) fair blossoms grow,  
To youths and maidens an inviting show:  
But when they fall, infected by the breath  
Of sultry southern blasts; then strait beneath  
Apples of rough and prickly aspect shoot;  
'And youths and maidens loath th' unsightly fruit.  
Without, a sound and solid form they wear,  
But filth within, and rottenness appear;  
Nor chew'd between the teeth will ought produce,  
But bitter ashes, void of worth or use.

Pallida item flavis cum vix seges albet aristis,  
Dira immaturas messes interficit aura.

Protinus hinc subeunt populi Symeone creati,  
Qui Saroën, Molodamque viri, Sicelechidaque  
oram

Felicem frugum, lætosque uligine campos,  
Qui Sipabota colunt, Asanesque biverticis arces,  
Quique Atharin quondam generosos palmitum  
colles,

Remmona qui, cultisque erectam in collibus Ain,  
Et quos thurilegæ pascunt centum oppida Idumes,  
Ruraque odoriferas Arabum vergentia ad oras.

Ecce autem Isachari magno clamore nepotes  
Ingressi delubra petunt, aramque salutant:  
Gens victu facilis, contentaque finibus arctis.  
Hic adsunt, quos Hermonius sub vertice pascit,  
Hermonius generator apum, generator equo-  
rum.

Qui Taburi capita alta tenent, quibus ardua  
rupes

Carmeli domus: hæc rapido gens turbine quondam  
Sublatum vatem coeli per aperta repente  
Vidit flammifero ferri super æthera curru.  
Sensena quos misit, quos Hennada, quos alit Affra  
Nobilis, in summis sitientes rupibus urbes,  
Qui Senum, et Reboten liquere, Remetiaque  
arva,

Vitibus, et variis intersita littora pomis.

At taciti incedunt gens Dani è sanguine creti,  
Dejectique oculos, dejectique ora per urbem  
Templa petunt: qualis, cum frigora prima laceffunt  
Autumnum, nec dum ramis decussit honorem  
Bruma suum, coluber latebras meditatur, iterque  
Fert tacitum lapsu repens per saxa quieto,  
Sibilaque ora premit, neque caudæ surrigit orbes.

Jamque

Ears too of corn; e'er ripen'd fruit they bear,  
Untimely perish by the noxious air.

Next these, the tribes who under Simeon claim,  
From Saroe, Molod, Sicelegis came;  
Where plenteous streams refresh the fertile plain,  
The soil productive of the golden grain.  
From where the fields of Sipabota lie,  
And Asanes her turrets rears on high;  
Remmon, and Ai on verdant hillocks plac'd,  
And Atharis, with purple vineyards grac'd:  
From where Idume heaps of incense yields,  
And the rich confines of Arabia's fields.

Lo! where the sons of Isachar appear,  
And to the hallow'd shrines their off'rings bear;  
A nation temp'rate and contented found,  
In the scant circuit of their ancient bound.  
From fertile Hermon a long train succeeds,  
Hermon, that bees and gen'rous coursers breeds.  
Next those, who dwell where Tabor's summits rise,  
And Carmel's tow'ring rocks salute the skies.  
These saw the Prophet, as sublime he rode,  
Rapt in a whirlwind to the blest'd abode.  
Next follow those, from Sensena who came,  
Hennad, and Affra of distinguish'd fame;  
Cities, that lift their stately turrets high;  
Then Senus, Rebote, deserted lie;  
Remetia's fields, with purple vineyards crown'd,  
And bord'ring coasts, where various fruits abound.

Now those, who from the loins of Dan descend,  
With eyes dejected to the temple bend  
Their solemn steps, and march demurely slow;  
As when autumnal winds begin to blow,  
E'er yet bleak winter with his shiv'ring blast  
Has from the trees their verdant honours cast;  
A scaly serpent to his covert hies,  
Creeps o'er the slipp'ry rocks, and silent lies:  
No more he rides sublime on curling spires,  
Mute is his hissing tongue, and quench'd his fires.

Pensive

Jamque viros tristes credas, quòd sanguine ab  
illo

Prædixere ducem fore pleni numine vates,  
Qui genus humanum CHRISTI sub imagine  
falsâ

Terreat, atque hominum vitas, et crimina quærat,  
Deterior fas atque nefas ubi verterit ætas,  
Et rebus feret exitium mortalibus ignis.

Protinus at multis aderit cum millibus ultor,  
Vera Dei foboles, verus datus arbiter orbi:  
Illum nequicquam pugnans, et vana moven-  
tem,

Turbine corripens terræ ima in viscera trudet.

Insequitur juvenum nimbus, genus Asere duc-  
tum,

Spicea queis capita obnubit de more corona  
Omnibus, et nexæ ludunt per tempora aristæ.  
His Betagumque, Hormamque ferunt, his Aphega  
sedes:

Illos Ama dedit, illos misere Robææ.  
Non numero Arctipus Labanæ, non Aziba cessit.

Hos juxta feram in noctem soliti urere myrtos  
Littoreas, ponti gens accola Zabulones  
Dona ferunt, pars Jeptaphiles ab sede profecti:  
Pars Jedaba venere: Canam hi liquere, modò atra  
Miratam puras in vina rubescere lymphas.  
Hos Nazara tulit, tulit illos ardua Sembros,  
Quæque modò ærias iterum venisse sub auras  
Vidit morte obitâ puerum Galilæia Nais,  
Millia multa tulit, totidemque uberrima Dotha:  
Aque suis Nalole, Catetiaque alta relicta est.

At quis Nephthalidum numeraverit oppida, et  
arces

Innumeras, quas et Cedar, quas et facer altis  
Fert humeris Libanus, cœli confinibus æquus.

Qui



Penfive and sad this people pafs'd along,  
 Because from them, as ancient prophets fung,  
 A † Chief shou'd rise, who in Messiah's room,  
 The seat of sov'reign justice wou'd assume;  
 From bad to worse when ages shou'd descend,  
 And earth's vast globe in conflagration end.  
 But soon, with millions round his flaming car,  
 The world's true judge, God's offspring shall appear;  
 And Him, in vain attempting to rebel,  
 Thrust down with thunder to the central hell.

To these, an host of ruddy youths succeeds,  
 Whom a brave chief of Asher's lineage leads:  
 By custom sway'd, large spikey ears of corn,  
 In form of wreaths their modest brows adorn.  
 With skillful husbandry these plow the field,  
 Where Horma, Betagus, and Ama yield  
 Their plenteous fruits; from Aphega a throng,  
 And proud Robœa march'd in pomp along:  
 Vast crowds from Aziba and Labon went,  
 And equal numbers rich Arctipus sent.

Next, those of Zabulon's distinguish'd race,  
 Bring their rich off'rings to th' appointed place;  
 A tribe, that wont their chearful roofs to light  
 With od'rous myrtles thro' the lengthen'd night.  
 Part from the ancient seat of Jephtha came,  
 From Jedaba, and Cana known to fame;  
 Where the pure water by command divine,  
 Chang'd her pale essence into purple wine.  
 Next, from Nazara mighty crowds succeed,  
 And where proud Sembros lifts her stately head;  
 Nais, which saw the youth that breathless lay,  
 Recall'd from darkness to the realms of day.  
 Nalole, Dotha rich in fertile land,  
 And high Cathetia send a num'rous band.

But who the towns and cities may describe,  
 Possess'd by Nephthali's remoter tribe;  
 Which on the lofty tops of Cedar lie,  
 And Libanus, whose summits pierce the sky.

† Antichrist

Those

Qui cellam Nafona habitant, qui Nephthalis urbem,

Gens oris, fandique potens, fœcundaque veri  
Nafcentem gemino Jordanem fonte falutar.  
Omnis iit Galilæa; omnis Samarea penates  
Defert, ftudio gens tantum accita videndi.  
Sæpe hâc Rege fatus fuperum tellure moratus,  
Sponte Deum fe detexit: miracula rerum  
Affeda nunc etiam meminit, meminere Caperna,

Et, vetus amifit quæ nomen, Graia Sebafte.  
It Bethole, eduftaque ad fidera Belfais arce,  
Et quos pifcofis Gennefara proluit undis.

Levigenæ verò facrum genus omnibus  
ibant

Immixti: neque enim propria his regio ulla colenda

Sorte data eft, fed diverfas dux legifer olim  
Huc illuc oras æquè eft partitus in omnes,  
Præfecitque facros aris, proque ubere glebæ  
Et jugulare dedit pecudes, atque exta cremare.

At non contentus regnis, fceptrisque Mannaffæus,

Sortitus quæ trans fluvium fibi junxerat ampla,  
Protulit imperium, quâ Nepheca, Berfaque furgunt

Venatrix, pecorumque altrix, et Dora ferarum.

Olli etiam parent Tenachos, nemorofaque Jebela,

Et Magedos nulli populis opibusque fecunda.

Quasque rigat Taphua claris argenteus undis,  
Ver ubi perpetuum, fceptrisque recentia prata.

Succedunt

Those march'd along, who high Nasona till'd,  
 A race, in arts of elocution skill'd;  
 And Nephthalis, which wide thro' plains below  
 Sees from his double fount the Jordan flow.  
 All Galilee th' appointed journey takes,  
 And proud Samaria all her gods forsakes;  
 Not at the shrines her holy vows to pay,  
 But Christ's august achievements to survey.  
 Bent on his work divine whilst here he stay'd,  
 Full oft the God his deity display'd:  
 His wonders Asseda remembers yet,  
 Nor sam'd Caperna can those deeds forget;  
 Nor that, which whilom bore a diff'rent name,  
 Now call'd Sebaste by the voice of fame.  
 Next, pass'd from Bethole a num'rous band,  
 And where Bessaïs lofty turrets stand.  
 Then crowds from fair Gennesara proceed,  
 Fam'd for rich captures of the finny breed.

But mixt and blended with each diff'rent throng,  
 The sacred race of Levi march'd along.  
 To these, the lots no sep'rate bounds allow'd,  
 No flocks they tended, and no country plough'd:  
 But the great Law-giver, by heav'n's command,  
 Amidst their tribe in common shar'd the land;  
 Ordain'd the shrines to guard, the victims slay,  
 And holy off'rings on the altars lay.

But not content in regions to reside,  
 Beyond where Jordan rolls his sacred tide,  
 Manasseus aims his empire to extend,  
 Where Nepheca, and Bersa's tow'rs ascend;  
 Where fertil Dora plenteous pastures yields  
 For flocks and herds, that graze her verdant fields.  
 Him Tenachos, and Magedos obey,  
 And woody Jebela owns his potent sway;  
 And that rich tract, where silver Taphua leads  
 His crystal current thro' the bord'ring meads;  
 Where spring perpetual thro' each season reigns,  
 And constant verdure decks th'enamel'd plains.

Succedunt qui trans Jordanis flumen opima  
Arva ferunt, tribus ipso etiam deducta Ma-  
nasseo,

Nec non Gade sati, nec non Rubene creati  
Belligero, fratrum cunctorum maximus ævo  
Qui fuit, unà omnes urbem ingrediuntur, ut  
olim

Unà etiam sedem optarunt trans flumen can-  
dem :

Indigenis quondam regnata gigantibus arva.  
Argobiæ qui rura colunt, Basanidaque oram,  
Qui saltus Galadina tuos, Ogique subactas  
Sexaginta urbes, Galaticaque oppida, Iabin,  
Et Sebamam, Balmenque, Ramotha, Golanque,  
Nabenque,

Edrenque, Selcamque, et semirutam Caria-  
then.

Hæc tunc nomina, nunc alio sunt nomine  
terræ.

Tum qui cedriferae pascunt asperrima Arim-  
nes,

Omnes fronde caput tecti, omnes terga veruti.  
Qui Bosorim, Rabathenque tenent, qui Gaulida, et  
omnem

Fortibus exercent tauris Bathaltidos oram,  
Et quos humectat præceps de montibus  
Arnos.

Nec vos transferim, qui prata feracis Abillæ,  
Quique Eleale viri metitis, viridemque Ase-  
rota,

Seoniamque Efebon, saxis horrentia regna:  
Desertaque Cades, quas Phasga habet arduus, et  
quas

Hinc atque hinc Hermus præruptas sustinet ur-  
bes:

Quas Abaris, cujus nimbofo è vertice quondam  
Pastores admirati videre morantem

Jordanem,

Next, follow'd many that confed'rate came  
 From distant lands, beyond rich Jordan's stream :  
 These too their birth from old Manasseus claim. }

From Gad the numbers who their lineage trace,  
 And Ruben, first-born of old Israel's race,  
 In social union to the temple came ;  
 As once their seat and country were the same :  
 By lot selecting that extent of plain,  
 Where warlike giants held their native reign.  
 Who Argob's fields possess, and Basan's coasts  
 The num'rous cities proud Galatia boasts ;  
 Thy groves, fair Galadine, and waving wood,  
 And sixty towns of ancient Ogg subdu'd ;  
 Jabis, and Sebama, and Balme high,  
 And where Ramotha, Gola, Nabe lie,  
 Edre, and Selca ; names of old well known,  
 And Cariathe, more than half o'erthrown.  
 Who till the regions where Arimne lies,  
 Whose lofty cedars touch the neighbouring skies ;  
 Their backs sustain a dart, their manly brows  
 Crown'd with a twisted wreath of verdant boughs.  
 They who possess the fertile tract of land,  
 Where Rabath, Bosoris, and Gaulis stand :  
 Whose sturdy oxen plow the spacious fields,  
 Where rich Bathaltis plenteous harvests yields ;  
 And those fair meads, where Arnon's waters flow,  
 That burst impetuous from the mountain's brow.  
 Nor shall I pass those tribes unnotic'd by,  
 Who till the rich and fertile meadows, nigh  
 Where Eleale, and Abilla lie ;  
 Where verdant Aferot her plains extends,  
 And Efebon o'er rugged rocks ascends ;  
 Cades, that widow'd and unpeopled stands,  
 Rude cities, rais'd on Phasga's hilly lands ;  
 And ancient towns, that scatter'd here and there,  
 With broken tow'rs on Hermus's tops appear,  
 And cloud-capt Abaris ; from whose moist brow,  
 Admiring shepherds, on the plains below,

Jordanem ingenti subsidere mole coacta  
 Undarum, et cursu cedentia flumina retro,  
 Dum domus Ifacidum promissa capefferet  
 arva.

Postremi subeunt adveſti è ſede propin-  
 qua  
 Benjamidæ, data forte quibus lætiſſima tel-  
 lus:  
 Maxima ubi et Solyme totius regia gentis,  
 Altaque Jarephile, Luzæque binominis ar-  
 ces:  
 Quæque modò quarta regem jam luce ſepul-  
 tum  
 Bechane obſtupuit, revocari ad munera vitæ.  
 Et Tarela, et Samare, et lentiſciferæ Ga-  
 bathæ,  
 Gens infeſta feris: ideo exuviaſque luporum  
 Induti incedunt juvenes, canibuſque fatigant,  
 Quas ſepire plagis juvat uſque et frangere,  
 ſylvas.  
 Atque adeò aſſiduo venatu mane recentes  
 Conveſtant humeris prædas, quas veſper Olym-  
 pum  
 Claudit ubi, gaudent partiri, epuliſque fruun-  
 tur,  
 Atque inter ſeſe per agros convivia curant.  
 Hic adſunt, queis Maſpha domus, quibus arduus  
 Hemen,  
 Difficiles colles, ac ſcabra crepidine terga;  
 Qui liquere Recen, cellaſque Berothidos arces,  
 Atque Sylum quondam gaudentem paupere tem-  
 plo:  
 Qui longumque Helephon, Avinque, Amofamque,  
 Selamque,  
 Atque ululata Rhamæ paſſim Rachellidos arva.  
 Qui Gabeone domo, quique Hierichunte pro-  
 ſecti.

Indigenas

Saw Jordan's waves in gather'd heaps subside,  
 And tow'rd his fountain roll the reflux tide;  
 Whilst on dry ground the sons of Israel gain'd,  
 A speedy passage to the promis'd land.

Last march'd the Benjamites, by lot possess'd  
 Of fields, whose beauty far surpass'd the rest;  
 Where lofty Solyma unrivall'd reigns,  
 The noblest city o'er Judæa's plains;  
 Where tow'rs Jarephila, once known to fame,  
 And Luza, glorying in its two-fold name;  
 And Bethany, which lost in wonder view'd  
 The four-days buried corse to vital warmth renew'd.  
 Samar, and Tarela of old renown'd,  
 And Gabaoth rich, where mastic trees abound.  
 An hardy race, whom savage beasts infest;  
 Hence the bold youth, their brawny shoulders dress'd  
 With spoils of shaggy wolves, the woods surround,  
 Spread the broad net, and cheer the op'ning hound.  
 In hunting thus they pass the early day;  
 At length, returning with th' accusom'd prey,  
 Soon as the ev'ning star on high ascends,  
 And grateful twilight o'er the earth extends;  
 On the green turf the homely treat prepare,  
 And all in social mirth and rustic pleasures share.  
 Others their destin'd course from Maspha bend,  
 And where proud Hemen's lofty hills ascend; }  
 Far o'er the land the rugged rocks extend.  
 Next follow'd those, who from Berothis came,  
 Recen, and Shylo not unknown to fame;  
 Where void of splendor, unadorn'd and rude,  
 In days of old God's hallow'd temple stood.  
 With these, a thronging multitude ascends  
 From fields, where spacious Helephon extends;  
 Avis, and Amosa, and Sela low,  
 And Rhama, echoing with sad Rachel's woe.  
 Then clos'd the march, from Gabeon's fertil plain,  
 And tow'r-crown'd Jericho, a num'rous train.

Indigenas, est fama, viæ assidue meatûs  
 Oblitum vidisse diu confidere solem  
 Imperio ducis, atque diem decedere serum.  
 Hos inter facie egregia puer altior ibat,  
 Qui prisco genus à Saulo, nomenque trahebat.  
 Jam tum illum vates uno omnes ore canebant,  
 Præstanti clarum eloquio, factisque futurum.  
 Quantis ille tamen mentem caligine pressus  
 In nostros odiis primùm, furiisque feretur?  
 Omnipotens aderit Pater, et se pectore toto  
 Altius infundet juveni, excutietque furorem.  
 Protinus afflatus divinitus ætheris aura  
 Implebit terras monitis, latumque per orbem  
 Mortales meliora docens ad sacra vocabit,  
 Nec lethum horrescet pro religione cruentum.

Jam duodena tribus magnæ successerat urbi:  
 Ipse etiam, templo ut solitos inferret honores,  
 Munere nec tali tam læta luce careret,  
 Affatur socios CHRISTUS: Lux sacra propin-  
 quat,  
 Omnis se dapibus festa domus apparet urbe.  
 Ecquis erit vestrùm, primus qui ad moenia ten-  
 dat,  
 Si quis fortè opibus fessos invitet abundans,  
 Nos quoque ut, ante meos obitus ac funus acerbum,  
 Solennes epulas celebremus, et annua sacra?  
 Nec longè quærendus erit: puer obvius ultro,  
 Urnam humero, lympthalque ferens de fonte re-  
 centes.  
 Quò tendat gressus, aut quò sese ille receptet,  
 Observate, locumque acie capite usque sequendo:  
 Limina vos eadem accipiant, tectumque subite.  
 Tum dominum affati coràm, hospitiumque ro-  
 gantes  
 Exiguam sacris fedem, nostrum edite nomen.  
 Tectum auratum, ingens, pictisque insigne tapetis  
 Protinus ostendet, structas ibi ponite mensas:

Ipse



Here, as 'tis rumour'd, on th' embattled field,  
At Joshua's voice, astonish'd crowds beheld,  
Th' obedient sun his destin'd progress stay  
Awhile, and lengthen the declining day.  
A beauteous Youth amidst the numbers came,  
From ancient Saul who drew his birth and name:  
Ev'n then with one consent the seers of old  
His glorious deeds and eloquence foretold.  
Yet on his kindred tribes, by frenzy borne,  
With what a zeal his anger will he turn!  
Till heav'n, its image on his mind impress'd,  
Shake the blind fury from his lab'ring breast.  
Then sudden, by diviner influence led,  
O'er the wide world his doctrine will he spread;  
Teach stubborn hearts t'obey religion's laws,  
Nor dread death's terrors in so just a cause.

Now all the tribes, their various marches past,  
Within the city walls arriv'd at last:  
When Christ, resolv'd religious rites to pay,  
As custom orders, on this solemn day,  
Thus speaks—The sacred eve approaches near,  
The Jews their annual festival prepare.  
Which then of all this train will hasten on,  
With speedy footsteps to yon sacred town;  
That we, if chance some lib'ral host invite  
Such mean associates to th' approaching rite,  
May duly celebrate, e'er yet I taste  
Death's bitter potion, this accustom'd feast.  
Nor vain the search; a youth will soon appear,  
Whose arms an urn of purest water bear.  
To whate'er house for entrance he applies,  
Observe his footsteps with attentive eyes;  
And let the self-same roofs that him receive,  
To you, my friends, a like admittance give.  
Then for some small apartment make request  
Of its kind owner, and proclaim his guest.  
He to your eyes a splendid room will show,  
Where costly carpets rich with purple glow:

Ipse adero, atque eadem socios ad limina ducam.

Dixit: Joannes mandata, Petrusque faceffunt,  
Et moesti magnæ succedunt moenibus urbis.  
Ibant incerti, atque oculis procul omnia ob-  
stant,  
Cum puer urnam humero gestans, lymphamque re-  
centem  
Vicino veniens de fonte occurrit: cum usque  
Servantes, gressum ferret quacunque, sequuntur:  
Qualisque subit, subeunt ipsi quoque protinus, ædes.

Huc atavis clarusque Simon, et prole beatus  
Septena, sese semper referebat ab agris,  
Si quando charis cum natis viferet urbem.  
Namque illum potius campis, rurique juvabat  
Degere, civileque procul contemnere honores.  
Umbræ illi nemorum cordi, rivique secantes  
Prædia, quæ centum dives vertebat aratris.  
Jam gravis, argutasque fides, et carmina ama-  
bat  
Fluminis in ripis, aut fontem propter amoenum.  
Norat enim cœli numeros, mensusque, viasque:  
Sæpe Deo plenus porrò ventura canebat  
Agricolis, quid sol, quid menstrua luna pa-  
raret:  
Sudique, pluviaeque docens prænuncia signa.  
Tum sacris intentam igitur concesserat urbem,  
Ut de more dies festos celebraret avito.  
Dumque aliâ famuli mensas, et dona pararent  
Parte domus, veterum facta ipse canebat avo-  
rum:  
Nunc citharæ levibus digitis, nunc pectine  
eburno  
Percurrens molli attactu vocalia fila.  
Præcipuè à prima revocabat origine, quænam  
Has ex more epulas, atque hæc solennia priscæ  
Religio intulerit genti. Verùm ecce canenti

Improvisus

Within this dome your sacred rites prepare,  
Myself and friends will here the banquet share.

Peter and John their Lord's commands obey,  
And pensive to the city bend their way.  
With anxious thoughts they pass the streets along,  
And cast their eyes o'er all the busy throng.  
At length a youth, who on his shoulders bears  
An urn of water, to their sight appears;  
His steps with eyes observant they survey,  
And gladly enter where he leads the way.

Simon, of lineal dignity possess'd,  
And with a train of sev'n fair children bless'd;  
Hither at seasons from the field repair'd,  
When with his sons the genial feast he shar'd.  
In rural tasks he pass'd his days alone,  
And bless'd with calm retirement scorn'd the town.  
Woods were his chief delight, and streams that glide  
'Midst various pastures with a plenteous tide,  
Wat'ring his farm; where rich abundance grows,  
Beneath the tillage of an hundred plows.  
Now crown'd with years, by fountain stretch'd along,  
He lov'd to warble the mellifluous song.  
For well he knew the various laws to trace  
Of bodies, circling thro' th' etherial space:  
Oft too, with sacred inspiration fill'd,  
He to the list'ning husbandmen reveal'd,  
What Phoebus, or the menstruous moon divines,  
And mark'd the weather by foreboding signs.  
Now to the royal seat, an honour'd guest  
He came, observant of the sacred feast;  
And while due works employ'd the menial throng,  
The deeds of heroes to his harp he sung;  
Now plies the iv'ry quill, now light he flings  
His volant fingers o'er the vocal strings.  
Chiefly thro' ancient histories he ran,  
And trac'd how first the solemn feast began;  
Search'd back the causes of its birth to find,  
And what religion in this rite design'd.

White

Improvisus adest Petrus, et sacra carmina rumpit :  
 Rex, ait, est nobis, quo nusquam justior alter,  
 Aut pietate prior; CHRISTUM omnes nomine  
 dicunt.

Is tua nos ultro supplex ad limina mittit :  
 Exiguam sacris sedem mensisque rogamus.

His ille auditis, gavissus nomine tanto,  
 Imperat, haud hærens animo, tectum omne re-  
 cludi.

Hinc hilares totis adolere penatibus ignes,  
 Et pingui suffire Arabum jubet atria sylva.  
 Interiusque viros media in penetralia ducit.  
 Inde locum ostendit mira testudine pictis  
 Aulæis circumvelatum, ostroque rubenti.  
 Luxuriant sola strata, nitent argentea eburnis  
 Fulcra toris, scyphique, auroque è simplice lances :  
 Et passim domus, argentoque, auroque renidet :  
 Atque hæc deinde refert: non hoc mihi nomen ad  
 aures

Nunc primùm venit, illius sed cognita fama  
 Jampridem virtus: neque enim mihi cernere coràm  
 Fas fuit, aut vocem divinam hausisse loquentis.  
 Adveniat: placidus tectis asuescat amicis.  
 Vos hìc expectate: viros, qui exacta reportent  
 Omnia dimittam, meaque illum ad limina du-  
 cant.

Atque utinam libeat longum his in sedibus olli  
 Degere, et hospitii dignetur nomine tectum ;  
 Quod nostros juvet interdum memorare nepotes,  
 Hospitibusque locum felicem ostendere seris.  
 Interea adventu vestro intermissa sequamur  
 Carmina, et antiquos patrum repetamus hono-  
 res,

Dum nigra roriferis nox terras obruat umbris.

Sic ait, ac nervis socians concordibus ora  
 Obloquitur numeris: quæ concinit, ordine picta  
 Cuncta

While these concerns his earnest thoughts detain,  
Lo! Peter sudden interrupts the strain;  
And thus—A King we have; than whom is found  
None more for worth, or piety renown'd;  
For justice too thro' all the world his fame  
Resounds, and Christ is his illustrious name.  
Me suppliant to your roof our Lord dismiss'd,  
And begs some small convenience for the feast.

Pleas'd at so great a name, without delay  
He bids his servants all the dome display;  
Thro' each apartment wake the genial fire,  
While round the court Arabia's sweets expire:  
Then leads the men thro' many a winding space,  
And kindly seats them in the inmost place.  
Thence wide unfolds a room, where hung on high  
The splendid tap'stry shines with Tyrian die:  
A gorgeous carpet the rich floor o'er spreads,  
Bright silver feet support the iv'ry beds;  
Of gold the chargers and the cups were made,  
And the whole dome magnificence display'd.  
Then thus begins—Your Master's glorious name  
Has reach'd my ears; his worth is known to fame;  
Yet to behold this Chief was never mine,  
Or hear the accents of his tongue divine.  
Hither with kind acceptance let him haste,  
And share the honours of this sacred feast.  
Rest here yourselves; my slaves I'll send away  
To spread the news, and to this roof convey  
My honour'd friend; oh! wou'd the Hero come,  
And dwell for years within this happy dome!  
That future sons may boast our mansion bless'd,  
With the rich presence of so great a Guest.  
Meanwhile the subject of this labour'd strain,  
Your tale prevented, we'll resume again,  
Heroic deeds; till darkness spreads around,  
And dewy shades refresh the weary'd ground.

He said; and to their ears the story sings,  
With voice accordant to the trembling strings.

The

Cuncta putes, aut textilibus simulata figuris.  
 Nempe Paretoniis cantu deducit ab oris  
 Ifacidum genus, arrepta maris æquora virga  
 Ut profugum dux findat, aqualque impune per  
 altas

Ut sine navigiis ierint, pelagique profunda  
 Sicco calcarint pede. Namque induruit humor  
 Aridus, et liquidas latè est via secta per undas.  
 A tergo tota ex Ægypto curribus hostes  
 Quadrijugis vecti, instabant fulgentibus armis.  
 Jamque pios canit emenso pelago alta tenere  
 Littora, littoreisque metu se condere sylvis.  
 Nulla mora est: iterum telo tellure recussa  
 Divino, redeunt in se maria ecce refusa,  
 Quæ media ingenti dirimebat femita tractu.  
 Inde hostes ruere, et falsis in fluctibus arma,  
 Armaque, quadrupedesque, et corpora merfa viro-  
 rum.

Aspiceres magis atque magis subsidere in undis  
 Semper, et absumptos velut evanescere currus,  
 Qui medii extabant, medios falis hauserat æstus.  
 Addit, ut omnipotens rerum fator æthere ab  
 ipso

Paverit in vasta gentem regione locorum  
 Errantem, dape cœlesti, miseratus egenos.  
 Cernere ibique putes epulas nivis instar ab  
 æthra

Defluere ad terram subitas, cœtusque paratis  
 Accinctos dapibus latis epularier arvis.  
 Proinde etiam duras cautes pulsabat eadem  
 Dux cœlum aspectans virga, cùm protinus  
 amnis

Profilit, et dulcem saxa erupere liquorem,  
 Atque hausere novis populi de fontibus un-  
 dam,

Quos sitis ex longo collecta urebat hiantes.  
 Tum canit, ut primus Solymorum conditor  
 arcis

The whole you'd think in colour'd tints pourtray'd,  
 Or rich embroid'ry to the view display'd.  
 He sung, how ancient Israel's warlike host,  
 March'd forth triumphant from th' Egyptian coast;  
 How the brave Leader, by divine command,  
 The waves divided with his magic wand;  
 While all the favour'd tribes, on solid ground,  
 In safety travell'd thro' the seas profound:  
 On either side the waves incrust'd stood,  
 And form'd a passage thro' the crystal flood.  
 Prone on their rear th' Egyptian host they feel,  
 With thund'ring chariots and with glitt'ring steel.  
 Next he relates, how safe to shore convey'd,  
 Within the neighbouring woods conceal'd they laid,  
 When lo! as Moses waves th' enchanted rod,  
 Swift to its bounds th' obedient ocean flow'd;  
 And where but lately the dissever'd main  
 Asunder broke, huge billows roll'd again.  
 Then, as the hosts indignant urg'd their way,  
 Your eyes might horses, armour, men survey;  
 And broken chariots, scatter'd all around,  
 At once immersing in the vast profound.  
 To these he adds, how God by pity led  
 To Israel's race, with heav'nly manna fed  
 His chosen people; as forlorn they pass'd  
 Thro' the dry desert, and unfruitful waste.  
 You'd think the sudden bev'rage you beheld,  
 Cov'ring, like heaps of snow, the whiten'd field;  
 While the glad tribes, in gather'd ranks around,  
 Spread their rich banquets o'er the sacred ground.  
 Then, lifting up his eyes, a stubborn rock  
 Fierce with his wand the pious Leader struck:  
 From the hard flint a plenteous river flow'd,  
 And all around refreshing streams bestow'd;  
 With thirst oppress'd they quaff'd the liquid store,  
 Drawn from a living fount, unknown before.  
 Then, at the close, his sacred songs relate,  
 How the first founder of the Jewish state,

Presented

Dona laboratæ frugisque, recensque reperti  
 Pocula plena meri, obtulerit campestribus aris,  
 Cespice quas viridi, sectaque extruxerat orno.

Aoque ea dum intentis hauribant auribus  
 omnes,

Haud reram ignarus CHRISTUS, de montibus  
 albis

Cesserat, insensæque iterum successerat urbi:  
 Ex jam declivi cùm sol properaret Olympo,  
 Hospitis intravit, sociis comitantibus, ædes,  
 Regibus instructas luxu; dapibusque paratis,  
 Discoboscere omnes: unâ inter dirus Iudas  
 Diffinulus fodet, et vultu mentitur amorem.  
 Jamque Heros puras fruges, properataque  
 liba

Accipiens, frangensque manu partitur in omnes.  
 Inde mero implevit pateram, lymphaque re-  
 centi,

Et laicis mixti diùm sacravit honorem,  
 Spontaneamque dedit sociis, mox talia fatur:  
 Corporis hæc nostri, hæc vera cruoris imago,  
 Unus pro cunctis quem fundam sacra Parenti  
 Hostia, ut antiquæ noxæ contagia tollam.  
 Vos ideo, quoties positas accedere mensas  
 Contigerit, sacræque dapes, libamina iussa,  
 Funeris his nostri moestum referetis honorem,  
 Et nunquam istius aboliscet gloria facti.

Nec plura; ex illo mox servavere minores  
 Hunc semper ritum memores, arisque sacra-  
 mus

Sinceram Cererem, et dulcem de vite liquo-  
 rem,

Pro veterum tauris, pecudum pro pinguibus  
 extis.

Ipsæ sacerdotum verbis eductus ab astris  
 Frugibus insinuat sese Regnator olympi,

Libaturque



Presented gifts, and new-discover'd wine,  
In rich oblations to the pow'r divine;  
On rustic altars were the off'rings laid,  
Of verdant turf and rude materials made.

While these, enraptur'd with the solemn strain,  
Attentive listen'd to the warbling swain;  
Our Lord, to celebrate the festal rite,  
Had now descended from the mountain's height;  
And to the hostile town once more was come,  
Prepar'd, and conscious of th' approaching doom.  
And now, the sun declining to the main,  
The room he enter'd with th' associate train;  
Where all, reclin'd on splendid couches, shar'd  
The feast; in rich magnificence prepar'd.  
Ev'n Judas-self amidst the rest was seen,  
His hate dissembling with a placid mien:  
Now blessing bread, and breaking with his hand,  
Our Lord divides it 'midst the social band;  
Then mixing water with the purest wine,  
The chalice consecrates with rites divine.  
This bread, my body; and this purple flood,  
Conveys, he cries, an image of my blood;  
Which, as from slaughter'd lamb, must soon be spilt,  
In full atonement for primæval guilt.  
Then hear, my friends; and oft as ye prepare,  
This solemn rite and festival to share;  
Regardful of your Master's latest breath,  
Preserve the dear memorial of my death:  
This act perpetual glory shall acquire,  
Till ages cease, and time itself expire.

From hence, their successors with due regard  
This sacred banquet have for ever shar'd.  
And now, for fat of choicest victims slain,  
For blood of bulls and goats, oblations vain;  
On ev'ry altar solemnly is laid,  
With purest wine, the consecrated bread.  
Sudden, th' Almighty Sire who rules on high,  
Call'd by the priest, forsakes th' ætherial sky;

And

Liberumque Dei sacrum cum sanguine cor-

pus.

In somnos hæc religio successit honores.

Ergo ubi pulsa fames sociis, sese ocyùs

Heros

Exiit insignem tunicam, et mantilibus albis

Succinctus poscit flammis undantia athena.

Tum gelidam irrorans dextra, lævaque sonoris

Percrepans labris ferventem temperat undam.

Hæc genibus positis Petro, reliquisque suorum,

Phariza quanquam ille attonitus novitate re-

cuset,

Dat pedibus lymphas, et molli siccatur amictu

Accurvus, sociis linquens imitabile factum.

Mox genitus imo ducens de pectore fatur :

Ea, mihi summa dies, socii, quamque ipse propin-

quam

Predixi toties, nox illa advenit acerba :

Vos linquam, et moriens genitoris jussa ca-

pestam.

Unus erit vestrum (vix o vix credere tantum

Fas scelus) insidiis prodet qui me hostibus

ultra.

Haud me animi fallit: furias jam perfidus ille

Concipit, insidiasque animo meditatur avaro:

Id pietas mea magna, mei meruere labores.

Non tamen ipse diu pulchro lætabere facto,

Quisquis eris: satius, si nunquam lucis amo-

rem

Gustasses, dulcis nec vitæ limen inisses.

At vos este pii, inque vicem (quæ exempla re-

liqui)

Inter vos aliis alii parete volentes,

Summissisque animis fastus abolete superbos.

Non Erebi in tanto cessabunt cardine diræ

Vestra potestates prævertere corda timore.

Pervigiles

And chang'd to hallow'd bread, men taste the blood,  
And sacred body of th' eternal God.

This solemn act of worship has obtain'd  
The noblest honours in the christian land.

Soon as the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
The humble Chief resigns his splendid vest;  
And taking softest towels in his hands,  
The boiling cauldron from the fire demands;  
Then pouring water to the vase's brim,  
Allays the fury of the raging stream:  
Hence, on his knees, to Peter and the rest,  
Tho' he alarm'd the strange attempt repress'd,  
Pours the pure water on their feet around,  
And gently wipes them, bending to the ground,  
In this dear act bequeathing to mankind  
The truest pattern of an humble mind;  
Then his belov'd disciples thus address'd,  
The sighs thick bursting from his heaving breast.

The hour, oh! friends! I oft foretold, is come;  
The night that wraps me in the silent tomb:  
Soon shall I leave this load of mortal clay  
On earth, and dying heav'n's behests obey.  
One from amidst this social band, I know,  
Will soon betray me to the cruel foe;  
Ev'n now (what scarcely can belief obtain)  
He plots my ruin for the lust of gain.  
Such the reward on pious acts bestow'd,  
And daily labours for the public good!  
Yet thou, whoe'er thou art, to virtue lost,  
Shalt never long this brave achievement boast;  
Happy! in youth had'st thou been snatch'd away,  
Or ne'er stood forth a candidate for day!  
But ye, my friends! your piety maintain,  
With humble minds the pride of life disdain;  
Among yourselves unite with firm accord,  
And copy thus th' example of your Lord.  
At this event hell's pow'rs will scarce forbear  
To fill your bosoms with unmanly fear;

Pervigiles quæso jam custodite, proculque  
 Consulite: hîc animos, atque illos promite sen-  
 sus,

Quos toties mihi polliciti, ne cedite pesti:  
 Vos servate viri noctem non amplius unam.

Exemplò turbati omnes, gemitumque de-  
 dere,

Suspensi, quem cæcum adeò, furiisque sub-  
 actum

Ore premens signet venturi præscius Heros.

Quem senior tali aggreditur sermone preean-  
 do:

O cœli decus, in quenquam tam immane putan-  
 dum est

Posse scelus cadere? quisnam foedissimus ille?

Faxo hodie nunquam nobis illudat inultis.

Non adeò effugit cum sanguine vivida virtus

Pulsa annis, nec dextra mihi tam frigida lan-  
 guet.

Sic ait: et pariter vagina liberat ensem.

Dux autem signis manifestis prodidit hostem:

Sed cunctis mentem eripuit, voluitque latere,

Donec res perfecta. Dehinc hæc edidit ore:

Immò omni ex numero mihi nemo hac nocte su-  
 prema

Vestrûm non infidus erit, solusque relinquitur.

Tu quoque, magnanimo cui nunc ea copia  
 fandi

Sub tecto, atque amplis tendis super æthera  
 dictis,

Omnes irritans ventos, omnesque procellas,

Hinc atque hinc circumfusus ubi videris hostes,

Me capto, quæres latebras, jaciesque salutem

Mendaci in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus acer.

Atque ubi curriculo mediam nox humida me-  
 tam

rapid resolution arm  
 s, and guard against the dread arm.  
 at noble fortune be lost,  
 unted with a generous boast:  
 oh! friends! call ev'ry virtue forth;  
 night be witness of your worth.  
 the pious train with grief oppress'd,  
 th a sigh of anguish from their breast;  
 pence, what wretch, by frenzy blind,  
 conscious of th' event, design'd.  
 er thus with mild request began;  
 of heav'n! oh! more than mortal man!  
 hat breast can such injustice rise?  
 t so base a treachery devise?  
 he load us with this foul disgrace,  
 nge the scandal shall efface.  
 o' the sight of envious seasons drains  
 tly current from my languid veins;  
 has vigour still—with warmth he said;  
 the scabbard snatch'd the shining blade.  
 ous signs our Lord the wretch reveal'd;  
 g he shou'd rest awhile conceal'd,  
 ing time the horrid fraud betray'd,  
 r dark minds he cast an ambient shade.  
 as proceeds—Of this assembled train,  
 to night his valour will maintain;  
 by fears alarm'd, with one accord  
 eant hence; unfaithful to their Lord.  
 ou, who while beneath this roof we sat,  
 fely here thine eloquence did sway.  
 a strain of pompous words  
 orms and tempests of a storming day  
 as thou view'dst the hostile towers  
 Master captive, and with terror  
 place all safety in the tower  
 coward swift of foot  
 e'er the ~~fall of the tower~~  
 more than ~~half-way~~

Attigerit, ter me tibi notum ille ipse negabis,  
 Futilis, incutietque metus tibi foemina inermis.  
 Dixerat: ille animi robur magis usque, magis-  
 que

Spondebat, turpique metu impenetrabile pectus:  
 Foeda alios servet fuga, nec tu me antè ti-  
 moris

Argue, quàm terga urgenti dare videris hosti.  
 Quò te cunque feres, adero: sequar ultima tecum,  
 Nulla tuis poterit me vis abjungere rebus.

His Deus exactis, mensas, urbemque relinquit,  
 Et se cum sociis pura sub nocte virentes  
 Transtulit in colles olea, et loca sola petivit:  
 Atque omnes secum iussit vigilare: sed illi  
 Affiduis noctisque, dieque laboribus hausti  
 Haud poterant invictum oculis defendere somnum,  
 Et gelidi in summo recubantes æquore saxi  
 Infusum toto proflabant ore soporem.

Interea curis confectus tristibus Heros,  
 Coelesti velut oblitus se semine cretum,  
 Indignos animo eventus, indigna labanti  
 Supplicia, atque genus leti versabat acerbum,  
 Horrebatque: id enim matris de corpore traxit,  
 Ut quæcunque hominum mortalia pectora terrent,  
 Ipse etiam hæc eadem mortali corde paveret.  
 Mens immota tamen, virtusque invicta manebat.  
 Ergo iterum, atque iterum Genitorem affatus, et ambas  
 Ad cælum tendens palmas, hac voce rogabat:  
 Omnipotens, talin' Pater ô me funere obire?  
 Mene aliena malis tantis commissâ piare?  
 Eripe me informi leto, et tua flecte severa  
 Consilia in melius, duosque averte dolores.  
 Si tamen id fixum sedet, atque hæc certa tibi mens,  
 Nec generi humano Nati nisi morte sequestra  
 Placaris, non fas orbis me deesse saluti.  
 Ibo ultro: crimen generis commune refellam.

Dixerat,

Thrice shall thy tongue deny its Lord; afraid,  
And idly trembling at a simple maid.  
Conscious he spoke; but Peter now disdain'd  
The charge; and bolder his firm zeal maintain'd.  
Let others owe their safety to their fear;  
But thou, my Lord, to tax my flight forbear,  
Till thine own eyes my dastard feet survey  
Turn from the hostile sword, and haste away.  
Lead where thou wilt; no force shall e'er divide  
Thy faithful servant from his Master's side.

These rites discharg'd, attended with his friends  
Our Lord his footsteps from the city bends,  
To that fam'd hill with verdant olives crown'd,  
And sought concealment in the lonely ground:  
There bids them with attention watch; but they  
Spent with hard toils, and labour of the day,  
In vain attempted, the long night, to keep  
Their weary eyelids from invading sleep.  
Stretch'd on the summit of the rock they lay,  
And heedless snor'd th' important hour away.

Meanwhile the Chief, with cares and griefs oppress'd,  
As if unconscious of his high descent,  
Revolves within his breast the woes to come,  
His shame and death; and dreads th' appointed doom.  
Such fears, the lot attending all mankind,  
From earth he drew; unconquer'd in his mind.  
Then, both his hands uplifted to the sky,  
He pours his plaints to Him who rules on high:  
Almighty Father! must my death fulfil,  
A death so dreadful, thy eternal will?  
Must I for man's offending race atone,  
And bleed for crimes and follies not my own?  
Oh! gracious Sovereign! this decree forego,  
And snatch thy offspring from impending woe.  
But if the world for ever lost must lie,  
Unless for man I suffer, bleed, and die;  
Freely my death shall human guilt efface,  
And save from ruin this devoted race.

Dixerat, atque graves curas sub corde premebat,  
 Multa agitans, toto simul ibat corpore sudor  
 Proruptus, simul et sanguis, vel sanguinis instar.  
 Ecce autem effulgens subito dilapsus ab axe  
 Stelligero, pictis juxtà puer astitit alis,  
 Dicta ferens Patris, in tanto solatia rerum  
 Turbine, mulcebatque ægrum, curasque leva-  
 bat,  
 Abstergens toto fluidum de corpore rorem.

Hortator verò, scelerisque inventor Iudas  
 Composito interea vocat hostes vertice ab alto,  
 Seque ultrò comitem, atque ducem venientibus of-  
 fert.

Ergo adfunt improvisti, illum in vincla petentes.  
 Longius æra micant tremulâ lumine lunæ.  
 Jam clypei resonant, jam ferri stridit acumen,  
 Pinguiæque exuperant noctem funalia longo  
 Ordine, multifidæque faces, quas unguine supra  
 Obduxit manus, et ferro inspicavit acuto.  
 Fit strepitus: vasto circum mons undique pulsu  
 Armorum sonat, atque virum clamoribus omnis.  
 Quos his nil trepidus compellans vocibus Heros:  
 Heus, inquit, jam state viri, quem quæritis, ad-  
 sum.

Quò ferrum, flammæque? palàm conspectus in  
 urbe

Conventu cecini magno præcepta Parentis:  
 Cur non unà omnes vos tunc tenuistis inermem?  
 Ista sub obscurum noctis cur agmina cerno?  
 Quòd si me tamen ad mortem deposcitis armis  
 Infonem, et vobis adeò obstat gloria nostra,  
 Hos finite illæsos: nihil hi meruere, nec ausi.  
 Tantum dilecti comitis mandata faceffunt.  
 Unus ego vestras explebo deditus iras.  
 Hæc ait, et bis se quærentibus obtulit ultrò.  
 Illi autem ad vocem toties (mirabile visu)  
 Procubuerè, soloque ingentem fusa dedere

Arma



He said; and urg'd with deep concern suppress'd  
The cares that labour'd in his anxious breast;  
While from his painful limbs huge drops of blood,  
Like trickling sweat, in copious measures flow'd.  
When lo! an angel, charg'd with heav'n's commands,  
Before his face in radiant vesture stands;  
Sooths the deep cares that on his spirits lay,  
And wipes the moisture from his limbs away,

Meanwhile, his horrid purpose to fulfil,  
Judas, the grand artificer of ill,  
The foe now summons from their lofty stand,  
And boldly offers to conduct the band.  
Swift at his word the hostile troops appear,  
Their arms by moon-light glimm'ring from afar.  
Now sound the shields; the faulchions glitt'ring bright  
Clash with loud din; and thro' the scouling night,  
A dismal glare the blazing lamps reveal,  
And pitchy flambeaus, tip'd with sharpen'd steel.  
Wide o'er the sacred hill, the mingled sound  
Of hosts and armour, echoes all around.  
Whom thus the Hero undismay'd address'd—  
Behold in Me the person you request:  
What mean these swords and flames? in open day,  
I taught your tribes heav'n's precepts to obey.  
Why did you not surround and seize me then?  
Why come by night, with troops of armed men?  
But if you seek My guiltless life in arms,  
And 'tis My glory all your fears alarms;  
Then suffer these uninjur'd to depart,  
Plain, harmless men, devoid of guile or art;  
Whose only fault is, if a fault it be,  
To serve, obedient to their Lord's decree.  
Myself alone beneath your rage will fall,  
And singly suffer for the crimes of all.  
Thus He; and twice advancing as he spoke,  
His bosom offer'd to the fatal stroke.  
But they as often, at th' alarming sound,  
(Strange to relate) fell prostrate to the ground:

Anna somnum, atque oculis subitò nos plurima o-  
rta est.

Contingunt tandem somno vinctaque gravatis  
Affinites, hærentque obliti: domos luctas,  
Qui nunquam somno noctu se straverat illa,  
Signa deit manifesta, hostique objectit amicum.  
Namque pñi celus id præcessens nomine amoris  
Componuit sese, et fido dedit oscula vultu.  
Ille solum præcensit, et hæc presso edidit ore:  
Hæc verò meruit comitum fidissime noster  
Oscula amor? tanton' icelere ulla ad præmia tendis?  
Haud equidem hæc tecum pepigi commercia quon-  
iam.

Vix ex ratus erat, cùm circumfusa juvenus  
Cæca ruit, densaque omnes indagine cingunt:  
Non aliter quàm conjectum cum in retia rara  
Cervum, aut fulmineis metuendum dentibus a-  
prum,

Putorum circum sævit manus: illicet hastas  
Comminus agglomerant certatim: ad sidera voces  
Undique eunt, reboant montes clamore propin-  
qui.

Sic juvenem obsessum longè fulgentibus armis  
Sæva cohors premere, atque omnes incumbere in-  
ermi.

Hi preñare manu, hi stupea vincula collo  
Injicere, et nunc huc, nunc illuc ducere captum.  
Pærfurit ante alios, et sese turbidas infert  
Malchus, Idumæis missus captivus ab oris:  
Nulli terre manum, nulli contendere fectus.  
Non ea vis illi, non tanta in pectore virtus.  
Verùm, ut se Caipharæ præstantem ostendat in ar-  
mis,

Cui datus hærebat famulus (nam tuta videbat  
Omnia, et audenti nullum hic obstare peri-  
clum,)

Audet, cedentemque ultro petit improbus hostem,  
Ventosam

A rattling noise their ringing armour made,  
 And their eyes sunk in night's surrounding shade.  
 At length, like men with wine and sleep oppress'd,  
 They rise; when Judas, bold beyond the rest,  
 Who ne'er that night in slumber clos'd his eyes,  
 Proclaim'd the sign, in friendship's fair disguise:  
 Beneath that covert his attack he made,  
 And with the kiss of love his Lord betray'd.  
 Thro' the thin mask he saw the fraud appear,  
 And thus soft whisper'd in the traitor's ear:  
 Cou'd love like mine, oh friend! deserve a kiss  
 Fraught with such base ingratitude as this?  
 Such sudden change has lust of lucre wrought?  
 A time was once, when Judas pure in thought,  
 Far other commerce with his Master sought.

Scarce had he spoken, when the furious foes  
 Rush on the Chief; and in the midst enclose.  
 As when some stag, or tusky boar, is found  
 Snar'd in the hunter's toils; the swains around  
 Seize the defenceless prey, and rushing near  
 Brandish the sword, and shake the threat'ning spear;  
 Tumultuous shouts and clamour rend the sky,  
 The neighbouring mountains echo to the cry.  
 Thus round the Youth, in burnish'd armour dress'd  
 Near and more near the dreadful cohort press'd.  
 Some seiz'd his hands, and some with twisted thong  
 Around his shoulders, drag'd the Chief along.  
 Before the rest advanc'd with hostile boast,  
 A wretched captive from Idume's coast,  
 Malchus by name; who ne'er was known to dare  
 With gen'rous courage in the fields of war:  
 But eager now to prove a conduct brave  
 Before his Master; this heroic slave,  
 (Descrying, as he cast his eyes around,  
 No danger near at hand, and safe the ground)  
 Comes rushing forward in a marshal show,  
 And falls with fury on the yielding foe;

And

Ventosam nequicquam acuens in iurgia linguam,  
 Et vix ille suas tumefactus corde capit spes.  
 Non tulit hoc præceps animi Petrus, arripit ensē,  
 Et super incumbens inhonesto vulnere tempus  
 Occupat, ac patulam dicto ocyus amputat aurem.  
 Quod Deus aspiciens, subito dextramque tetendit,  
 Decisamque ab humo madido cum pulvere partem  
 Sustulit, applicuitque manu medica, unde resecta  
 est,

Affixitque loco: nullo hæsit fixa dolore,  
 Ulla nec apparent vestigia vulneris usquam.  
 Mox socium increpitans vim dextra arcere volen-  
 tem,

Condere tela jubet, vetito neque fidere ferro.  
 Nū faciat, senior nequicquam magna locuto  
 Strictum ardens illi per costas exigit ensē.  
 Non istis opibus, non istis nitimur, inquit,  
 Viribus: est Genitor, qui me si funere acerbo  
 Eripere, et fuso Nati sine sanguine vellet  
 Placari generi humano, centum agmina posset  
 Cœlicolum, mihi centum acies summittere ab arce  
 Siderea, insensum qui cœtum hunc ense trucidet.  
 Militiam ne adeò superum, pugnatæque bella,  
 Atque potestates varias, et nomina nescis?  
 Nunc sine me imperiis magni parere parentis,  
 Quæ me sola premunt: hominum nil demoror  
 arma.

Talibus auditis senior vix definit iræ  
 Invitus: veluti aspexit si forte magistri  
 Assuetum imperiis cervum media urbe molossus,  
 Sylvestrem ratus insequitur, vix voce coercet  
 Venator rabido instantem cervicibus ore.  
 Ergo sponte sua victum, nec viribus usum,  
 Corripiunt cuncti (heu species indigna) trahuntque  
 Invalidum, et dictis lapsantem immitibus urgent.  
 Hæc Pater omnipotens, superum regnator, olympo  
 Tam lentus cernis, nec cœlo tartara misces?

Ecquando

And while his tongue pours forth reproaches vain,  
Scarce can his swelling heart his hopes contain.  
This Peter saw; and fir'd with gen'rous zeal,  
Snatch'd from his armed side the glitt'ring steel;  
Then with a furious aim advancing near,  
Lops from the Caitif's head his quiv'ring ear,  
The God this fact discerning, from the ground  
Lifts the dismember'd part, and heals the wound;  
Fast to his head it joins, devoid of pain,  
And of the bloody stroke no marks remain.  
Then, with a mild rebuke, our gracious Lord  
Bids him restrain his zeal, and sheath the sword;  
Else had the senior, by no threats dismay'd,  
Plung'd in the boaster's side his smoking blade.  
Our cause, he cries, demands no arms like these;  
My heav'nly Father, if his will decrees  
To snatch his Offspring from this bitter death,  
And save mankind without my forfeit breath;  
Can mighty troops of armed Seraphs send,  
These guilty wretches in his wrath to end.  
Do'st thou not know, what pow'rs in bright array,  
What warring legions throng the realms of day?  
But now be heav'n's imperial will obey'd,  
Hard as it is, I ask no human aid.

Peter unwilling heard, and scarce suppress'd  
The anger boiling in his gen'rous breast.  
So when by chance some eager hound surveys  
A stag, that devious thro' the city strays,  
Familiar, tame, obedient to the hand,  
That wont to hearken to its Lord's command;  
Deeming it wild, he rushes on the prey,  
And scarce the huntsman can his fury stay.  
Now to his fortune willingly resign'd,  
Nor using strength of body or of mind,  
Loaded with bitter taunts, the madding throng  
(Oh! fight unworthy!) drag the Chief along.  
View'st thou this scene, and from th'ethereal pole,  
Eternal Sov'reign! bid'st no thunder roll?

When

Ecquando horrificum dextra jaculabere fulmen,  
 Si nunc immoto facies innubila mundo est?  
 Foedere jam rupto, rerum confusa laborent,  
 Atque repentè elementa ruant, ruat arduus æther.  
 Cur tua dextra vacat? cur non face terra trifulca  
 Jam fumat? quos flamma vorax servatur in  
 usus?

Non genus humanum, non tanti regia coeli  
 Alitibus supplenda choris, non aurea gens, quæ  
 Mox hinc se tollet pietate insignis ad astra.  
 Ne nostri tanto te cura incendat amore,  
 Jactari ut tali patiaris turbine natum  
 Unigenam, desertum, inopem, atque extrema fe-  
 rentem.

Diffugère metu comites, sylvisque teguntur:  
 Spumiferi ut suis adventu, sævique leonis,  
 Semianimes: passim insequitur ferus hostis cun-  
 tes.

Aspiceres hunc jam captum, jam veste relicta  
 Elapsum, manibus rapido petere ardua cursu:  
 Illum speluncas, et sicubi operta subire  
 Per sylvam loca, saxorumque in fornice condi:  
 Nec mora, nec requies, cursu nemora avia fer-  
 vent,

Et vasto intonsi colles clamore resultant.

Jamque sacerdotis summi tecta ampla subibant:  
 Protinus huc tota passim concurritur urbe,  
 Primores adsunt procerum, pœnasque reposcunt  
 Uni infensi omnes, atque illum torva tuentes  
 Perterrent, vincumque minis crudelibus urgent.  
 Tum gentis primus Caïphas ita denique fatur:

Res hodie bene gesta viri, non artibus ullis  
 Infandum evasit caput, illi nulla supersunt  
 Effugia, instaurandi animi, et quod restat agendum.  
 Nunc est illa dies, qua gloria maxima sese  
 Ostendit nobis: sed opus properantibus astu.

Accipite,

When from thine arm will angry lightnings fly,  
 If now no cloud deforms the azure sky?  
 Let all the bonds of nature be destroy'd,  
 Air, seas, and sky rush lawless thro' the void!  
 Let fire dissolve earth's universal frame;  
 Ah! why, why lingers thy devouring flame?  
 Not human race, not all th' etherial band,  
 Deserve such mild forbearance at thine hand;  
 Not ev'n those souls, which hence with glory crown'd  
 Shall rise to heav'n, for piety renown'd.  
 Let not thy love, oh! gracious Sire! be shown,  
 Thus, thus to suffer thy begotten Son,  
 From human race such wrongs to undergo,  
 Forlaken, friendless, and o'erwhelm'd with woe.  
 Fled are th' associate train, with fear subdu'd,  
 As by the feet of savage beasts pursu'd;  
 And where to caverns or to woods they run,  
 The hostile squadrons rush vindictive on.  
 This you might captive see; the same again  
 Escap'd, and scouring naked o'er the plain:  
 While that in winding caves a shelter meets,  
 Or devious woods, or mountains lone retreats.  
 No stop, no rest; the paths are throng'd around;  
 With noise and clamour the rough hills resound.

Now to the Pontiff's stately palace come  
 Tumultuous crowds, and fill the regal dome.  
 Around the throne the rev'rend elders stand  
 Incens'd, and instant punishment demand:  
 Stung with revenge they knit their angry brow,  
 And threat destruction to the captive foe.  
 Then words like these from Caiphas proceed—

This day stands noted for a glorious deed;  
 The Traytor's arts have fail'd; no hopes remain  
 Of speedy rescue from our hands again.  
 Take courage then, and let us strait pursue  
 Those obvious measures fortune points to view.  
 This day shall lift our glory to the skies,  
 But let us act with craft what we devise.

Then

Accipite, et linguis omnes, animisque favete,  
 Nulli fas nostrum quenquam demittere morti:  
 Romani ducis arbitrio stat quisque caditve:  
 Queramus leti causas, et crimina primum,  
 Inde ducem instructi verbis adeamus, ut ipse  
 Audiat, et morti indefensum destinet hostem.

Sic ait: hinc captum alloquitur: Tu ne ille sus-  
 premi

Vera Dei soboles, verus Deus, æthere ab alto  
 Quem vates oriturum orbi cecinere priores?  
 Per Patris obtestor numen, qui sidera fulcit,  
 Fare age, ne te dissimula querentibus ultra,  
 Discussique palam qui sis nunc nubibus ede,  
 Ne te divino ignari fraudemus honore.  
 Dixerat: ille autem in medio defessus, inermis  
 Conspectu paulum sustollens lumina fatur:

Sum quod ais, quid me studio tentatis inani,  
 Hæc eadem toties scitati? parcite testis  
 Infidiis, victique dolis desistite tandem.  
 Ipse palam fateor: nec jam mora longior ob-  
 stat,

Cum mihi sublimis cedit plaga lucida olympi  
 Regnanda: ætherea jamjam cernetis in aula  
 Amplexum dextram Patris omnipotentis, et  
 inde

Mox iterum terras petere aspicietis eundem,  
 Fulgentem clara in nebula, quem mille sequuti  
 Coelicolæ auratis impellent æthera pennis.

Vix ea dicta: humeris sibi cum de more sa-  
 cerdos

Abscindens tunicam, inquit: Eget quid lucis adhuc  
 res,

Indiciis tot clara? palam scelus ipse fatetur.  
 Nonne Deo quicumque audet se fingere natum,  
 Fas et jura jubent mulctari funere acerbo?

Tollite,



Then hear attentive my design— You know,  
 Our pow'r extends not to condemn the foe;  
 Spoil'd of our rights, the Roman judge's breath  
 Acquits the culprit, or consigns to death.  
 First then, oh Fathers! let us search at large  
 For various crimes, to found the specious charge;  
 Next, to the chief in full commission go,  
 And sue for vengeance on our nation's foe.

Then turning to the Youth—art thou, he cries,  
 The true, undoubted offspring of the skies,  
 That God, expected from the blest'd abode  
 To visit earth, as ancient bards foreshow'd?  
 Now, by thy Sire, who props th' etherial frame,  
 No more dissemble, but the truth proclaim;  
 Speak what thou art, all doubt remov'd away,  
 That we due honours to thy worth may pay.  
 To this, uplifting from the ground his eyes,  
 The weary'd Hero thus in brief replies:

Thou sayest what I am; then why in vain  
 Seek'st thou to hear this obvious truth again?  
 Such covert artifices learn to spare  
 Henceforth, and vanquish'd your deceits forbear.  
 The truth I here proclaim; and soon a day,  
 Borne on the wings of time will speed its way,  
 When I shall glorious sit, enthron'd on high,  
 Th'imperial Ruler of the starry sky.  
 Soon shall you view me in th' etherial plain,  
 Advanc'd to God's right hand, triumphant reign;  
 From thence behold me once again descend,  
 And to this nether earth my footsteps bend;  
 While girt with radiant clouds, in pomp I move,  
 By choirs surrounded of the blest'd above.

Scarce had He spoken, when the frantic priest  
 With indignation rends his sacred vest.  
 Yourself, he cries, this bold confession hear;  
 What need we witness in a case so clear?  
 Is not He guilty, by all laws allow'd,  
 Who claims the title of the Son of God?

Away

Tollite, ferre moras, Romani ad præfidis ædes  
Abripite hunc jubeo, meritaque reposcite poenas.

Interea casu Petrus percussus iniquo  
Prosequitur moerens, longeque observat amicum.  
Jamque sub ingentis devenerat atria templi,  
Tecta sacerdotis magni, solisque sedebat  
Tristis, inops animi, ante fores nocturnis apertas,  
Olli ferva, domus cui curæ janua herilis,  
Id quod erat rata: Tunc etiam fugis, inquit, et isti  
Junctus eras scelerum confors, ideoque per umbras  
Explorator ades, quando omnia nocte quiescunt?  
Dirigit Petrus ad vocem formidine turpi,  
Obliuscque sui est (quæ vitæ tanta cupido?)  
Nec jam scit subita turbatus imagine rerum,  
Quid faciat, quò se vertat, quas advocet artes.  
Qualis ubi dulci virgo decepta sopore,  
Parvula, quam mater campis ignara reliquit  
In solis abeunte die sub tecta revertens,  
Confestim rupto circumtulit humida somno  
Lumina, nec comites, nec matrem conspicit usquam,  
Sed loca sola metu videt exanimata, viarumque  
Immemor, atque horrere nigra circum omnia nocte,  
Talis erat miser ille, animo confusus et hærens:  
At chari nomen tandem abjuravit amici,  
Pro quo sponte neci modò se devoverat ardens.  
Quinetiam, quò se tegeter, succedere tecto  
Hostili tulit, et famulis se immiscuit amens.  
Nec latuit tamen: illum omnes inimica tueri  
Suspectum, et latebras verbis urgere fœventem,  
Terque adeò objectum nomen, patriamque Magistri.  
Audierat, ficto ter dissimulaverat ore,  
Cum matutino mediæ jam noctis abactæ  
Edebant cantu cristatæ signa volucres,  
Auroram in tectis solitæ æri voce vocare.  
Tum monitus verborum, Heros quæ extrema ca-  
nebat,  
Ingemuit, rupitque imo suspiria corde;

Et

Away then to the Roman chief with speed,  
And let the Traitor die the death decreed.

Peter meanwhile, at these disasters struck,  
His Master follow'd with a pensive look.  
And now dejected and with grief oppress'd,  
He reach'd the palace of the lov'reign priest;  
There at the doors in trembling silence sat—  
At length a female slave who watch'd the gate,  
Observ'd his fears: and do'st thou fly, she cried,  
Thou, who in treason wast with Him ally'd?  
And com'st thou here a spy in close disguise,  
While all creation wrapt in slumber lies?  
Peter at this, to sudden fears resign'd,  
Forgets his boasted fortitude of mind;  
Nor knows, while death's grim terrors rise in view,  
What course to follow, or what schemes pursue.  
As when, by slumber's pleasing charm betray'd,  
Refts on a mossy bank some infant maid;  
Left by the mother, as she hastes away  
To reach her cottage at the close of day:  
Soon as she wakes, she lifts her weeping eyes,  
No parent now; no kind attendant spies;  
But views with wild affright the lonely ground,  
Unknown her way, and darkness hov'ring round.  
Such was the dread his ghastly looks express'd,  
And such the doubt that rack'd his tortur'd breast.  
At length resolv'd, his Master he deny'd,  
Whose zeal so late the fears of death defy'd.  
And now he mixes with the menial train,  
Flush'd with fond hopes of safety; but in vain:  
All view the dastard with suspicious eyes,  
And urge him, sculking in his dark disguise.  
Thrice his lov'd Master's honour'd name he hears,  
And thrice disowns him, sunk in abject fears:  
When the shrill cock, night's darkness chas'd away,  
With sprightly note salutes the morning ray.  
Rous'd at the words his gracious Master spoke,  
Deep sighs that instant from his bosom broke;

Et penitus duristristi dolor ossibus arsit.  
 Tum sese miser incusans, turpemque timorem,  
 Erepsit furtim foribus, solusque per urbem  
 Totam illam ingemuit somni sine munere noctem,  
 Menti caniciem demissam in pectore vellens.  
 Quin illum hanc perhibent mox semper fletisse sub  
     horam,  
 Admissi memorem, dum vixit: eum æthera pandens  
 Sæpe oriens, solis sæpe ater vesper in antris  
 Invenit luctu indulgentem, eademque querentem,  
 Dum nulla admittit mœsto solatia amor:  
 Deserti subeunt monita usque novissima regis,  
 Ac se perculsum muliebri voce recurſat.

Et jam tempus erat, cùm nondum aurora relatô  
 Orta die albentes cœli discriminat oras.

Jamque Deum vinctis manibus post terga trahebant

Præſidis ad sedem, quò crimina quæreret ipse,  
 Quem penes arbitrium, et morti damnavet acerbæ.  
 Illo Judæam frenabat tempore missus  
 Cæsaris imperio Tiberi Pilatus opimam  
 Pontius insigni Romanus origine gentis:  
 Quem furibunda manus trepido est aggressa tumultu,

Vociferans: Hunc dede neci, trabe fige merentem  
 Infami auctorem scelerum, fraudumque potentem.  
 Hæc crebrâ ingeminant, densique ad limen inundant.

Ille autem juvenis procero in corpore fixos  
 Intentusque oculos, intentusque ora tenebat.  
 (Nondum illi dulcis flos prorsum evanuit ævi)  
 Insolitam speciem, insolitos miratur honores  
 Oris, et expleri nequit: hunc è stirpe fatetur  
 Aut divum, aut saltem magnorum è sanguine regum,  
 Et secum sortem, capti miseratur iniquam.

Jamque

Inly he groans, with swelling grief oppress'd,  
And bears a load of anguish in his breast.  
Then stealing silent from the busy throng,  
Forlorn and sad he roams the streets along;  
While thro' the night, fresh sighs succeeding sighs,  
No pleasing slumber seals his wakeful eyes.  
'Tis said, that conscious of th' ungrateful crime,  
He wept for ever at that fatal time.

Oft as the morning rose with chearful ray,  
Oft as mild Hesper clos'd the parting day;  
In some lone rock or cavern was he found,  
O'erwhelm'd in tears, and breathing sighs around;  
For injur'd friendship to sad woes resign'd,  
No beam of comfort dawning in his mind:  
His Lord's last warnings to his thoughts appear,  
A slave's detection, and his dastard fear.

Now was the time, when scarce Aurora's ray  
Had giv'n the signal of approaching day:  
With zeal to bind the Captive they proceed,  
And to the Roman chief's tribunal lead;  
That he alone the crimes alledg'd might know  
By legal process, and condemn the Foe.  
Beneath a foreign yoke Judæa's land  
Then groan'd, and Pilate held the sole command:  
To him the frantic crowds tumultuous press,  
And in rude clamours thus the chief address—  
Strait let the wretch, who justly merits death,  
On the vile cross resign his forfeit breath.  
This oft they urge, with fierce imperious sound,  
The gath'ring tumult thickens all around.

He, with such firm majestic carriage struck,  
On the fair Youth attentive fix'd his look.  
(Not yet the vernal bloom and lively red  
Of op'ning roses from his cheeks were fled)  
Th' unusual splendor charm'd his ravish'd sight,  
Silent he gaz'd with wonder and delight.  
Some God he deems him, or of royal race  
At least; and inly mourns his dire disgrace.

Jamque favet, tacitusque agit, si qua potis illum  
Impunè eripere, et ruptis exolvere vinclis.

Quem sic alloquitur: quæ te commissa fatigant?

Fare age, qui casus? unde hæc effusa repentè

Tempesta tibi? num tantis scelera impia mersum  
Implicuere malis? an divùm tristior ira?

Unde domo? quo te memoras è sanguine cretum?

Aut quibus aspiras sceptris? quæ debita regna?

Christus ad hæc paucis: non huc ego criminis  
ergò

Protrahor, haud turpi mihi mens obnoxia factò:

Sed Patris, immensi coeli cui regia paret,

Jussà sequor. Nec regna moror mortalia: quamvis

Haud equidem clara me regum è stirpe negarim.

Hæc tantum, ille autem admirans decus oris honesti,

Nunc hoc, nunc alio sermone affatur, et omnem

Explorat: sed responso non amplius Heros

Dignatur, sævo curarum exercitus æstu.

Tandem illum dux, ut turbam compeſcat acerbam,

Servari jubet, atque domo interiore recondit.

Resolv'd, he labours in his mind to gain  
The Captive's freedom from the galling chain.  
Then thus begins—Illustrious Youth! disclose  
The fatal cause, from whence this storm arose?  
Say, in this deed is heav'n's fierce anger shown,  
Or spring these evils from thy crimes alone?  
Declare from whence thou art, where tend thy aims,  
And what the kingdom thy ambition claims.

For no offences am I hither brought;  
My soul, he cries, is guiltless of a fault.  
But in this act my gracious Father's will,  
Who rules heav'n's awful kingdom, I fulfil.  
I seek no earthly sceptre; tho' I own  
Myself ally'd by birth-right to a throne.

The chief admiring in his looks, the sign  
Of conscious worth, and dignity divine;  
With various questions the fair Youth address'd:  
But grief and anguish lab'ring in his breast,  
No more he deigns to answer his demand—  
At length, to silence this seditious band,  
The chief commands to lead the Youth away,  
And to some secret safe retreat convey.

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# MARCI HIERONYMI VIDA E

## CHRISTIADOS

### LIBER TERTIUS.

---

**I**ta M. A. volens per huiusmodi implevit ut  
periret. infans. Hec. domine inorum:  
Quam. tanta. super. mactis. auctor. ra-  
tione. adha. ut. dicit. mactis. penetrat. ad. au-

Am. it. non. quoniam. illi. animo. secuta. time-  
re.  
Per. it. mactis. auctor. ut. quoniam. re-  
tenti.

Per. it. mactis. ut. liberat. pium.  
Nec. it. mactis. ut. mactis. huius. auctor.

Am. it. mactis. tenet. pium. et. oim.  
Am. it. mactis. tenet. pium. concredita.

Nec. it. mactis. mactis. it. mactis.

Am. it. mactis. mactis. omnia. tenet. mactis.  
Am. it. mactis. mactis. mactis. per. mactis.  
Am. it. mactis. mactis. mactis. mactis.

Am. it. mactis. mactis. mactis. mactis. co-

Am. it. mactis. mactis. mactis. mactis.

Occurrit:



---

V I D A's

C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K. III.

---

**N**OW fame swift mounted on the winds, had blown  
Her sounding trumpet thro' each neighbouring  
town,

And spread the news, that Christ was captive made,  
By the vile baseness of his friends betray'd.  
But vague and doubtful the report appears,  
Nor reach'd as yet his mother's trembling ears;  
Tho' she, unhappy parent, had divin'd  
The worst disasters in her fearful mind.  
Oft had she heard, and bards inspir'd of old,  
With sad predictions to the world foretold,  
That He a painful death shou'd undergo,  
To rescue sinners from the realms of woe.

But when old Joseph, (who by heav'n's command  
Possess'd the dame in hymen's sacred band)  
Heard the sad tale; from Nazareth he came,  
And reach'd the city of imperial fame.  
Scarce was he enter'd, when his eyes survey'd  
A mighty concourse, thro' the glimm'ring shade,  
Of men tumultuous thick'ning all around,  
While mingled clamours from the walls resound.

Lo! just escaping from the impious hands,  
And frantic weapons of the hostile bands,  
The faithful John, with terror and dismay  
All pale his visage, speeds athwart the way:

Occurrit: sed vix amens agnovit amicum,  
Dum trepidat, casusque animo Ducis hæret acer-  
bus.

Cui senior: Heus siste gradum, quò te rapis?  
inquit:

Quo res nostra loco? sine te nunc vester ubi dux  
Patre Deo satus? aut strepitus quis tantus in urbe?  
Hei mihi, non fallunt pavidam præfagia matrem.

Sic ait: illum autem juvenis complexus, et hæ-  
rens

Tantum fundebat lachrymas, gemitusque ciebat.  
Tandem pauca refert: nostra heu spes occidit om-  
nis,

Atque absumpta salus: dux foedè carcere captus  
Clauditur: invidia primores urbis in illum  
Conspirant, poenasque graves cum sanguine poscunt.  
Fidi omnes petiere fugam, terrore subacti.

Mater ubi est? miserè ne adèò jam nuncius aures  
Perculit? hìc utinam tecum nunc afforet ipsa.

Pontius aspiciens lachrymas, gemitusque parentis,  
Forfitan indigni casus miseresceret ultro.

Ire tamen libet, ac pacem veniamque precari,  
Et populi invidiam, atque odium crudele profari.

Sic memorans, gressum Syriæ rectoris ad ædes  
Tendit: ei senior comitem se jungit, et ambo  
Incedunt pariter tristes: ceu fortè boves cùm  
Agricola amisit pauper, quos hostis abegit  
Depopulatus agros, quæsitum protinus illos  
Longum iter ingreditur, natorum maximus olli  
It comes, hìc illic sæpe ambo ignota per arva,  
Si quos fortè suis similes videre vagari,  
Subsistunt flentes, atque avia questibus implent,  
Haud ili secus: et jam ventum ad limina testì,  
Quod regum quondam fuit antiquissima sedes;  
Cùm res incolum regno Judæa maneret:

Sed

But whelm'd in sorrow at his Master's woes  
Scarce his old friend amidst the tumult knows.

To whom the senior—To what destin'd place  
Tend thy swift steps? oh! stop thy rapid pace.  
In what condition are our hopes, he cried?  
And where without thee roves thy heav'nly guide?  
What dreadful noise is this? alas! I find  
Too well his mother's boding breast divin'd.

Thus he; the Youth in close embraces press'd  
His friend, while sighs burst frequent from his breast;  
Then thus return'd—Alas! all hope is flown!  
Each flatt'ring view of safety lost and gone!  
Fast bound in prison lies our faithful guide;  
The priests inflam'd with jealousy and pride,  
Against the Chief unanimous conspire,  
And to appease their rage his blood require.  
His faithful friends, all seiz'd with wild affright,  
Have sought their safety in ignoble flight.  
Where is his wretched parent? do'st thou know  
If yet the tidings of this dismal woe, [see  
Have reach'd her ears? wou'd heav'n! mine eyes cou'd  
The Virgin-mother here, O friend! with thee!  
Mov'd by her tears, perhaps the Roman chief  
To woes so piercing wou'd afford relief.  
Myself will go submissive, and relate  
At large the nation's unrelenting hate.

Thus saying, to the Syrian court he bends  
His course; the senior on his steps attends.  
Pensive they march; as when some rustic swain  
Mourns his lost cattle, from the ravag'd plain  
Driv'n by the hostile troops; he journies on  
Forlorn, attended by his first-born son:  
To seek their treasure lost, thro' paths unknown  
They rove; the desert echoes with their moan.  
Thus pass'd the friendly pair; and now they come  
To the proud threshold of th' imperial dome;  
The seat of regal pomp, in times of yore,  
When fair Judæa held the sov'reign pow'r;

Now

Sed tum Romulides oræ moderator habebat.  
 Fervere cuncta vident strepitu, patresque sub ipso  
 Vestibulo ante fores dissensu tendere magno.  
 Jamque sacerdotes paulatim cedere ab aula,  
 Romano velut insensos, ac dira minantes.

His animum arrecti paulùm lenire dolorem  
 Incipiunt, rebusque aliquam sperare salutem.  
 Atque ita Iōannes: mihi se nonnulla aperit spes,  
 Solve metum, atque virum pro nato affare, Deique  
 Dissimula sobolem, et causas innecte precandi.

His dictis, pariter succedunt ædibus ambo,  
 Atque ducem senior, qui re suspensus eadem  
 His super in medio procerum consulta rogabat,  
 Alloquitur genua amplexans, supplexque precat-  
 tur:

Optime Romulidum, quem clari rector olympi  
 Justitia voluit Syriam frenare superbam:  
 Parce piis, sævumque hominum compesce furo-  
 rem.

Hinc ratio penitus sublata est: vi geritur res.  
 Ille ego sum genitor, quem primi gentis in unum  
 Conjurant omnes, et ficto crimine terrent.  
 Jamque tibi, ut scelere ante omnes immanior unus,  
 Traditus, immeritas quo pendat sanguine pœnas.  
 Illum autem virtus tantum, et benefacta per orbem  
 His mersere malis sua, dum gens effera laudi  
 Invidet eximiæ, nec fert surgentis honorem.

Talibus orabat: largo simul imbre rigabant  
 Ora senis lachrymæ: placido quem Pontius ore  
 Accipit, atque ambos verbis solatur amicis;  
 Depositumque senem molli locat ipse sedili,  
 Atque hæc deinde refert: Ut vos hic tempore ad-  
 estis  
 Optati! nec enim forsan venisse pigebit:

Tu

Now subject to the Roman chief's command,  
Who stretch'd his empire o'er the conquer'd land,  
Before the crowded entrance here they found  
The chiefs dissenting, and a tumult round:  
Then view the priests by slow degrees retreat,  
Incens'd and threat'ning, from the regal seat.

At this, their terrors gradually suppress'd,  
A ray of comfort dawns within their breast.  
Some hopes, O friend! arise (thus John begun)  
Dismiss thy fear, and for thy captive Son  
Implore the chief; his heav'nly birth suppress;  
And feign some specious causes of address.

This said, together to the dome they went;  
Then to the chief, who dubious of th' event,  
Was searching fresh discoveries to make,  
His knees embracing thus the senior spake.

Oh! best of Romans! who by heav'n's command,  
With sacred justice rul'st the Syrian land;  
A pious race with kind compassion view,  
And curb the madness of an impious crew.  
From them no reason in our cause is shown,  
All, all proceeds by violence alone.  
Behold in me the Youth's unhappy fire,  
'Gainst whom the rulers with one voice conspire;  
And now deliver to thy awful throne,  
As one in crimes unrivall'd and alone.  
But virtue only, and good actions wrought  
O'er the wide world, have these disasters brought;  
Whilst Him with envy the whole nation view,  
And grudge the honours to his merit due.

Fervent he pray'd; while trickling tears apace  
In silent show'rs bedew'd his aged face.  
Him Pilate with a gracious mien receiv'd,  
And with kind words their mutual grief reliev'd.  
Then plac'd with tenderness the good old man  
Soft on a velvet couch, and mild began:  
As thus, oh friends! my wishes you prevent,  
Perhaps you may not this address repent:

Tu modò vera mihi scitanti ediffere pauca  
Nunc pater, haud veritus, fidei te credere fas est  
Omne meæ: coelum et coeli vaga sidera testor,  
Sollicito mihi cura tui est nunc maxima nati:  
Quem tibi mente agito incolumem fervare, furorem-

que,  
Et rabiem, ut potui, compressæ gentis iniquæ.  
Fare age (namque mihi haud nunc primum venit  
ad aures)

Quæ fortuna viro, unde domo, quo sanguine cre-  
tus:

Ede tuum, matrisque genus: non ille creatus  
Stirpe humili, mihi si verum mens augurat,  
ut se

Incessu gerit! ut vultuque et corpore toto est  
Humana major species! ut lumina honorum  
Plena! ut regifici motus! verba inde notavi,  
Nil mortale sonat: sensi illo in pectore numen.  
Aut certè Deus ille, aut non mortalibus ortus.  
Dicite vos: nam me citantem avertitur ipse,  
Et vix responso tacitus dignatur amicum,  
Contemptorque illi est animus lucisque, mei-  
que.

His dictis, senior paulisper substitit anceps,  
Sene ultrà tegeret quærenti, an proderet illi  
Et Divi genus, et verum sine fraude parentem.

Cùm breviter comes admotus sic fatur ad au-  
rem:

Regia progenies, Nymphæ dignate superbo  
Conjugio, quid adhuc hæres? absiste vereri,  
Omnia sublati aperi jam nubibus ultro.  
Pone metus, et rumpe moras, video omnia  
tuta.

Dixerat: ille igitur missa formidine cœpit:

Dicam equidem, nec dux, tibi magna arcana  
filebo.

Sed

Do thou, oh father! thy assistance lend  
To clear my doubts, and safely trust a friend.  
I swear by heav'n, and all th'etherial race,  
My soul is anxious for thy Son's disgrace;  
Whom to release I strove, and, all I cou'd,  
The clam'rous nation's zealous rage withstood.  
Say then, (for e'er this time these strange affairs  
By public rumour have approach'd my ears)  
What happier fortune on thy Son attends?  
What lineage boasts he? from what blood descends?  
Thine, and his mother's glorious birth-right trace;  
For sure He springs not from a vulgar race.  
With what an air he moves! how much are seen  
Distinguish'd o'er the rest, his shape and mien!  
How with his princely motions am I struck!  
What heav'nly lustre sparkles in his look!  
His words I mark'd, above a mortal sound;  
Within that breast a Deity I found.  
Doubtless, some Youth he is of heav'nly birth,  
Or not descended from the race of earth.  
Declare yourselves; the chief in silent scorn  
Vouchsafes no further answer to return;  
But bears in his determin'd looks, I see,  
A soul regardless both of life and me.

These mild expressions when the senior heard,  
Doubtful awhile, and wav'ring he appear'd;  
Whether some part in prudence to suppress,  
Or the whole truth without disguise confess.  
When thus his friend soft whisper'd in his ear;  
Why do'st thou longer hesitate, or fear;  
Oh! worthy of the virgin bride alone,  
Thou true descendant of a royal throne?  
Without concealment all the truth declare,  
Each scruple now and jealousy forbear;  
All, all is safe, suspense and fear are vain—  
He said; the senior in these words began:

To thee the truth, O prince, I will reveal,  
Nor longer now this mystic tale conceal.

Sed quando genus infedit cognoscere nostrum,  
 Id primum, neque te suspensum ambage tenebo:  
 Quamvis res inopes opera ad fabrika versum  
 Exercent, tamen est mihi regum à stirpe pro-  
 pago,

Admotumque genus superis, clarique parentes.  
 Principio innumeræ pater Abras gentis, et  
 auctor

Maximus ille, tuas non (ut reor) effugit aures,  
 Qui generi legesque tulit, moremque sacrorum.  
 Itacon hic dedit, Isacides Jacobus ab illo,  
 Bis senos qui mox proceres genuit, quibus omnis  
 Nostra domos in bis senas gens secta, tribusque  
 est.

Hos inter pietate olim quàm major Iudas,  
 Tam sese sobole egregia super extulit omnes,  
 Judæamque suo dixit de nomine terram.  
 Hinc (licet in medio series longissima patrum)  
 Davides ortus, regum pater, unde meorum  
 Per bis septem exit genus actum ab origine re-  
 ges.

Verùm longè aliud juveni genus, ille parentes  
 Quamvis mortales mortalibus editus oris  
 Dignatur, tamen est Divo cœlestis origo,  
 Estque Deo genitore satus, gaudetque pa-  
 rente,

Cui mare velivolum, cui tellus paret, et æther.  
 Illum autem aëreas in luminis edidit auras,  
 Nunquam mixta viro mulier, foetæque reman-  
 sit

Virginitas, olim ut vates cecinere futurum.  
 Nam pater omnipotens foecunda desuper aura  
 Afflatam implevit, tumuit divinitus alvus:  
 Quòd verò genitor vulgò sum creditus ipse,  
 Haud ita res, mihiq; alma parens accredita tan-  
 tum,

Quicum animi posset curas, durumque labo-  
 rem

Partiri,



But since you seek my high descent to trace,  
Hear first in brief the story of my race.  
Tho' now unfriended and of wealth devoid,  
In servile tasks my labour is employ'd;  
Yet from a sacred stem I draw my birth,  
My royal kindred once renown'd on earth.  
You live, I guess, no stranger to the fame  
Of Ab'ram, father of the Jewish name.  
This patriarch founded an illustrious line,  
And gave them laws, and sacred rites divine:  
From him, sprung Isaac of distinguish'd worth;  
From ancient Isaac, Jacob drew his birth:  
From Jacob's loins twelve famous patriarchs came,  
Who gave to twelve conspicuous tribes a name.  
'Midst these, great Judas held the sov'reign place,  
For worth heroic, and a noble race;  
Till the whole land, as he encreas'd in fame,  
Was call'd Judæa from the leader's name.  
From hence (tho' here I numbers more might trace)  
Rose David, author of a royal race:  
From him, descending thro' a line of kings,  
My blood thro' fourteen generations springs.  
But claims far diff'rent to this Youth belong;  
Tho' from a stock of mortal parents sprung,  
He deigns to breathe this vital air of earth,  
Yet springs the Hero from coelestial birth;  
And boasts a Sire, who sits enthron'd on high,  
Th' eternal Sov'reign of earth, seas, and sky.  
Him, a fair maid, by strange and wond'rous birth,  
Guiltless of man's embrace, produc'd on earth;  
And, as our bards foretold, still free from stains  
Her heav'n-defended purity remains:  
Th' Almighty Father with his spirit fill'd  
This favour'd maid; her womb divinely swell'd.  
To style myself his parent I forbear,  
The nymph was only trusted to my care;  
With whom her days in social peace to spend,  
And share the labours which on life attend.

Partiri, mox me famæ, niveoque pudori  
 Permetuens, eadem dignata est nomine veri  
 Conjugis immeritum, nec tali munere dignum.

Hæc erat (ut revocans rem cunctam ab origine  
 pandam)

Judæas inter virgo pulcherrima nymphas,  
 Centum optata procis (Mariam dixerè) parentum  
 Unica progenies, urbe edita Nazaræa.  
 Ipsa autem æterno præ virginitatis amore  
 Oderat et thalamos, et se sacraverat aris.  
 Anna tamen grandæva parens, haud nescia vatum,  
 Plenaque venturi è nata præviderat olim  
 Egregiam factis sobolem, Regemque futurum,  
 Qui populos magnos magna ditione teneret;  
 Id cœlo fixum esse, pios id prodere vates.  
 Sæpe illam in somnis monuit vox missa per auras,  
 Jungere connubio natam, generosque vocare.  
 Jamque erat apta viro, jam nubilus: hæcenus au-  
 tem.

Distulerant superùm monitis parere parentes,  
 Cum media ecce iterum sublimes luce per auras  
 Vox audita: viro properate ô jungere natam,  
 Nec generi longè optandi, de sanguine vestro  
 Quærantur de more, omnis mora segnis abesto.

Continuò parvum vulgatur fama per urbem:  
 Tum consanguinei pulchræ spe conjugis omnes  
 Conveniunt juvenes, complentur virginis ædes:  
 Ipse etiam patri consanguinitate propinquus  
 Accessi, quamvis ævi maturus, ut ipsi  
 Equævo natæ ob thalamos gratarer amico.  
 Stabant innumeri forma, atque ætatibus æquis  
 Florentes, cœlum cui munera tanta pararet  
 Incerti, et sortem sibi quisque optabat amicam:  
 Dum spes ambigæ, dum turba ignara futuri,  
 In secreta domus omnes evasimus altæ  
 Tecta, ubi Joachides numen placare solebat

Virginis

At length, regardful of her spotless fame,  
She deign'd to grace me with an husband's name.

From early times my story to declare,  
This nymph was fairest of Judæa's fair.  
From distant Nazareth the Virgin came,  
An only child, and Mary was her name;  
Of num'rous lovers the distinguish'd flame:  
But coyly chaste from Hymen's rites she fled,  
And shun'd the pleasures of the bridal bed.  
Yet had her aged mother, deeply skill'd  
In what authentic prophecies reveal'd,  
Foreseen, in time's revolving course, a King  
Renown'd for glory, from her womb shou'd spring;  
And mighty nations in subjection hold;  
This heav'n decreed, and this the bards foretold.  
A voice in dreams oft gliding thro' the air,  
Invites the parents to betroth the fair;  
But tho' the maid was ripe for Hymen's bands,  
They still obey'd not these divine commands:  
When at mid-day the voice this sound convey'd—  
In sacred wedlock haste to join the maid;  
And seek some son, by kindred blood ally'd,  
As custom dictates, for the blooming bride.

Swift spread the news, and soon in crowds appear  
The kindred youth, to court the virgin fair.  
Ev'n I, tho' old, yet near of kindred, came  
Amongst the rest, who sought the beauteous dame:  
Not to these arms the damsel to invite,  
But share some portion of my friend's delight.  
The youths around in graceful circles stand,  
As yet uncertain, to whose favour'd hand  
Heav'n yields the fair; and of the rival train  
Each wish'd in secret the lov'd prize to gain.  
Whilst all the crowd were doubtful of th' event,  
Within the secret dome retir'd we went;  
Where oft the father of this lovely maid,  
To heav'n's high throne his holy off'rings paid.

K

Here

Virginis ore pater: fuit ara veterrima, nostræ  
Quam gentis primi posuere, metuque sacratam  
Ter centum totos atavi coluere per annos.  
Hanc humiles circum, et prostrati fundimur omnes,

Orantes pacem superos, superûmque parentem,  
Det signum cœlo placidus quem poscat ab alto.  
In medio astabat lacrymans pulcherrima virgo,  
Flaventes effusa comas, demissaque largo  
Rorantes oculos fletu, pudor ora pererrans  
Cana rosis veluti miscebat lilia rubris.  
Qualis, virgineos ubi lavit in æquore vultus  
Luna recens, stellis latè comitantibus, orta  
Ingreditur gracili cœli per cœrula cornu:  
Talis erat virgo juvenum stipata corona,  
Multa Deum verbis testata, Deique ministros  
Aligeros, non sponte sua hæc ad munera flecti.  
Hortatur pavidam pater, et lacrymantia tergit  
Lumina, jussa docens superûm, simul oscula libat.

Ecce autem, ut præsens aderat quoque pronuba,  
cœtu

In medio Anna parens, subito correpta furore,  
Plena Deo tota (visu venerabile) in æde  
Bacchatur, tollitque ingentem cœlo ululatum,  
Unum in me conversa oculos, me fertur in unum,  
Nil minus hoc ducentem animo, nil tale verentem.  
Corripiensque manu: solus tu posceris, inquit.  
Annuit hoc uni superûm tibi connubium Rex.  
Obstupuere omnes: nec tunc ex agmine tanto  
Exortem quisquam seniori invidit honorem.  
Ipse ævi quod eram seris minùs integer annis,  
Multa recusabam, multà huc venisse pigebat.  
Æquales aderant fidi, simul et renuentem  
Hortari, atque animum mihi blandis addere dictis.  
Cedo igitur victus, tandemque uxorius illam  
Accedo, et lacrymans lacrymantem ad limina  
duco.

Here crown'd with wreaths an ancient altar stands,  
 Rais'd by our great forefathers pious hands;  
 Whose sage descendants, full three hundred years  
 Have held it sacred to religious fears.

Round this we kneel, and beg the pow'r divine  
 To point the youth by some auspicious sign.

With hair dishevell'd in the midst appears  
 The pensive virgin, drown'd in flowing tears:  
 O'er either cheek a blush soft wand'ring, shows  
 Like lilies mixing with the vernal rose.

As when bright Cynthia, with her starry train,  
 Bathes her chaste visage in the glassy main,  
 And with her lucid crescent tow'ring high,  
 Walks graceful thro' the blue etherial sky;  
 So shone the damsel; with such equal grace  
 She stands, encircled by her kindred race;  
 Attesting heav'n, and all th' angelic choir,  
 These rites were foreign to her pure desire.

Her father warns her with persuasions mild  
 To obey heav'n's will, and kiss'd his weeping child;  
 But lo! propitious as the mother stands,  
 To join her offspring in the nuptial bands;  
 Sudden she seems like one with rage possess'd,  
 An heav'nly frenzy lab'ring in her breast.

With piercing shrieks thro' all the dome she flies;  
 Then sole on me she fix'd her frantic eyes;

Me, only me, who least of all aspir'd  
 To such fond hopes; the madding dame requir'd.

My hand fierce grasping, thou alone, she cried,  
 So heav'n determines, shalt possess the bride.

Amazement seiz'd them; yet of all the crowd  
 Not one with envy grudg'd the lot bestow'd.

I, what I cou'd, my years unlike her own,  
 Refus'd the grace conferr'd on me alone.

My faithful equals on my side appear,  
 And with kind words my drooping courage chear.

At length I yield, by their desires o'ercome,  
 And weeping lead the blushing damsel home.

Et jam nox aderat stellis fulgentibus apta,  
 Scandens umbras mundo nigrantibus alis.  
 Secretis thalamis pariter succedimus ambo:  
 Flebat sponsa, solum lacrymis juxta omne made-  
 bat.

Ac veluti, cum vere subest uberrimus humor  
 Arboribus, lentæ vitis si fortè cacumen  
 Falce putans surpem feriat malè providus unca  
 Agricola, immeritam et violarit vulnere matrem.  
 Ipse aderat, et dictis solabar mitibus ægram,  
 Virginis haud cupidus primùm decerpere florem.  
 Cum sic longa trahens suspiria, pectore ab imo est  
 Orsa loqui: non relligio mihi vana suavit  
 Ex thalamos edisse, et virginittis amorem  
 Extremum colere: intus agit vis ætheris intus,  
 Longævam responsa licet contraria matrem  
 Sollicitent, vatumque minæ: sunt et mea contra  
 Vatum jura mihi, nulli succumbere labi,  
 Nullis virgineam tædis summittere mentem:  
 Ante retro primos properet revolutus ad ortus  
 Jordanis, sistantque suos vaga sidera cursus.  
 Hæc ait, inque genas stillantes undique honestæ  
 Ex oculis simul incipiunt turgescere gemmæ.  
 Nec mora, deinde mihi insinuans quatit ima re-  
 pentè

Cum timor, genua ægra labant, nox plurima o-  
 borta

Ante oculos: ter sum conatus pauca profari,  
 Ter frustrata sono lingua est, nec verba sequuta.  
 Tum quoque vox audita: tpro, thalamisque pa-  
 rat

Parce: tamen concessa tibi connubia serva,  
 Exurgo, atque oculos jamdudum in virgine fixus  
 Horrenda, tali sum tandem voce loquutus:  
 Quis mihi te virgo invito conjunxit olympo?  
 Quis tantis (non hos equidem quæsiui hymenæos)  
 Immeritum implicuit monstris? haud talia quan-  
 dam

Prædixit

Now silent night, her ebon wings display'd  
 O'er half the globe, diffus'd a grateful shade.  
 Retir'd, as custom wills, from public view,  
 Within the secret chamber we withdrew:  
 Fast wept the bride, all wrapt in thought profound,  
 And with her trickling tears bedew'd the ground.  
 As if, in genial spring when trees obtain  
 Luxuriant moisture; some unskilful swain  
 Pruning a vine, has turn'd the knife astant,  
 And hurt with casual wound the parent plant:  
 To sooth her grief I urg'd my utmost pow'r,  
 Nor strove to violate her virgin flow'r.  
 Then, heaving from her breast a length of sighs,  
 The maid relenting thus in brief replies:  
 No vain religion has my fancy led,  
 To scorn the pleasures of the nuptial bed,  
 In virgin freedom; but some force unseen,  
 Prompts the chaste motions of my soul within.  
 If my fond mother in this act regards,  
 Th' advice and threat'ning of cœlestial bards;  
 I have my prophets too; and their commands  
 Enjoin my soul to fly from Hymen's bands: ,  
 Sooner may Jordan to his native source  
 Roll back; and planets stop their wand'ring course.  
 Thus spoke the fair, and in her lovely eyes  
 Like crystal gems the starting tears arise.  
 A sudden trembling all my limbs invades,  
 And my eyes sunk in night's surrounding shades;  
 Fear shook my knees, and thrice to speak I tried,  
 Thrice my mute tongue its wonted pow'r deny'd.  
 Then thus a voice—from nuptial rites forbear,  
 But hold thy contract with the wedded fair.  
 At length recover'd from my dream, I rise,  
 And on the awful virgin fix my eyes.  
 Then thus exclaim—What fate, oh charming bride!  
 With heav'n averse, has join'd me to thy side?  
 What envious pow'rs (I never sought thy bed)  
 Have show'r'd these evils on my guiltless head?

Prædixit puero genitor ludibria vates,  
 Jam senior vates idem, templique sacerdos.  
 Ille quidem aut nullos thalamos, mihi nulla manere

Connubia, aut certè clarum fore me inde canebat.  
 Verùm age quæ menti surgat sententia, pandam.  
 Quandoquidem superi mihi te junxere, sed iidem  
 Absterrent monstros; licet, et mox usque licebit  
 Virgineum serves intacto corpore florem.  
 Haud tamen ipse ausim injussus dissolvere sacri  
 Connubii vincla ista: domo degemus eadem,  
 Ipse tibi ut genitor, mihi tu ceu filia semper,  
 Teque adeò casus jam nunc complector in omnes:  
 Hoc tua religio velit, hoc mea senior ætas.  
 Annuit his, aliâque domus in parte puella  
 Secubuit: mitto totam quæ monstra per illam  
 Sum passus, quàm mira horrens insomnia noctem.

Jamque dies pulsas tenebris invecsta rubebat,  
 Et face sol rosea nigras disjecerat umbras,  
 Corripio è stratis artus, sponsamque reviso.  
 Vix thalami impuleram biparentis cardine portas,

Cum lux ecce oculis ingens offusa repentè:  
 Collucent summi radiis laquearia tecti,  
 Collucentque trabes, visumque ardere cubile.  
 Ipsa autem thalami in medio sedet aurea virgo,  
 Attonitæ similis: nec enim me multa rogantem  
 Dignatur, nihil illa meo sermone movetur.  
 Tantum fixa oculos cœlo, palmasque tenebat  
 Aut stellæ similis, aut puniceæ auroræ.  
 O' illa à solita quantum mutata figura?  
 Quantum honos oculis, quantum decor additus ori?

Haud aliter, quàm cum simulacrum excidit acernum

Artificis manus è sylvis, in sede locandum  
 Sacrata, quod plebs dehinc supplex omnis adoret;  
 Si,



My aged sire far other lot foreshow'd,  
 At once the prophet and the priest of God.  
 Either, he cried, his son shou'd never wed,  
 Or prove illustrious by the marriage bed.  
 Then hear what I devise—Since heav'n above  
 Vouchsafes me partner of thy envy'd love,  
 Yet warns to shun thy charms; for ever be  
 Thy maiden treasures unenjoy'd by me.  
 But since I dare not, such is heav'n's command,  
 Dissolve the chain that links this nuptial band,  
 Our days in peaceful union let us spend,  
 My daughter thou, and I thy sire and friend:  
 Thro' all life's ills to guard thee I engage;  
 This suits thy modesty, and this my age.  
 The nymph consented to this fair request,  
 Then to some secret room retir'd to rest.  
 I wave the horrors of that dismal night,  
 Nor what I suffer'd shall my tongue recite.

Aurora now an early blush display'd,  
 And from her presence chas'd the dewy shade;  
 When rising from the couch I haste away,  
 My bride to visit at the dawn of day.  
 Scarce to the rich apartment was I come,  
 A sudden lustre shot thro' all the dome;  
 The beams and cieling catch'd the spreading rays,  
 And the bed sparkled with a quiv'ring blaze:  
 But in the middle of the couch, array'd  
 In golden splendors sat the dazzling maid,  
 Like one entranc'd; and tho' with warmth address'd,  
 She deign'd no answer to each kind request:  
 Unmov'd she seem'd, her hands to heav'n upborne,  
 Like some bright star, or like the golden morn.  
 How chang'd her form! around what glories rise!  
 What heav'nly radiance sparkles in her eyes!  
 So bright she shines, as when the workman's hand  
 A maple image carves, decreed to stand  
 For pure devotion at some sacred shrine,  
 Where throng'd assemblies pay their rites divine;

VI CHRISTIADOS. [LIB. III.]

Sic quicquam effigiem posiens trunco extudit arte,  
 Extremam super imposito decus induat auro.  
 Immittit penitus circumdat lucida nubes,  
 Solis irradians radios, stellaeque videntur  
 Lustrantes caeli circum aurea tempora pasci,  
 Sic penitusque deus lumen dare candida luna.  
 Perterriti, et mira stupefactus imagine rerum,  
 Talia vocem dabant: Pater his o me exue monstros  
 Omnipotens, nec huc superi sine numine vel-

tas

Velis huc portenta, agnosco, manifesta que  
 Agnoscere animo placidi, debiumque monere  
 Quod loquar, aut qualem vobis sententia con-

Tantum scitis erant, tandem pulcherrima vir-

At sic ruit, abrupto velut excita somno  
 Supplex, lacrymaeque sinus humedat obortis.  
 Atque, atque rogo nova per connubia supplex,  
 Atque totum exorat per virginitatis amorem,  
 Ut quem vivo colit intemerata pudore,  
 Admittat votum curarum, et magna recludat  
 Rerum arcana, nihil metuens, mihi que omnia cre-

Ita solo vultum, atque oculos dejecta nitentes,  
 Rite velut demissa caput rosa matutino,  
 Constat, demum incipiens sic ora resolvit:  
 Deum equidem pater, haud patiar te nostra la-

Gratia, sed quae nunc, aut unde exordia fu-

Nam quis narranti rerum miracula credat  
 Tantarum? per ego has lacrymas, quas excutit

Lacida, obtestor, quae fabor, pectore condas,

Ne

If, when his touch has shap'd the beauteous mould,  
 He clothes the figure in refulgent gold.  
 Fix'd as the fate, around the damsel shone  
 A radiant cloud that glitter'd like the sun:  
 Bright stars, encircling with their vivid rays  
 Her golden temples, cast a burnish'd blaze;  
 While Cynthia from her silver horn was seen,  
 Beneath the goddess' feet to shed a light serene.  
 At this appearance seiz'd with trembling fear,  
 To heav'n's high throne I thus address'd my pray'r:  
 Almighty Sire! and oh! ye pow'rs above!  
 These signs portentous from my breast remove;  
 In these events your heav'nly hand is shown,  
 These golden dreams, and visions are your own:  
 Propitious smile, whilst lost in doubts I stray,  
 And safely guide me thro' this mystic way.

Thus far with holy vehemence I pray'd;  
 At length recover'd from her trance, the maid  
 Heav'd from her panting breast a length of sighs,  
 While streaming tears flow'd copious from her eyes:  
 Soft I approach, and press the lovely dame,  
 By the new rites that crown'd our spotless flame;  
 By that dear love to virgin honour shown,  
 Which she preserves inviolate alone;  
 T'admit me partner of her secret woes,  
 Each fear resign, and all her soul disclose.

Penfive on earth she fix'd a thoughtful view,  
 Her head declin'd, as wet with pearly dew  
 The morning rose appears; awhile she stay'd,  
 In deep suspense; then thus began the maid:  
 These lips no longer shall the truth conceal,  
 But all my joys to thee, oh Sire! reveal;  
 Yet how, or whence shall I begin the tale?  
 For who to my report will credit give,  
 Or these stupendous miracles believe?  
 By all these tears I beg; which not from woe,  
 But scenes of joy alone spontaneous flow,

The

Ne prius incipiant in vanum serpere vulgus,  
 Quàm Deus ipse aliis vulgaverit omnia signis.  
 Jam monitrix operum stellas aurora fugarat,  
 Et sol pallentes lustrabat lampade terras:  
 Ipsa revolvebam vatum monimenta priorum,  
 Dicta animo recolens: sed præ tunc omnibus  
 unum

Fortè mihi ante oculos (neque enim sine numine  
 certo

Oblatum reor) immotum, fixumve manebat,  
 Quod cuncti pariter super omnia prædixere  
 Affore, concubitu nullo cùm regia virgo  
 Impatiens, exorsque viri (mirabile dictu)  
 Coelicolùm regem sub luminis ederet auras,  
 Cujus in adventu lætentur cuncta per orbem  
 Protinus, et toto surgat gens aurea mundo.  
 Illam felicem tacitè mecum ipsa vocabam,  
 Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumlaret ho-  
 nore.

Jamque Dei matrem venerabar mente futu-  
 ram:

Infantique Deo, si fortè his ille diebus,  
 His si fortè oris nascatur, dona parabam.  
 Talia dum mecum eventus ignara voluto,  
 Ecce mihi nova lux oculis oblata repentè:  
 Suspicio, liquidas sine nube remetiior auras.  
 (Mira loquar) video medium discedere cœ-  
 lum,

Pennatasque acies, populos felicit Olympi,  
 Exultare polo, superùmque applaudere Re-  
 gi.

Non obstant clausi postes, non pariete tectum  
 Marmoreo circumseptum, video ignea cœli  
 Sidera, fidereosque globos, superùm aurea  
 tecta.

Tum mihi se puer ante oculos allapsus Olym-  
 po,

Ora Deo propior radiantibus obtulit alis,

Et

A bunch of lilies in his hand he press'd,  
And thus his errand in mild terms address'd.

Hail thou! that far above the beauteous race,  
Art highly favour'd with celestial grace;  
Unnumber'd blessings are to thee convey'd,  
Beyond thy sex, oh! heav'n-distinguish'd maid!

This short address I scarce with wonder hear,  
When all my limbs were stiff with sudden fear.  
Then thus the youth confirm'd my trembling mind;  
Oh! happy virgin! be these fears resign'd.  
Thou, thou alone hast pleas'd heav'n's gracious King;  
Hence from thy womb a fav'rite son shall spring.  
The babe from this blest'd moment thou shalt bear, }  
Divine achievements will his fame declare,  
And men shall call him God's eternal heir:  
But as the world from sins he shall reclaim,  
On earth let JESUS be his sacred name;  
A name, that ev'n now presages woe,  
And sure destruction to the realms below:  
In glorious deeds and fame he shall aspire  
Above mankind, above th' etherial choir.  
For He, who rules with sov'reign sway alone,  
Will seat him in his great forefathers throne;  
O'er the wide world extend his large domain,  
And fix no measures to his boundless reign.

Thus spoke the youth; my fears at length allay'd  
By words so gracious, this reply I made:  
How can th' event be true thy lips relate?  
For in my soul I stand resolv'd as fate,  
Never my virgin honour to forego;  
And with man's sex no intercourse I know.

On thee, return'd the youth, heav'n's Sire above  
Will breathe the spirit of celestial love:  
Impregnate by this genial breath alone,  
The time compleated, thou shalt bear a Son;  
His offspring shall he be who rules on high,  
Th' eternal Sire, and Sov'reign of the sky.

And

Quæ te vaga paties, scis quæ tibi sanguine juncta  
est

Excite, inobolis ut degerit hæcenus exors,  
Ut ferri iocis iuncturam efficta senectus  
Spona coactam abdulerit partis, prolisque creandæ:  
Plena viro pariet tamen illa, et tempore luna  
Periclio gravidæ jam sextum circuit orbem.  
Cuncta potest etenim, quæ me tibi mittit ab alto  
Æthere, saltem Rex idem, atque auctor Olympi.

Hæc ait, et paribus se in coelum proripit alis.  
Quem supera aspiciens tali sum voce sequuta:  
Quisquis es o cuncti juvenum pulcherrime præpes,  
Obsecror: ac votis, quod Rex jubet, omnibus  
opto.

Interca nubes maculoso discolor auro  
Densa ad terram, croceis me amplectitur alis.  
Diffulgent intus radique, ignique coruscæ  
Scintillant veluti squamæ vario ordine circum:  
Squamæque, stellæque auri fulgore micantes.  
Acverio quales imitatur sole colores,  
Cum picturato coelum distinxit amictu,  
Nubicolor liquidis effusus imbribus arcus.  
Hanc simul omnipotens Genitor perflavit ab  
alto,

Continuò ruit ecce voluta liquentibus astris  
Aura potens, quaque illa venit, procul undique cir-  
cùm

Scintillæ abfliunt radiis vibrantibus auræ.  
Turbine corripior rapido, visque illa per omnes  
Auræ vis omnipotens mihi diditur artus,  
Æthereusque vigor toto se corpore miscet:  
Visaque prædulci mihi corda liquefcere amore.  
Qualis secreto naturæ fœdere tellus  
Concipit, et vario clàm foetu plena gravescit,  
Matris ubi in gremium descendit plurimus  
Æther,

Auraque fœcundos afflavit verna tepores.

His

And that my words may due attention claim,  
 Thy near of kin, Elizabeth by name,  
 Thou know'st as yet has pass'd her days in care,  
 Deny'd the wish'd-for blessing of an heir;  
 Nay, that the dame, now old and barren grown,  
 Has lost all prospect of a fav'rite son:  
 Yet in her womb she shall at length conceive,  
 And one fair offspring to her husband give:  
 To speed this birth, already has the moon  
 Around the earth six circling journies gone.  
 For He, whose sov'reign orders I obey,  
 Directs events with unresisted sway.

This said, he wing'd his flight; my ardent eyes,  
 In wonder lost, I lifted to the skies;  
 Whoe'er thou art, I cried, oh youth divine!  
 What heav'n shall dictate, to obey be mine.  
 Meantime a cloud distinct with spots, and bright  
 With golden lustre, sail'd before my sight;  
 Hov'ring with slow descent it reach'd the ground,  
 Then with its saffron wings embrac'd me round.  
 Thick streams of rays refulgent shone within,  
 And golden studs, like spangled flames, were seen  
 O'er the bright cloud with various lustre spread;  
 The studs and stars a golden gleam display'd.  
 Such and so bright the vivid colours glow,  
 That paint the surface of the show'ry bow.  
 This golden cloud th' eternal Sire on high  
 Fill'd with his breath; and thro' the melting sky,  
 With rapid whirl the genial gale roll'd on;  
 Swift as it pass'd the radiant sparkles shone.  
 Rapt in the furious gust, the heav'nly flame  
 Shot in a moment thro' my trembling frame;  
 Th' ethereal breath thro' all my senses drove,  
 And my heart seem'd to melt in flames of love.  
 So, by great nature's secret law, the earth  
 Conceives, and fruitful teems with various birth,  
 When she th' embraces of moist Ether shares,  
 And genial warmth is breath'd from vernal airs.

This

Hæc ætæ, circum socrere per æthera coetus  
 Aigeri, cunctis vario, plautumque dedere.  
 Hinc totiens ingenti tremuerunt ardua olympi,  
 Cœteraque per cœlum hæc illæ rima ignea fulsit.

Tamæ mirabat virgo, simul ora rigabat  
 Lætæ hæc hæc: tam tendo ad sidera pal-  
 mas,

Multa oras, mihi arduous: nec credere quibam  
 (Mens autem mihi hæc rima) tam mira ferenti.  
 Quamvisque juvenes peritumque innedere  
 rima

Viginti hæc incensis, et fallere furto,  
 At facies cunctis aurem præbere puellas.  
 Quamvis hæc volui (socrere), olim linquere de-  
 ceta

Verum cunctis in socrere pueri redeuntis imago  
 Vni mihi, rimaque habitusque simillimus illi,  
 Ipsi hæc cunctis quem memorabat sponsa loquutum.  
 Natus erat totius hæc: tantum aurea lævo  
 Periculis demissa calenys, quam fibula subter  
 Ea ter gemino moriebatur rasis auro,  
 Rurique compactis pendebant cingula bullis,  
 Moles i tergo trachin hæc rima plumæ,  
 Ac simul geminis hæc rima affurgere in alas:  
 Tum simul geminis incens, cætera nudus.  
 Ora miras hæc, gratique in corpore mo-  
 tas,

Hæc nostri puerum generis testantur adeste,  
 Sed cunctis socrere, atque aule stellantis alum-  
 num.

Nec minus ipsa etiam mira spectabilis arte  
 Veris erat hæc superas illula per oras.  
 Textile mazandro deplici infra circuit aurum,  
 Admirabile opus: tres hæc impunè per ignes  
 Læti ibant pueri intexti, pariterque cane-  
 bant

Cœlicolam Regi conversi ad sidera laudes.

Cernere



This done; at once th' ethereal mansions rung,  
 With glad applauses from the heav'nly throng;  
 Loud thunder shook Olympus' tops on high,  
 And forkey lightnings flash'd along the sky.

Here the fair damsel ceas'd her wond'rous tale,  
 While down her cheeks soft tears of transport steal.  
 At this, on high my suppliant hands I rear,  
 Doubtful of mind, and breathe to heav'n my pray'r.  
 So blind my thoughts, no credit cou'd I give  
 To such narration, or the truth receive:

Since youths too often with industrious care,  
 For heedless virgins spread their wily snare;  
 And heedless virgins, when soft love assails,  
 Too often listen to their flatt'ring tales.

Ev'n to such madness was my mind betray'd,  
 I rashly purpos'd to forsake the maid.

When in my dreams a radiant vision came,  
 The same in features, and in mien the same,  
 With that bright youth who late approach'd the fair;  
 His beamy shoulders to the view were bare;  
 But bound with clasps of gold beneath his breast,  
 Down the left side depends a golden vest:

A crimson girdle richly wrought, and grac'd  
 With studs of gold, adorn'd his beauteous waste:  
 Smooth o'er his back, soft plumes in many a row  
 Rise by degrees, and on his shoulders grow  
 To two fair wings; his manly legs were dress'd  
 In starry gems, uncover'd all the rest:

His shining looks and graceful motion prove  
 The youth descended from the realms above.

Rich was his vest, and work'd with curious art,  
 Large rows of pearls adorn'd the outward part;  
 With gold neat woven in mæandring lines,  
 A wond'rous work! the splendid lining shines.

Embroider'd here three youths of graceful mien,  
 To pass uninjur'd thro' the flames are seen;

And while to heav'n their conscious eyes they raise,  
 To heav'n's high King they tune their songs of praise.

L

From

Cernere erat mediis acres fornacibus ignes  
 Parcere corporibus, longeque absistere flammæ.  
 Mirabar tacitus, cum sic pulcherrimus ore  
 Affatur trepidum juvenis: fate sanguine regum,  
 Quod tantum irrepsit menti scelus? omnia non te  
 Signa movent, haud hæc fieri sine numine certo?  
 Ne dubita, nam vera canit sanctissima virgo.  
 Jam nunc congressus nunquam perpeffa viriles  
 Concepit, gravis ætherea divinitus aura.  
 Nam Pater omnipotens cœlesti afflavit ab arce,  
 Atque uterum implevit dilapsum numen ab aëthere.  
 Casta fides nobis colitur, desiste vereri.  
 Hæc vates olim vestri cecinere futura,  
 Cuncta sed obscura implicuere ambage tegentes:  
 Namque hæc illa quidem cœli in penetralibus  
 altis

Porta ingens clausa æternum, nec pervia gressu  
 Ulli hominum, tantum omnipotens Deus ipse per  
 illam

Itque, reditque viam, nec claustra immota resignat.  
 Hanc tibi commendat summi Regnator Olympi,  
 Conjugio adjungens stabili: sed conjugis usum  
 Effuge, securum tecum sponsa exigit ævum,  
 Quamvis tuta Deo jam nunc sit præside virgo.

Sic fatus, subito in tenues evanuit auras  
 Pernici liquida arva fuga per nubila carpens,  
 Et simul incussit mihi blandum in pectus amorem.  
 Utque rigor ferri rutilo lentescit in igne,  
 Sic mihi cor rapido fensi mollescere motu.  
 Confurgo, et veniam conversus ad æthera posco.  
 Meque ipsum incuso amens, et lux reddita menti,  
 Inque dies magis atque magis cœli alta patefunt  
 Consilia, antiquis quæ vatibus omnia quondam  
 Obscuris vera involvens Deus ostendebat.  
 Hæc virgo est rubus ille, procul quem in monte vi-  
 debat

Ardentem vates igni crepitante cremari

Corniger,

From all their limbs th' obedient fires refrain,  
 Thro' the fierce furnace, and their heat restrain.  
 Whilst at this sight a sudden trembling ran  
 Thro' all my frame, the beauteous youth began:  
 A crime so impious can thy heart design,  
 Oh! true descendant of a royal line!

What yet is wanting to convince thy thought,  
 That heav'n itself this blest'd event has wrought?  
 No more with scruples teize thy anxious breast,  
 This holy Virgin has the truth confess'd.

Within her womb she has conceiv'd a Son,  
 Yet never man's impure embraces known;  
 The work of heav'n's immortal Sire alone. }  
 Each vain suspicion from thy mind remove,  
 Chast faith is rev'renc'd by the pow'rs above.  
 Your ancient prophets this event beheld,  
 But in ambiguous types the truth conceal'd.

For this high gate amid th' ethereal plain,  
 Is barr'd for ever from access of man;  
 And the abstruse mysterious passage known,  
 To the great footsteps of high heav'n alone.  
 To thee in wedlock He consigns the fair,  
 Yet thou an husband's privilege forbear:  
 To guard her person to thy charge belong,  
 Tho', heav'n protected, she can fear no wrong.

He said; and instant vanish'd from my eyes,  
 Cleaving with sounding wing the liquid skies;  
 While love's pure joys within my bosom rise. }

As fires all hardness from the steel remove,  
 My heart thus melted in the flames of love.  
 I rise; and pardon for th' offence implor'd,  
 Feel my glad mind to wonted light restor'd.  
 Now more and more, the clouds dispers'd, I find  
 Heav'n's secret counsels op'ning on my mind;  
 Which all the sacred bards in times of old,  
 Involv'd in mystic prophecies, foretold.  
 This virgin is the bush, the seer beheld  
 In flames conspicuous on the mount reveal'd;

Corniger, attactu cùm nullo innoxia flamma  
 Lamberet, et frondes illæſæ in ſtirpe virerent.  
 Hæc eadem nivæ quondam impenetrabile lanæ  
 Nimbis vellus erat cùm latè cuncta maderent  
 Imbribus effuſis circùm, telluſque nataret  
 Humida: ni veterum vana eſt prudentia vatum.  
 Hæc mecum, et toto penitus nox pectore abacta  
 eſt.

Haud mora, prodigiis tantis facit ipſa fidem res.

Jam diſfuſa canit Galilæa per oppida fama,  
 Inventam (portentum ingens) in montibus altis  
 Nuper anum, quæ ſuprema jam affecta ſenectæ  
 Plena viro attulerit ſobolis ſpem: cùm tamen acta  
 Infœcunda illi fuerit, ſteriliſque juventa.  
 Tum mihi ſponſa: puer cœli demiffus ab oris  
 Hoc, inquit, mihi prædixit, nam cuncta recor-  
 dor.

Hæc anus eſt, hæc Eliſabe mihi ſanguine junctæ,  
 Cui ſextum luna gravidæ jam circuit orbem.  
 Nec plura: extemplò placet ire, et ſtirpe propin-  
 quam

Viſere anum, gradimurque ambo ſuper alta loco-  
 rum,

Teſtaque Zacchariæ petimus procul ardua vatis.  
 Vix primum attigeram limen (mirabile dic-  
 tu)

Occurrit tremebunda anus, intrantique puellæ  
 Optatos dedit amplexus: Deus amplexantem  
 Invaſit, ſubituſque ſub oſſa repente cucurrit  
 Ima calor, taleſque dedit venerata loquelas:

Longè una ante alias tu fortunata parentes,  
 Tuque, uterique tui, virgo ſanctiſſima, pondus,  
 Unde repente mihi tanta indulgentia cœli?  
 Unde hæc affulſit ſeræ tam clara ſenectæ  
 Tempeſtas? fas ecce Dei vidiffe parentem,  
 Et coràm affari lectam de millibus unam

Dignantem

When thro' the leaves the blaze innoxious stray'd  
 Awhile, and lambent on the branches play'd.  
 She too resembles that mysterious fleece,  
 Which, when the earth was wet with large increase  
 Of hasty show'rs, that pour'd upon the plain,  
 Was proof to moisture, nor imbib'd the rain;  
 Unless prophetic bards have sung in vain. }  
 Th' event itself, as light still clearer shines,  
 Gives ample credit to these wond'rous signs.

Now fame, as o'er the spacious towns she fled  
 Of northern Galilee, this rumour spread;  
 That 'midst Judæa's barren mountains wild,  
 An ancient matron had conceiv'd a child;  
 Who in her earlier days had never known,  
 The envy'd blessing of a darling son.  
 If right I recollect, the damsel cries,  
 The youth, who late descended from the skies,  
 Such fact foretold; this, doubtless, is the dame,  
 To me allied, Elizabeth by name:  
 To speed whose growing infant into birth,  
 Six circling moons have journey'd round the earth.  
 Assur'd of this, we haste without delay  
 The dame to visit; and direct our way,  
 O'er rocky mountains, till fatigu'd we come,  
 To Zacharias's hospitable dome.  
 Scarce had we reach'd with weary'd step the gate,  
 When the sage matron (wond'rous to relate)  
 The God descending to her glowing breast,  
 Close in her trembling arms the Virgin press'd;  
 A sudden warmth thro' all her vitals ran,  
 And thus the venerable dame began:

Oh! happy thou! beyond a mortal's doom,  
 And bless'd the Babe that swells thy teeming womb!  
 Whence springs this favour of kind heav'n to me?  
 How comes it that these eyes with rapture see,  
 The Mother of our Lord, this mansion grace,  
 So far distinguish'd o'er the female race?

Dignantem has sedes, meaue ultro in tecta profectam.

Nam mihi (vix primùm attigeras hæc limina) pectus

Emicuit, saliensque utero signum edidit infans.

Felix diva parens, superùm gratissima Regi,

Sincera spectata fide, quæ credere veris,

Dum tua nondum animo præfagis gaudia, dictis

Haud verita es: promissa manent pueri alitis ecce

Certa tibi: jam nunc ades, orbisque aspice casus

O cœli regina, hominum miserata labores.

Dixerat: at teneri qualis rosa plena pudoris,

Haud animis elata tumentibus aurea virgo,

Cœlicolùm Regi laudes lætata canebat,

Quòd se tam propè fidereo aspexisset olympo

Indignam bonus, atque humilem, nil tale merentem:

Exultansque suos sibi vaticinatur honores

Promissos atavis, priscisque parentibus olim.

Ex illo quanta immensum portenta per orbem

Terruerint hominum mentes, præsagaue signa,

Limina dum vitæ omnipotens attingeret infans,

Longa renarrare est mora. Jam tunc Caspia regna

Responsis vatùm horrebant: jam Nilus, et omnis

Ægyptus trepidare, omnes orientis et urbes.

Vestri etiam audierant (si vera est fama) per oras

Aufonias jamjam venturum lucis ad auras

Inviçtum Regem, cui passim cederet orbis

Regnandus, qui se patria virtute potentem

Seque suumque genus sublimi inferret Olympo.

His tandem certus signis ego numinis instar,

Plenam utero supplex sponsam venerabar, et ultro

Parebam: victum gravidæ, et divina ferebat

Pocula de cœlo volucer puer: illum ego sæpe

Intrantem thalamum manifesto in lumine vidi.

Jamque

For lo! (when scarce you had approach'd the dome)  
The babe exulting leap'd within my womb.  
Thrice happy parent! of heav'n's King below'd,  
Unstain'd in honour, and for faith approv'd;  
Who, e'er thy breast cou'd future joys divine,  
Gav'st early credit to each sacred sign!

This promise of the youth, by heav'n's decree,  
Shall boast its full accomplishment in thee.  
Ev'n now propitious thy compassion show,  
Great queen of heav'n! and pity human woe:

She said; the damsel's modest cheeks disclose  
The hue, that blushes on the maiden rose;  
While with an humble decency express'd,  
To heav'n her songs of triumph she address'd:  
Thankful, that God had deign'd to view from high,  
Her lowly fortune with benignant eye.

Then sings the honours in prophetic strain,  
Which bards had promis'd to her future reign.

To tell what prodigies alarm'd the earth,  
E'er yet th' expected Infant rose to birth,  
The tale were tedious; a foreboding dread  
Of strange events, thro' barb'rous Caspia spread;  
Portentous signs o'er Nilus' bounds increas'd,  
And shook the kingdoms of the distant east.  
Ev'n Rome herself (if fame a truth can boast)  
Heard the report, thro' all th' Ausonian coast;  
That soon some glorious Prince shou'd spring to birth,  
Spread his wide empire o'er the subject earth;  
In future time to nobler heights arise,  
And with his true descendants claim the skies.

Convinc'd at length by each undoubted sign,  
My bride I rev'rence, as some pow'r divine;  
And till the Babe shou'd bless the wish'd-for day,  
Her just behests implicitly obey.

A winged youth, descending from the skies,  
With rich repast the teeming maid supplies:  
Oft the fair form before my wond'ring sight,  
The chamber enter'd, cloath'd in radiant light.

CHRISTIADOS. [Lib. III.]

Immo ipse animo divini tempora partus  
Exponit animi, sed ipse mora iniqua trahit.

Et hinc hinc capio respiciens pectore mecum:  
Si nunc i. nunc venisset et ostendere coram  
Non ingratum per hunc exitum, quando omnia de se  
Retulit pia mihi virgo pulcherrima vera:  
Purpureis fletus matris, et cadentia plena  
Lilia hinc manu, venienti ad limina lucis  
Tota pariter Dea, quicunque invitat Regem.  
Cuius i. quicunque tam longe suprema tenet  
Pars matris, quicunque videri non cernere facta,  
Sic hinc per, cum iuncta sermone mandum  
Pactis, pariter Dea regibus olympo!  
Tunc per animi cuncta tenet, pietasque fideique,  
Quicunque hinc nunc religio, atque resurgere ubi-

Infinitum et melius veritas mirabitur orbis.  
Tunc hinc et iuncta curvas condabitur ensis,  
Sic hinc hinc moras mecum lenire solebam,  
Et magis iuncta animo animi ipse accensum vigeat.

Pariter recognoscens regibus numerare jubebat  
Augustus Caesar, totum cui summa potestas.  
Sic hinc hinc regibus repetendum moenia Bethles,  
Tunc hinc hinc, quo me quoque civibus urbis  
Infinitum, nomenque meum, nomenque meo-

Scilicet regibus Nazareth ab sede profecta,  
Vix pariter iunctam muros, et rara domorum  
Tota, quicunque omni nox coelum abstulit um-

Est hinc hinc humilem ingredientibus ur-

Horrenti culmoque et carice testa palustri,  
Agricolis omni statio gratissima, siquos  
Rure procul patrio nox deprendisset in urbe:

Namque



And now I long impatient to survey  
 Th' expected birth; but still unkind delay  
 Mocks all my hopes, and anxious thus I say:  
 Oh! might the heav'nly Infant spring to light,  
 And bless these eyes, e'er yet they close in night!  
 Since what the beauteous Virgin yet has told,  
 In ev'ry point accomplish'd I behold!  
 Lilies and purple roses hither bring,  
 With all the incense of the fragrant spring;  
 The costliest tribute, earth affords prepare,  
 To crown th' auspicious birth of God's eternal Heir.  
 And oh! wou'd heav'n's indulgent love, to me  
 An ample portion of old age decree,  
 Enough, bright youth! thy glorious acts to see;  
 When thou all terror shalt from earth remove,  
 And reign triumphant on thy throne above!  
 Then, oh! bless'd land! shall sacred peace be thine,  
 And meek-ey'd piety, and faith divine:  
 Once more religion shall her influence spread,  
 Returning justice lift her awful head;  
 Destructive swords shall into sickles bend,  
 And a new age of gold o'er earth extend.  
 With thoughts like these I sooth the long delay,  
 While hope springs forward each approaching day.

It chanc'd Augustus issu'd forth command,  
 To tax the subjects of each conquer'd land;  
 When I, th' imperial edict to obey,  
 To Bethle's walls direct my destin'd way,  
 (The seat from whence in early youth I came)  
 T'enroll my tribe, my family, and name;  
 The bride slow follows with unequal pace:  
 Scarce had I reach'd my ancient native place,  
 When night descending with a grateful shade,  
 O'er the still earth her mantling curtain spread.  
 There stands a place, as near the town you draw,  
 A plain mean structure, thatch'd with coarsest straw;  
 An inn of some resort, in times of yore,  
 To swains benighted, when their course they bore  
 To

Namque aliis procul à tectis summota recedit,  
 Huc igitur fessi pariter succedimus ambo  
 Seu calu, seu sic rector sortitus Olympi,  
 Ut potius reor, et potius fas credere duco.  
 Natum etenim non solum extrema per omnia vi-  
 tam

Ducere, et in terris indignos volvere casus,  
 Verumetiam tecto voluit sub paupere eundem  
 Nasci, humilique domo miserabilem, et omnium e-  
 genum.

Principiò in stabulis pandum ad præsepia sisto  
 Quadrupedem, auxiliumque viæ, onerumque leva-  
 men:

Quem juxta in stipulis sese locat inclyta virgo.  
 Quippe alia interior domus ulla haud parte vacabat.  
 Bos erat à læva tepidum flans ore vaporem,  
 Quem pauper campis luce exercebat arator,  
 Pauca soli curvo suspendens jugera aratro:  
 Nec sera nisi nocte domum repetebat ab agro  
 Conducto, vitam ut posset tolerare labore  
 Ipse suo, atque famem parvis avertere natis.

Et jam nox medium spatium confecerat horis,  
 Cùm mihi, qui saxo hærebam jam lumina victus,  
 Somnus abit: neque enimmersum tunc me altus  
 habebat.

Ecce oculos fulgore novo lux occupat ingens:  
 Diffulgent intus latè magalia, quæque  
 Stramina tetra modò horrebant, nunc aurea cer-  
 nas,

Exurgo, aspicio juxta præsepia nudum  
 Infantem radiis illustrem, ac luce coruscum:  
 Quem virgo tenerum in duris modò pauper ave-  
 nis

Ediderat nullo nixu, nullo ægra dolore.  
 Astabant taciti, bos hinc, hinc tardus asellus,  
 Pabulaque obliti pariter capita alta tenebant.  
 Ipsa etiam radiis fulgebat mater, utroque

To Bethle's walls; the building stands alone,  
 Detatch'd, and distant from the crowded town.  
 Here in this humble and obscure retreat,  
 O'erspent with toils, we rest our weary'd feet;  
 By chance perhaps; or rather if my mind  
 Conjecture rightly, heav'n this place design'd:  
 Not only dooming his cœlestial Heir,  
 On earth dire scenes of misery to share;  
 But, in a wretched cottage, feel the weight  
 Of life's afflictions, from its earliest date.  
 First, the slow beast whose crooked back sustain'd  
 Our heavy burdens, at the rack remain'd;  
 Next, on a bed of straw the Virgin rests;  
 No costlier welcome for such needy guests.  
 Close on the left a patient ox stood near,  
 And from his nostrils breath'd the tepid air;  
 Whom, at each rising morn, some plodding swain  
 Goads with slow pace along the furrow'd plain;  
 Nor, till the night extends her shade around,  
 Seeks the lone cottage from his rented ground:  
 Life's ills by constant labour to sustain,  
 And chase pale famine from his infant-train.

Now had still night her midway journey sped;  
 When, on a rock as I reclin'd my head,  
 Sleep's gentle vapours from my eyelids fled:  
 Sudden there shone around a streaming blaze,  
 The cottage glitter'd with refulgent rays:  
 And what our eyes but lately might behold  
 Coarse homely straw, now shone like dazzling gold.  
 I rise; and view a naked Babe recline  
 On the hard manger, crown'd with rays divine:  
 Whom, void of pain, as on the straw she lay,  
 The sacred Virgin had disclos'd to day.  
 The ox and sluggish ass in dumb surprize,  
 Neglect their food, and lift their wond'ring eyes.  
 Lo! as she sate, a glory beam'd around  
 The heav'nly maid; and bending to the ground

Her

Poplite subsidens, oculos demissa nitentes,  
 Ah nudum lacrymis parvum spectabat obortis,  
 Tendebatque manus suffuso lumine junctas.  
 Astrorum qualis facies rorantibus umbris  
 Post imbrem, siccis Boreas ubi frigidus alis  
 Ingruit, ac cœlum populans cava nubila differt:  
 Talis virgineo species accesserat ori.  
 Quid facerem? partem subjeci ambobus amictus  
 Iple mei, atque olidæ substravi terga bidentis  
 Pro picturatis cunis, pro murice, et auro.  
 Cætera pauperies, noxque intempesta vetabant.

Nec dum clara dies merso diluxerat orbi,  
 Jam conferto aderant pastores agmine, et antri  
 Floribus, ac variis auxerunt limina fertis  
 Rustica multifori fundentes sibila canna.  
 Ut stabula ingressi, ad præsepia lumina vertunt  
 Summissi, terramque petunt, et numen adorant:  
 Mirabar mecum tacitus, fama unde per agros  
 Hæc subito exisset, deque ipsis quærere cœpi.  
 Unus quærentem sic est affarier orsus:  
 Pastores sumus, in vicinis saltibus omnes  
 Pascimus: insomnem ut nobis mos ducere noctis  
 Haud partem exiguam, atque gregem servare coactum  
 Nocte ferè media vigilantibus astitit ingens  
 Lux cunctis supra caput, attonitisque pavore  
 Ingenti talis vox est audita per auras:  
 Ne trepidate viri, vobis novæ gaudia porto.  
 Ille piis toties promissus vatibus olim,  
 Finibus his hodie natus Deus: eximet ille  
 E tenebris hominum genus, atque in pristina reddet,  
 Illum vicina fas vobis cernere in urbe  
 Effultum stipula, atque humile ad præsepe jacentem.  
 His moniti, vicinam oculos torquemus ad urbem.  
 Ecce autem volucer pictis exercitus alis,  
 Cœlestes suprâ pueri toto æthere visi,  
 Nubibus impositi liquidas equitare per oras,  
 Et mirum in morem celeri proludere cœtu.  
 Atque ubi ter cœlum ternis toto agmine versi

Lustrare

Her radiant eyes, the naked Babe she view'd,  
 While falling drops her matron cheeks bedew'd.  
 As, after show'rs, each glitt'ring star appears,  
 O'er heav'n's bright concave, hung with pearly tears,  
 When northern gales with fanning wing arise,  
 And sweep th' incumbent vapours from the skies;  
 So shone the Virgin; such resplendent grace,  
 Attempter'd mildly, gilds her angel face.  
 For the rich canopy and golden bed,  
 A fleecy skin ('twas all I cou'd) I spread;  
 My own mean garb their present wants supply'd,  
 Night and hard poverty the rest deny'd.

Scarce had the morn her orient visage rear'd,  
 When num'rous swains in rural bands appear'd;  
 Gay flow'rs and garlands o'er the roof they hung,  
 And on their oaten pipes rude carols sung:  
 Their footsteps to the manger strait they bore,  
 Then bow submissive and the Babe adore.  
 I muse; admiring how report cou'd run  
 So swift abroad; when thus a swain begun:  
 Strangers! our wonted province is to keep,  
 Upon these neighbouring hills, our fleecy sheep;  
 Which as we lately watch'd in dead of night,  
 Around our heads there shone a radiant light:  
 Wond'ring we gaz'd, oppress'd with sudden fear,  
 When thus a voice approach'd our trembling ear:  
 Let no vain dread your anxious hearts annoy,  
 I bring glad tidings of coelestial joy;  
 On this auspicious day is born the God,  
 Whom bards so oft in holy strains foreshow'd:  
 He from the realms of night shall bear away  
 The souls of sinners, and restore to day.  
 To yonder neighbouring city point your eyes,  
 Wrapt in coarse straw the heav'nly Infant lies.  
 Strait to the town our eager view we bend;  
 When lo! from heav'n triumphal hosts descend,  
 And thro' the sky in wond'rous choirs appear,  
 Borne on light clouds, to ride the liquid air.

When

Lustravere choris, ter lustravere choreis,  
 Concentu petiere polum, longè ardua olympi  
 Responant, lætis dissultat plausibus æther.  
 Talia narrabant, nec sese explere corusci  
 Infantis facie poterant, fixique manebant  
 Hærentes oculis, hærentes pectore toto.  
 Fulgebat puer ore, oculis, ac corpore ab omni,  
 Divino longè circùm loca lumine complens:  
 Qualis puniceo se pandens ore, rosarum  
 Cùm primum dias flos visit luminis oras,  
 Aut ubi sole novo roseis orientis in oris  
 Enituit verni species patefacta diei.

Nos vero interea, quanquam indubitabile numen  
 Novimus, atque Deum, nec opis, nec lactis egentem,  
 Parvum alimus tamen, ut mortali semine cretum,  
 Ubera siccantem matris, tenerumque fovemus,  
 Invalidumque artus: mortalem quippe creatus  
 Mortali matris traxit de corpore partem.  
 Atque ideo, ut veterum mos est antiquus avorum,  
 Imprimimus generis signum, Samiaque putamus  
 Exiguam testa pellem genitalia circum:  
 Addimus et nomen, memoresque vocamus IESUM,  
 Ut quondam admonuit puer actus ab æthere præpes.  
 Idem etiam quòd sit regum de stirpe sacerdos,  
 Gentibus est Graio dictus de nomine CHRISTUS.  
 Quinetiam, quamvis nullo intemerata remansit  
 Concubitu mater, tamen intra testâ morata est,  
 Utque quater denos dum solis cerneret ortus.

Tumdemum sacram Solymorum advenimus urbem,  
 Cum puero, quò se lustraret regia virgo,  
 Torquatasque aræ attulimus de more columbas.  
 Stabat sacra ferens altaria ad ipsa sacerdos  
 Succinctus lino albenti, capitisque bicorni  
 Tegmine pervigilem adservans penetralibus ignem.  
 Hunc circum ante aram natorum intonsa corona  
 Fundebant pateris vituli, ut tunc fortè, cruorem:  
 Quem pater, ut fontis populi commissa piaret,  
 Mactârat superùm Regi, veniamque precacus

Suppliciter

When now, three several times, the youthful race  
Had danc'd in circles thro' th' etherial space,  
Aloft they flew; Olympus' summits rung,  
And heav'n resounded with the choral song.  
Thus spake the swains, then fix'd their wond'ring sight  
On the fair Babe, with rapture and delight.  
Radiant he look'd; nor from his eyes alone,  
But ev'ry part, coelestial splendors shone:  
As, when with op'ning bloom the purple rose  
Begins her infant beauties to disclose,  
Or as, when first the sun's bright beams arise,  
Resplendent glories gild the vernal skies.

Meantime, tho' in the Babe our eyes beheld  
Th' undoubted tokens of a God reveal'd;  
That such a Being cou'd no succour need,  
Yet Him with human nourishment we feed:  
On his weak helpless limbs our care bestow,  
And pay the duty tender parents owe.  
For as in part from human stock he came,  
He took some portion of this earthly frame.  
Hence, as our law directs, the skin around  
His manly part, with sharpen'd flint we wound;  
And mindful of the angel's warning sign,  
We call him JESUS by command divine:  
But as the stamp of high descent he wears,  
Among the Greeks the name of CHRIST he bears.  
Full forty days, tho' free from legal stains,  
The Virgin-parent close confin'd remains.

At length to sacred Solyma we came,  
With the fair Infant and the royal dame,  
Studious the law's injunctions to obey;  
And turtle doves, for costlier tribute, pay.  
The mitred priest, array'd in robes of white,  
Attends the altar, and performs the rite.  
His sons, assistant at the off'rings, pour  
In sacred bowls, the destin'd heifer's gore;  
Slain by their pious father, to atone  
For all our tribes transgressions, and his own.

The

Suppliciter solitos aris adolebat honores.  
 Circumfusi aderant primores gentis, et omnes  
 Tempora tangebant dextris vittata juvenci.  
 Jamque levi fufum delibans ille cruorem  
 Terque, quaterque facram digito irroraverat aram,  
 Aræque impositam flammam, et septem ordine  
 lychnos,  
 Lintæque ampla, quibus facrorum arcana tegun-  
 tur.

Et jam finis erat sacris, fessusque sacerdos  
 Cum natis, dapibus sese accingebat opimis.  
 Tunc humili gressu virgo procedit ad aram,  
 Infantem læva gestans, dextraque volucres.  
 Quid memorem, quæ signa polo Pater edidit  
 alto,

Testatus veram sobolem? quantum ipse sacerdos  
 Horruerit pueri aspectu? quàm mira repentè  
 Ignibus insolitis lux circumfulserit aram?  
 Ter thura accensos venerans coniecit in ignes,  
 Ter subjecta tholo subitò ingens flamma reluxit.  
 Ille tamen collo, patrio de more, volucres  
 Immolat intorto, atque effundens ritè cruorem.  
 Porrigit et plumas, et aperti gutturis exta,  
 Solis ab occasu nitidos conversus ad ortus,  
 Diffringitque alas: tum sacros suggerit ignes  
 Visceribus, grato vapor it super æthera fumo,  
 Araque Panchæos flagrans exhalat odores:

Ecce hominum subito turbantur pectora casu.  
 Nomen avi Simeon referens erat oblitus an-  
 nis,

Quo nemo tota urbe fuit servantior æqui.  
 Huic, ut erat longè venturi præscius, olim  
 Æthereæ vis omnipotens promiserat auræ  
 Visurum sese antè Deum, auctoremque salu-  
 tis,  
 Expectatum orbi, quàm lucis linqueret au-  
 ras.

Jamque



The rev'rend priest in suppliant posture stands,  
 And burns the incense with his holy hands.  
 The rulers of the nation throng around,  
 And touch the victim's head, with garlands crown'd.  
 And now the priest, some portion of the gore  
 Thrice with his holy finger sprinkles o'er  
 The sacred altar, and the hallow'd flame;  
 Next, on the sev'n bright lamps distills the stream;  
 Then touch'd the spacious veil, that parts the shrine,  
 And shades from vulgar eyes the mysteries divine.  
 Thus ceas'd the rites; and now the weary'd priest  
 Was sharing with his sons the genial feast;  
 When to the shrine the pious Virgin moves,  
 Her left the Babe, her right sustains the doves.  
 Why shou'd I tell, what wond'rous signs were shown,  
 By heav'n's dread Sov'reign, to proclaim his Son?  
 How the priest trembled at his looks divine?  
 What sudden fires around the altar shine?  
 Thrice the rich incense on the flames he threw,  
 Thrice o'er the vaulted roof the vapours flew.  
 Now in his hands he takes the doves, and wrings  
 Their struggling necks, and wide expands the wings;  
 Then, with his face as tow'rd the east he stood,  
 Pours on the thirsty soil their reeking blood;  
 Then breaks the pinions, then the entrails lays  
 On the warm hearth, and wakes the sacred blaze:  
 In grateful smoke the curling vapours rise,  
 And all Panchæa's sweets perfume the skies.

But lo! some sudden strange event appears,  
 That fills the nation with alarming fears.  
 A man there was, of fair and honest fame,  
 Advanc'd in years, and Simeon was his name:  
 None walk'd the earth, of whatsoe'er degree,  
 For sacred justice more renown'd than he.  
 To him, in arts of holy prescience skill'd,  
 The great prophetic spirit erst reveal'd;  
 That gracious heav'n wou'd bless his longing sight  
 With the world's Saviour, e'er he sunk to night.

M

Now

Jamque erat hunc vitæ pertæsum, ægerque senectæ

Optabat duros leto finire labores:

Sed spes illa animo cupido usque infixæ manebat.

Ergo ubi adesse Deum præsensit numine plenus:

Qualis, ubi gressum per agros comitatus herilem

Fortè canis leporem vi longè sensit odora,

Continuò intenditque aures, atque aëra captat

Naribus, et coeptum rumpens iter avius errat;

Atque oculis incerta feræ vestigia lustrans,

Nunc hos, nunc illos cursus fert, atque recursus

Incertus, longè latratibus arva resulant:

Talis erat senis in templo exultantis imago.

Tum puerum tremulis correptum amplectitur ulnis,

Atque arcè premit: hinc lacrymis ita fatur obortis:

Macte infans virtute, Dei indubitata propago,  
Mundi opifer, qui nostra venis, veterumque parentum

Sponte admissa tui largo lavere amne cruoris,

Et liquidas aperire vias ad sidera cœli:

Exoptatus ades, nec me tua maxima fallunt

Summe Pater, promissa, mori me denique fas est.

Nunc ô me, nunc ad requiem, finemque laborum

Corporis exutum vinclis dimittis, ut olim

Pollicitus: jam viderunt mea lumina, quem tu

Auxilium mundo misisti, ut gentibus esset

In tenebris lux, Isacidos nova gloria prolis.

His dictis, matrem versus mox fatur ad ipsam:

O cui te forma assimilem? cui laudibus æquem?

Quasve tibi referam grates, quæ sola salutem

Felici peperisti utero mortalibus ægris?

Quanquàm etiam exitio multis hunc affore partum,

Et tempus fore prædico, illætabile tempus,

Cùm tibi cor gelidum gladius penetrabit acutus

Ah

Now sick of labour, and oppress'd with years,  
 He wish'd in death to end a life of cares;  
 But the dear thought, his Saviour to behold,  
 For ever in his raptur'd bosom roll'd.  
 Hence, when inspir'd by pitying heav'n, he found  
 Messiah's presence; as some faithful hound,  
 Wont with his lord to pastures to repair;  
 If chance his nostrils scent the tim'rous hare,  
 Instant erects his ears, and snuffs the wind,  
 Then flies, and leaves the beaten paths behind;  
 Each devious track exploring with his eyes  
 In doubtful search, now this now that he tries;  
 Incessant clamours thro' the fields are heard—  
 Such, and so joy'd th' exulting sage appear'd.  
 Then in his trembling arms the Infant takes,  
 And thus in tears of holy transport speaks:

Proceed, sweet Babe! may ev'ry virtue crown  
 Thy blooming years, oh! heav'n's undoubted Son!  
 Who com'st, of unexampled love alone,  
 For human crimes and frailties to atone;  
 In streams of blood to wash each guilt away,  
 And smoothe our passage to the realms of day.  
 Long-wish'd thou com'st, to crown my just desire,  
 Now is thy word fulfill'd, Almighty Sire!  
 Then oh! thy servant from life's toils release,  
 And lull my spirit in ambrosial peace.  
 Mine eyes have seen the Infant, gracious Lord!  
 So often promis'd in thy holy word,  
 With heav'nly light on Gentile hearts to shine,  
 And prove the glory of thy chosen line.  
 Then turning to the Virgin-dame; he said,  
 How shall I sing thy praise, illustrious maid!  
 Or how return thee thanks! who gav'st by birth  
 So rich a treasure to this favour'd earth.  
 Yet oh! I see the fatal time will come,  
 When this fair Issue of thy sacred womb,  
 To num'rous souls destruction shall impart,  
 And with a naked sword transpierce thy heart.

Ah miseræ! et magno virgo dotabere luctu,  
 Mutataque fluet Jordanis decolor unda.  
 Tum ferus, segnisque dies nascetur, et ægrè  
 Lutea vix terris ostendet pallidus ora,  
 Atque gravi tellus optabit mole relinqui  
 Ipsa sua, et rupto per inania fœdere labi.  
 Hæc ubi, confestim veluti cedentia somno  
 Lumina demisit, placidaque ibi morte quievit.

Obstupuere alii: sed nos, quæcis cætera nota,  
 Terremur magis, inque vicem disquirimus ambo,  
 Solliciti, quosnam matri denunciaret enses,  
 Aut quibus exitio tantum puer ipse futurus.  
 Haud longum fuit in medio dehinc tempus: utrum-  
     que  
 Exitus edocuit, dubiosque ambage resolvit,  
 Ni nobis majora etiam nunc vulnera restant,  
 Atque alia ex aliis semper graviora parantur.

Illis extremo quippe ex Oriente diebus:  
 Tres adeò magni reges dititione profecti,  
 Huc sese intulerant, puero dona ampla feren-  
     tes,  
 Aurumque, et thuris glebas, stactæque liquorem.  
 His vis astrarum, ac ratio volventis olympi,  
 Monstrârat regem nostris in finibus ortum,  
 Quoi coeli, terræque paterent debita sceptrâ.  
 Sancti igitur partûs studio huc venere videndi:  
 Stella facem ducens venientibus usque coruscâ  
 Dux erat, atque viam signabat lumine largo,  
 Ceu quondam patribus deserta per avia nostris  
 In patriam tandem Pharia redeuntibus ora  
 Præcurrens monstrabat iter nocte ignea lam-  
     pas

Desuper, et mirum spargebat lucida lumen.  
 Jamque urbem ingressi, sedes adiere tyranni  
 Herodis, causamque viæ docuere, rati olli  
 Hanc sobolem, quod erat Rex his in finibus, ortam.

Ah! hapless Virgin! streams of kindred blood,  
Thy dreadful dow'r, shall crimson Jordan's flood.  
Then shall the morn all flow and sullen rise,  
Nor with his wonted lustre gild the skies;  
Earth trembling at th' event shall strive to fly  
From her unbalanc'd orb, and nature wish to die.  
Thus spoke the sage, and as with sleep oppress'd,  
Clos'd his dark eyeballs in eternal rest.

The thronging crowds alarm'd and silent stood;  
But greater fears our trembling hearts subdu'd:  
And fill'd with doubt we mutually enquire,  
What swords were threaten'd by the warning Sire;  
And how this Infant of cœlestial birth,  
Cou'd bring destruction to the sons of earth?  
Th' event soon witness'd what the prophet told,  
And taught this mystic riddle to unfold.  
Unless severer wounds are still to come,  
And heav'n reserves us for some mightier doom.

Lo! from those distant regions, where the day  
First blushes with Aurora's purple ray;  
Three potent chiefs their eastern treasures bring,  
Gold, myrrh, and incense, to the new-born King:  
These, as they mark'd the rolling orbs on high,  
And watch'd the various motions of the sky;  
Saw that a King was born in Juda's land,  
Whose sceptre shou'd the earth and heav'n's command,  
Thence to behold this wond'rous birth they come,  
A length of journey, from their native home.  
A new-discover'd star, whose beams display  
A radiant light, conducts them on the way.  
Thus to our great forefathers, when they pass'd  
From treach'rous Egypt o'er the dreary waste;  
The fiery pillar shot a blazing light,  
And mark'd their progress thro' the gloom of night.  
Strait to the King's imperial seat they went,  
And told the jealous monarch their intent;  
Deeming the royal Babe his Son alone,  
Who held with sov'reign sway Judæa's throne.

Obstupuit simul, atque animo perterritus ille est.  
 Nec mora, permetuens sibi ne succederet hæres,  
 Quæsitus puer in regnis externus avitis,  
 Indigenas vates jubet intra mœnia cogi  
 Regia, scitarique omnes tempusque, locum-  
 que

Nascentis pueri, patriamque domumque requi-  
 rit.

Illi autem Bethlen veterum monumenta minari  
 Cuncta docent, dux unde ortus se tolleret olim,  
 Fama ingens, claris ingens super æthera factis.  
 Tum magis atque magis curarum fluctuat æstu,  
 Sollicitamque gerit cassâ formidine mentem.

Tandem his affatus reges dimittit Eoos.

Quæ vos causa viri nostris nunc applicat oris,  
 Hæc eadem longè spe nos suspendit, aventes  
 Cernere promissos pueri tot vâtib' ortus.

Haud procul hinc saxo Bethle fundata vetusto  
 Urbs colitur nostris: natum illuc quærite Regem.  
 Mox jubeo, inventum nobis qui nunciet, inde  
 Mittite; nostro etiam puer accumuletur honore.  
 Sic ait, et falso simulat nova gaudia vultu.

Verùm longè aliud malè amico pectore agebat:  
 Demens, qui cœli Regem, cui sidera parent,  
 Crederet in terris mortalia regna morari.

Ergo iter instaurant, conspecto fidere læti,  
 Jamque propinquabant magna stipante caterva,  
 Cùm subitò supra tectum ingens substitit astrum,  
 Irradians, largoque mapalia lumine com-  
 plens.

Quales cùm belli motus, aut funera regum  
 Portendunt, crinem irato sparsere minacem  
 Æthere, ni diri rubeant lugubre, Cometæ.  
 Tres adeò angusti subter fastigia tecti  
 Pauper ego excepi reges, in rebus egenis.  
 Vidi illos auro illustres, ostroque decoros  
 Ante pedes pueri sese demittere pronos,

Suppliciter,

At this, his mind was seiz'd with sudden fear,  
 And cautious dreading lest some foreign heir,  
 Shou'd to his sceptre and his throne succeed,  
 He calls the nation's holy seers with speed :  
 Then bids them search, and with precision say,  
 Where, and what time the Babe shou'd spring to day?  
 They with one voice the trembling monarch told,  
 That Bethle was the seat, ordain'd of old;  
 Whence a great Chief of heav'nly worth shou'd rise,  
 And lift his fame and glory to the skies.  
 Now anxious, fearful, to the future blind,  
 Cares crowd tumultuous on his tortur'd mind.  
 At length the kings he thus address'd— The cause  
 Oh! thrice-renowned chiefs! that hither draws  
 Your footsteps, from the distant realms of earth,  
 Inflames my mind to see this promis'd birth.  
 Know then; not far from hence, of ancient fame  
 A city stands, and Bethle is the name;  
 There seek with diligence the new-born King:  
 And when discover'd, let some herald bring  
 The gladsome tidings; that without delay  
 I too my homage to the Babe may pay.  
 He spoke; and with a subtil smile of art,  
 Disguis'd the rancour lurking in his heart.  
 Madman! to think a Youth of heav'nly birth,  
 Cou'd want the paltry kingdoms of the earth.

Soon as the star these royal sages view,  
 With joy their destin'd journey they pursue;  
 When on the roof it stands in open sight,  
 And fill'd the cottage with a stream of light.  
 So, threat'ning death to kings, or dreadful war,  
 Shines with disast'rous gleam the fiery star,  
 And shakes dire sparkles from its blazing hair. }  
 I, in hard want and lowly fortune bred,  
 Three monarchs welcom'd to my humble shed.  
 These eyes beheld them, in their gorgeous dress  
 Due rites of homage to the Babe express;

Suppliciter, genibusque piæ procumbere matris,  
 Dum sua quisque facit sortiti ex ordine dona,  
 Babarici ante fores expectabant comitatus  
 Interea, Tyrioque instratus murice terga  
 Stans sonipes, teres exercebat dentibus aurum.

His dehinc perfectis abeunt, lætique sequun-  
 tur,

Quod longo irradians aperitur tramite fidus.  
 Sed non inde via moniti referuntur eadem,  
 Regia linquentes à læva mœnia longè,  
 Rursus Idumæi sedem ne regis adirent.  
 Ille autem, ut sese delusum denique sensit,  
 Accensus furiis, suspectam misit ad urbem  
 Mille viros ferro instructos, qui mœnia furto  
 Per noctem ingressi tenéros, quicumque reperti,  
 Infantes matrum jugularent ubere raptos,  
 Quò numero in tanto caderet quoque Regius hæ-  
 res.

Ipse sed in somnis visus sum voce moneri,  
 Præcipitem celerare fugam, loca relinquere nota :  
 Surge age, rupe moras, puerum tecum arripe, ma-  
 tremque,

Et septengemini cursu pete flumina Nili.  
 Hinc terram cole, quæ procul his haud diffidet  
 oris,

Nec refer inde pedem, nisi te prius ipse vocâro :  
 Rex etenim letum infanti molitur acerbum.  
 Confurgo, et plenus monitis matri omnia pando.  
 Vidissēs visu exanguem, exanimemque puellam  
 Huc illuc trepidare fuga, et vix fidere nocti.  
 Jam tum illi pectus gladius trajecit acutus  
 Ah miseræ! ingenti labefactaque corda dolore.

Cedimus, et taciti malefidam linquimus urbem,  
 Per noctem, ac propero petimus nemora avia  
 gressu :

Et jam palmosæ saltus, atque ardua Idumes

Prætervectus



Then to the Virgin bow submissive down,  
Ope their rich gifts, and each present his own.  
In grand retinue at the humble gate,  
Barbaric slaves their royal masters wait:  
The sprightly courser, beauteous to behold,  
In purple trappings proudly champs the gold.

Theserites perform'd; they chearful bend their way,  
Where the bright star directs its glitt'ring ray;  
But warn'd a diff'rent journey to pursue,  
They leave the beaten track, and seek a new;  
Left by the same returning, they shou'd bring  
Th' expected tidings to this foreign king.  
But when the monarch saw with proud disdain  
His hopes defeated, and his project vain;  
Inflam'd with wrath, he bids without delay  
A thousand soldiers speed by night away,  
Surprize the town, and ev'ry infant slay:  
That by the sword, ordain'd to level all,  
The royal Offspring might a victim fall,  
But in my dreams I'm warn'd to haste away,  
And thus a voice soft-whisp'ring seem'd to say:  
Arise, and instant leave thy native soil,  
Thou and thy charge; and seek the sev'n-fold Nile;  
A pleasant land, that not far distant lies,  
There stay; till I thy safe return advise:  
For lo! the raging king with savage joy  
Will seek this heav'n-born Infant to destroy.  
I wake; and full of this advice, declare  
The warning vision to the trembling fair;  
The trembling fair, all pale with wild affright,  
Distracted flies, and scarce can trust the night.  
Then, then the sword with agonizing smart,  
Ah! hapless Virgin! pierc'd thy tender heart.

We yield, and silent quit the faithless town,  
Favour'd by night, and wander paths unknown.  
And now the groves with verdant palm-trees grac'd,  
Now rich Idume's arduous hills I pass'd;

The

Prætervectus eram, veteris tam moenia Elusæ,  
Quaque Asiam Libycis disjungit finibus omnem  
Mapia, ferax oleæ: ingredior pluvix inscia reg-  
na,

Regna Phari, quibus est cœli vis cognita pri-  
mum,

Astraque, Lunæque globus, Solisque meatus,  
Ignotos passim montes, ignota saluto  
Flumina, turrigerasque legens prætervehor ur-  
bes.

Jamque papyriferi ripis Anthedonis ibam.

Auræ omnes terrent pavidos, capitique timen-  
tes

Tam charo: at puero blandiri murmure sylvæ  
Lauricomæ, et ramis capita accurrare re-  
flexis,

Aurarumque leves animæ indulgere fufurro.

Ipsæ etiam nobis cautes, ipsique videntur

Verticibus leviter motis alludere montes,

Signaque lætitiæ dare stagna loquacia cir-  
cum.

Audires blandum fessas erroribus undas

Perstrepere, et molli lapsu per saxa sonare,

Humida saxa super nitido viridantia musco,

Præcipuè ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo

Affuetæ liquidis mulcebant vocibus auras,

Et jactu alarum resonabant corpora plausa.

Sese etiam omnifero gremio venientibus of-  
fert,

Læta Dei aspectu tellus: flant gramina odo-  
rem

Cuncta suum, et mollem prætexit amaracus um-  
bram.

Nec verò incerta latebrosus origine Nilus

Non manifesta dedit salienti flumine signa

Adventante Deo, lætis se sustulit undis

Stagna arcana ciens, fundoque apparuit  
imq.

Ad

The tow'r-crown'd walls where old Elusa stands; }  
 Where Mapsa's town the narrow tract commands, }  
 And severs Asia from the Libyan lands.  
 Now haughty Pharoah's ancient realms we gain,  
 Rich fields, unwater'd by descending rain;  
 Where first that science rose, which marks the race  
 Of orbs revolving thro' unbounded space.  
 I hail the mountains and the woods unknown,  
 And pass unnotic'd many a fenced town:  
 Till to our view at length Anthedon rose,  
 On whose moist banks the fam'd Papyrus grows.  
 We start at ev'ry gale; incessant fear  
 Alarms our bosoms for a pledge so dear.  
 But round the Babe a gentle murmur blows  
 From laurel groves, and fans him to repose:  
 The trees with heads declin'd obsequious stood,  
 And breathing winds soft whisper'd thro' the wood.  
 Seem'd the rough rocks themselves, and mountains  
                   high,  
 To bend their summits, as we journey'd by;  
 The soft impression ev'n dull lakes receive,  
 And round us signs of gratulation give.  
 The rivers, tir'd with wand'ring thro' the plains,  
 Salute our ears in sadly-pleasing strains;  
 And o'er the rocks, with moss for ever crown'd,  
 With liquid lapse indulge a murmuring sound.  
 But chief the birds, each flow'ry bank along,  
 Clap their glad wings, and pour the warbling song.  
 Th' all-fruitful earth, rejoicing as we pass'd,  
 Smiles gaily, with unusual beauty grac'd;  
 The fields spontaneous all their sweets disclose,  
 And blooming shrubs in od'rous shades arose.  
 Ev'n sev'n-fold Nile himself, whose fountain lies  
 Obscure, and shaded from enquiring eyes;  
 In bounding streams exulting signals show'd,  
 As near his banks approach'd the banish'd God:  
 High o'er the waves he rear'd his awful head,  
 And call'd the billows from their ouzy bed.

Ad bivas nobis fauces, flexusque viarum  
 Increpitans clypeo, fulgentique ense per auras  
 Ocuis usque aderat cœlo pulcherrimus ales,  
 Et monstrabat iter sibi per divortia nota,  
 Ne recta regione viæ deprenderet hostis.  
 Cœruleis huic terga notis suffusa rubebant,  
 Multum illi assimilis qui me connubia quondam  
 Solventem increpuit, tenebrasque à mente fuga-  
 vit.

Supra nos alii pendentes aëre pennis  
 Ibant, et noctis resupini infantis ab ore  
 Humorem arcebant lentum, plumaque tege-  
 bant.

Jamque ego perplexum per iter propè fida tene-  
 bam

Arva legens sistris bacchata sonantibus, et jam  
 Tutus erat longè nostris à finibus infans;  
 Attamen Ægypti penetro interiora, nec ulla  
 Fida satis tellus mihi visa, aut regis iniqui  
 Sat sceptris divisa: animo timeo omnia tuta.  
 Nec placet Hermopolis, nec centum pervia portis  
 Visa satis Thebe tanto procul esse periculo.  
 Nos igitur regum turritis clara sepulchris  
 Accepit Memphis: hac demum sede quievi,  
 Paupere sub tecto veteris securus amici.

Jam verò Pelusiacas vulgata per oras,  
 Fama Palæstinum subitò ferit undique regem  
 Florentem teneris orbâsse nepotibus urbem,  
 Quos frustra insontes passim ferro impius hausit,  
 Dulcia linquentes vagitu lumina vitæ.  
 Palluit, applicuitque sinu perterrita mater  
 Infantem, atque animum sceleris perstrinxit imago;  
 Quos ibi tum gentis fletus, qualive per urbem  
 Funestam credis matres errâsse ululatu?  
 Sanguine diluta est tellus, cava tecta natarunt.  
 Non si forte olim incautis pastoribus orta  
 Ingruerit subitò tempestas omnibus arvis,

Omnibus

Lo! at the passage, where the road divides  
Its wonted track, and points to diff'rent sides,  
A winged angel to our sight appears;  
Aloft in air his glitt'ring sword he rears;  
Directs our steps thro' devious paths to go,  
Lest the plain road betray us to the foe.  
His back with ruddy spots was crimson'd o'er;  
And much resemblance to that youth he bore;  
Who, as to break our contract I inclin'd, [mind.  
Once check'd my thoughts, and clear'd my darken'd  
Others with him a like commission share,  
And hov'ring round us thro' the silent air,  
Drive from the sleeping Babe night's dews away,  
And o'er his limbs their downy plumage lay.  
Now thro' dark paths I near approach'd the plain,  
Where Bacchus revell'd with his frantic train.  
No danger here the heav'nly Babe surrounds,  
Secure at distance from our native bounds;  
Yet still to Egypt's farthest tracks we go,  
And deem no country safe from such a foe.  
Imperial Thebes, Hermopolis appear,  
Tho' far remov'd, to danger still too near.  
Hence at fam'd Memphis' walls our wand'rings end,  
Where high in air proud pyramids ascend.  
Here in this calm retreat at length we rest,  
Beneath an humble roof, in safety blest'd.

Now fame reports, thro' all th' Egyptian plain,  
That Juda's king had many an infant slain:  
Soft tender years in vain for mercy plead,  
Unpitied by the ruthless sword they bleed.  
Close in her arms her Babe the Virgin press'd,  
Dire scenes of slaughter rising in her breast.  
Alas! what groans, what shrieks ascend the skies,  
As thro' the streets each frantic matron flies!  
With purple streams the ground is cover'd o'er,  
And hollow mansions float with infant-gore.  
Not, if by chance to some unheedful swains,  
A sudden tempest pours upon the plains,

So

CHRISTIANOS ET PATRES, QUI SUI GRAMINE CURA  
SPECIOSUM PER MORTUI AFFLICTIS CURA MATRIBUS AG-  
N.

CHORUS QUI PRIMUM PARSUMSUS ANTECEDEBAT  
PER TUNC, QUODQUE VIXIT TUNC: ET QUODQUE MATRIBUS  
TUNC TUNC, ET TUNC TUNC, TUNC.  
TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC.  
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TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC,  
TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC,  
TUNC TUNC, ET TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC,  
TUNC TUNC TUNC, ET TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC TUNC.

So many lambs with bleeding sheep are found,  
 Dispers'd and scatter'd o'er the wastful ground;  
 As infants mangled bodies might be view'd,  
 Stretch'd o'er each street, and welt'ring in their blood;  
 And thus the Babe, as holy Simeon taught,  
 To numbers ruin and destruction brought.  
 Now weeping mothers mourn their offspring slain;  
 Yet was the tyrant's cruel triumph vain:  
 For justice soon a dire distemper gave,  
 That sunk his loathsome carcase to the grave.  
 Again admonish'd in an heav'nly dream,  
 To quit the borders of the sev'n-fold stream;  
 In haste we leave the monster-teeming Nile,  
 And glad once more salute our native soil.

Perhaps thou may'st enquire, what cares engage,  
 What glorious deeds, beyond his tender age,  
 In flame the Youth; if ought in Him appears,  
 That speaks a soul superior to his years?  
 Had I sufficient leisure to pursue  
 The signs he wrought, familiar to our view;  
 E'er on his chin the springing down began,  
 To give the early promise of a Man:  
 To speak these wond'rous truths, my voice wou'd fail,  
 And night advancing break th' unfinish'd tale.  
 How often did the Youth, with words express'd  
 In more than mortal sounds, alarm our breast,  
 As yet a Child; how often did we dread  
 The lambent flames that play'd around his head;  
 When his ambrosial ringlets seem'd to blaze,  
 With the bright splendor of coelestial rays?  
 I pass in silence, what discourse he held  
 With heav'n's dread Sov'reign, to our ears reveal'd:  
 His Virgin-mother, as the loom she plied,  
 Has oft with dread astonishment descry'd,  
 An host of angels from the skies descend  
 In human shape, and on the Babe attend:  
 Now o'er his limbs fresh violets they shed,  
 Now scatter show'rs of roses on his head.

Meanwhile

Nos tamen interea custodes ille vereri  
 Summissus, charæ et mandata faceffere matris,  
 Nostraque, et implebat veri genitoris amorem,  
 Dum membris habilis vigor, et vis firma veni-  
 ret.

Et jam his senos crescens exegerat annos;  
 Nec dum se populis signo detexerat ullo:  
 Tum primùm cœpit Judæa per oppida vulgo  
 Illius apparere, palamque est prodita virtus:  
 Fortè dies aderat genti solennis, et urbi  
 Huic magnæ sacer ante alias, quo regia mecum  
 Venerat et virgo: atque sequens sese aureus illi  
 Implicuit dextræ puer: et jam ritè litatis  
 Ipse domum sacris magna cum matre redibam.  
 Jamque labore viæ fessis lux prima peracta,  
 Et piceam clauso nox cœlo involverat umbram:  
 Defuit hîc puer, et genitricem, meque fefellit.  
 Tum consanguineos frustra, et scitatus amicos  
 Terque, quaterque viam repetens clamore re-  
 plevi.

Flebat se incusans unam pulcherrima mater,  
 Flaventem fusa crinem per eburnea colla.  
 Ora decent lacrymæ, disjecti colla capilli,  
 Qualis virginea cùm mollis amaracus urna  
 Et pluviam, et ventos pariter perpeffa proca-  
 ces

Demisit turbata comas, iterumque resurgens  
 Extulit os cœlo, ac priscum meditatur honorem.  
 Dumque viam relego, invitum comes ægra sequutâ  
 est.

Tres adèd incerti soles erravimus urbe  
 Nequicquam: quarta est vix demum luce reper-  
 tus.

Namque mihi, et miseræ cùm spes sublata parenti  
 Cuncta foret penitus, in mentem venit utrique  
 Templâ iterum petere, atque preces effundere ad  
 aram.

Vix



Meanwhile his earthly guardians he rever'd  
 With due submission, and our precepts heard;  
 Nor less, as years advanc'd, fulfill'd the love,  
 And gracious purpose of his Sire above.

Now o'er his head twelve posting years were flown,  
 Nor yet his wonders to the nation known:  
 'Twas then, thro' Juda's towns began his name  
 To soar triumphant on the wings of fame.  
 By chance approach'd that ancient solemn feast,  
 For sacred rites distinguish'd o'er the rest,  
 When to th'imperial town our course we sped;  
 My lovely bride her royal Infant led.  
 And now, the rites compleat, without delay  
 With the fair dame I homeward bend my way:  
 Of our appointed course one day was past,  
 And gloomy night the face of heav'n o'ercast;  
 When lo! the Youth was wanting to our train,  
 Sought 'midst his kindred tribes, but sought in vain.  
 Thrice, wild with fear, I measur'd back the road,  
 And thrice my trembling voice I rais'd aloud.  
 Conscious of blame in silence wept the fair,  
 O'er her smooth neck dishevell'd hung her hair;  
 Yet thro' the crystal veil a thousand charms appear. }  
 Thus some soft tender flow'r, of virgin kind,  
 By rains assaulted and the blust'ring wind;  
 Disturb'd, confus'd, the rude attack receives,  
 Bows the fair head, and droops the trembling leaves:  
 Then high to heav'n its blooming honours rears,  
 And in its native dignity appears.  
 Whilst my swift steps each obvious track retrace,  
 The Damsel follow'd with unwilling pace.  
 Three suns we wander'd o'er the town in vain,  
 The fourth scarce yields him to our eyes again.  
 For now, as hopelefs and o'erwhelm'd with woes  
 We roam the streets; a sudden thought arose;  
 To seek the temple once again, and there  
 Address the Deity in fervent pray'r.

N

Enter'd;

Vix ingressus eram limen, cùm protinus ambo,  
Ecce sacerdotum in mèdio conspeximus illum  
(Prima rudimenta, et virtutis signa futuræ)  
Alta recensentem vatum monimenta, patrumque  
Primores ultro scitantem obscura, docentemque.  
Illum omnes admirari, haud vulgata canentem,  
Supra aciem, captumque hominis, mentemque vi-  
gentem,

Humana non vi edoctum, non arte magistra,  
Maturumque animi nimium puerilibus annis.  
Nec minus insigni cunctis spectantibus ore  
Gratus erat: neque enim poterant se explere tu-  
endo

Flagrantesque Dei vultus, blandosque serena  
Luce oculos magis, aut propexum verticis au-  
rum:

Et florem grati, qui vix inceperat, ævi.  
Nam quocunque caput circum torfisset honestum,

Luce recens orta, vel sidere pulchrior aureo,  
Læta serenato ridebant omnia mundo,  
Et toto dulcem jactabat corpore amorem.  
Inculti qualis nitet inter gramina campi,  
Purpureus se cùm primùm foliis narcissus  
Exeruit, ruptoque caput detexit amictu:  
Aut qualis nitidi species micat alma smaragdi,  
Cùm tenui argento, tenuive includitur auro.  
Prima mali fuit hinc nobis scintilla, puerque  
Ex illo formidata primoribus urbis  
Virtute invisus fuit, et corda aspera movit:  
Atque hoc deinde ingens succensa est fomite flam-  
ma,

Inque dies gliscens furor atque infania crevit.  
Omnia quæ porrò ipse videns, metuensque fu-  
turi.

Orabam impavidum, ne vitæ prodigus hosti  
Objiceret, ne se perdendum proderet ultro.  
Verùm luce prius lateant in montibus arces,

Aut

Enter'd; our eyes beheld him as he fate,  
Amidst the rev'rend chiefs in close debate,  
Recounting prophecies of ancient days;  
(An early presage of his future praise)  
And while in questions from the priests he drew  
Th' acknowledg'd types, he show'd their meaning too.  
The crowds all wonder'd at the truths he taught,  
Admir'd his strength of mind, his reach of thought;  
And how, unlearn'd in schools, in Him appears  
A ripeness, disproportion'd to his years.  
Nor shone to view with less distinguish'd grace,  
His pleasing aspect, and his blooming face:  
Th' assembled throngs with wonder and amaze,  
On his bright cheeks and sparkling eyeballs gaze;  
His golden locks their eager view engage,  
And the first dawn of tender blooming age.  
For wheresoe'er he rears his head on high,  
Bright as a star that gilds the radiant sky;  
All earthly things in beauteous order move,  
And from his limbs he breathes coelestial love.  
Such charming form the bright Narcissus wears, }  
When 'midst the barren fields he first appears, }  
And from th' enclosing folds his visage rears. }  
Thus shines the em'rald, glorious to behold,  
Enclos'd in silver, or the burnish'd gold.  
This was the early spark of growing flame;  
Hence this unhappy Youth too soon became,  
A dreaded rival to each ruling priest;  
And with his virtues fix'd their jealous breast.  
From this beginning the fierce flame arose,  
And still each day the spreading madness grows;  
All which beholding, with prophetic fear  
I warn'd the Youth such courage to forbear;  
Nor rashly prodigal of life, expose  
His sacred person to th' insidious foes.  
But towns may sooner 'scape the passing eye,  
Which rear their proud heads on the mountains high;

Aut nocte in summis cœletur turribus ignis:  
Obruta quàm longùm jaceat sine nomine virtus.

Non tamen ille odiis magis uffit pectora acerbis,  
Quàm cùm ter denis jam vir volventibus annis  
Fontis aquam latices Bacchi convertit in atros.  
Fortè Canam mecum Galilææ advenerat urbem,  
Mater et ipsa aderat, veteri dum accitus amico  
Obsequor, intactam genero qui jungere natam  
Conventu procerum magno de more parabat.  
Jamque omnes circùm positis discumbere mensis,  
Atque alacres epulari, et vina reposcere læti.  
Nec dum finis erat dapibus, cum murmur ubique  
Exoritur, totasque auditur triste per ædes,  
Lætitiae causam exhaustis liquentia vina  
Defecisse cadis, turbarique omnia visa.  
Tum res alma parens tenues miserata puellæ  
Innuït, et natum summissa voce precata est,  
Ferret opem. Vidi hîc juvenem primùm ore moveri,  
Turbatum: caræ precibus tamen inde parentis  
Annuit, et fessio rerùm succurrit amico.  
Sex, ut erant ibi tot numero, carchesia lymphis  
Impleri jubet actutum, mensisque reponi.  
Quæ simul aspexit propiùs Deus, omnibus ecce  
Mutatus subitò nigrescere cernitur humor,  
Vinaque pro pura mirantes hausimus unda.

Audisti dux et genus, et cunabula nati,  
Primitiasque Dei: nè cætera deinde requiras,  
Hanc omnem erexit factis florentibus oram.  
Quæ si audire tamen tibi nunc fert corde voluptas,  
Is longè memoret melior (simul ore sedentem  
Signat Ioannem) vidit namque omnia præsens,  
Errabunda ducis semper vestigia servans,  
Dum mihi cura domi servandæ virginis hæret.

Dixit, et hîc factò defessus sine quievit.  
Immo, ait, istius causas ab origine partûs

Or tow'rs by night conceal the blazing flame,  
Than black oblivion shade his glorious name.

But his fair deeds no more inflam'd their breast  
With bitter hatred; till as years encreas'd,  
Beneath the magic of his pow'r divine,  
The bashful water blush'd to purple wine.  
By chance with me to ancient Cana came,  
This wond'rous Hero and the Virgin dame;  
Each by our friend invited as a guest,  
To share the honours of a bridal feast.  
All stretch'd on couches at their ease recline,  
And call for goblets crown'd with foaming wine.  
But lo! e'er yet the social banquet ceas'd,  
A spreading rumour thro' the dome encreas'd;  
That the rich casks, which caus'd their joy before,  
Were all exhausted, and the wine no more.  
The dame beholding this distress with grief,  
Implores her Son to grant some kind relief.  
He, tho' at first disturb'd in mind; obey'd  
The tender parent, and vouchsaf'd his aid.  
He bids them on the board six goblets place,  
Then with pure water fill each shining vase.  
Which when the God approach'd, and nearer view'd;  
We see the limpid stream, by force subdu'd,  
Its simple nature instantly resign,  
And from each vessel quaff the purest wine.

Thus hast thou heard, O chief! the race, the birth,  
And first adventures of this God on earth.  
As for the rest, his spreading fame resounds  
O'er all the coast, and fills our utmost bounds.  
Yet if thou seek'st more knowledge to obtain,  
This young disciple will the facts explain;  
For he, (and then to John he gave the sign)  
Saw, and can name each wond'rous deed divine;  
A constant follow'r in his Master's train,  
Whilst household cares my trembling age detain.

He spoke; and weary'd here concludes his tale—  
Then thou, said Pilate, this great birth reveal.

Exequere, aut quæ religio, si vera per oram  
Percepi, Judæa Deum non amplius unum  
Æternum colit, haud mortali semine cre-  
tum,

Indigetesque suis divos altaribus arcet.

Inde tibi noti recolens ex ordine Divi

Cætera mira refer: namque hunc in corpore  
vires

Deficiunt, teque auxilio jubet ipse subire,

Pontius hæc: cuncti intenti simul ora tenebant,

Say too, why ye alone, if right I hear,  
 In all religious solemn forms, revere  
 One God eternal; of no earthly line;  
 And banish others from your rites divine:  
 Then to our ears, fair youth! in order tell,  
 What various wonders to thy notice fell.  
 O'er him, thou see'st, old age too much prevails,  
 His limbs are feeble, and his spirit fails:  
 Besides, he begs this favour as a friend—  
 Thus Pilate spoke; the list'ning crowds attend.

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MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER QUARTUS.

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**H**IC juvenis, facie quo tum non gratior alter,  
Puberibusque annis erat ingrediente juventa,  
Multa prius veniam præfatus, multa recusans.  
Verba diu premit : inde animo mortalia linquens  
Paulatim, oblitusque hominem penetralia divûm  
Mente subit, cœlum peragrans, fruiturque beato  
Cœlituum aspectu, omnipotentique ætheris au-  
ra,

Admissus superam depasci lumine lucem,  
Inque Deo tota defixus mente moratur :  
Qualis ubi alta petens terris aufertur ab imis  
Alituum regina, vagas spatiata per auras  
Dat plausum gyro, atque in nubila conditur  
alis,

Ætherea jamque illa plaga levis instat, et acrem  
Intendens aciem, criniti lumina solis  
Suspicit, obtutuque oculos fixa hæret acuto.  
Illum adèd tacitum intereà mirantur in unum  
Versi omnes velut exanimem, somnoque grava-  
tum,

Et crebri excutiant : demum sibi redditus ipse  
Cum gemitu, ex imo sic fari pectore coepit :

Principio Pater omnipotens, rerum fator, et  
fons,  
Ingens, immensus, solus regnebat ubique :  
Nondum



---

V I D A's  
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K. IV.

---

**H**ERE the fair Youth, in whose bright form ap-  
pears

The grace of beauty, mixt with blooming years;  
Confus'd, with humble modesty declines  
The arduous task the mighty chief enjoins,  
Awhile in silence fix'd; then rapt on high,  
His mind, unbody'd, thro' the spacious sky,  
Spurning this lower world, pursues her way,  
To the bright regions of eternal day;  
Beholds the saints that share the blest'd abode,  
And dwells in rapt'rous visions on the God.  
Thus high from earth the tow'ring eagle springs,  
And sails thro' Ether on expanded wings;  
Thence soaring upward with advent'rous flight,  
Undazzled gazes on the source of light.  
Meanwhile the throng'd assembly with surprize,  
On Him, thus wrapt in silence, fix their eyes,  
As one quite lifeless, or with sleep oppress'd;  
And strive to rouse him from this trance-like rest.  
Then from his breast while heaving murmurs broke,  
The Youth, recov'ring from his vision, spoke.

In the beginning, on his awful throne  
Reign'd the great Sire of earth and heav'n alone.  
Not yet his hand had shap'd those orbs on high,  
That dance harmonious thro' the radiant sky;

Not

Nondum sidereos mundi procuderat orbes,  
Nondum mundus erat, necdum ibant tempora in orbem,

Nullaque cœruleo radiabant lumina cœlo.

Quicquid erat, Deus illud erat, quodcunque, ubi-  
cunque

Complexus circùm, penitus sese omnis in ipso.

Filius huic tantum, quem non effuderat ulla

Vel dea, vel solito mortalis foemina partu.

Ipsè sed æterna genitor conceperat illum

Æternum æternus (dictu mirabile) mente.

Haud olli terreni artus, moribundave membra,

Sed sine corpore erat, patris alta ut mente su-  
premi

Conceptum, arcanoque latens in pectore VERBUM,

Quod nondum in volucres vox edita protulit auras:

Omnipotens VERBUM, finisque et originis experts,

Quo mare, quo tellus, quo constat maximus æther.

Utque pater Deus, æquè etiam Deus unica proles,

At geminos tu proinde Deos fuge credere porrò:

Numen idem simul ambobus, Deus unus uterque  
est.

Quinetiam, quo inter se ambo junguntur, amorem  
(Namque ab utroque venit conspirans mutuus ar-  
dor)

Omnipotens æquè numenque, Deumque vocamus,

Afflantem maria, ac terras, cœlique profunda,

Afflatu quo cuncta vigent, quo cuncta moventur,

Tresque unum esse Deum, ter numen dicimus unum:

Quove magis mirere, Deus, quem cernimus ipsi

Factum hominem, atque hominum mortali corpore  
cretum:

Non minus ac prius, ætherea nunc regnat in aula

Cum genitore, pari simul omnia numine torquens.

Nempe locis nullis, spatiis non clauditur ullis,

Omnibus inque locis idem omni tempore præsens,

Suffugiens nostras acies, sensûque remotus

Cuncta replet Deus, ac molem se fundit in omnem.

Lux

Not yet was form'd the world's compacted sphere;  
 No various seasons mark'd the rolling year:  
 No light thro' heav'n's wide circuit yet had place,  
 But God was all in all, and fill'd unbounded space.  
 One Son he had, who ne'er deriv'd his birth  
 From parent-goddess, or bright dame of earth;  
 But Him the Sire, e'er nature's frame was wrought,  
 Conceived eternal in his boundless thought.  
 No limbs he had compos'd of earthly clay,  
 No mortal members subject to decay;  
 But unembodiy'd reign'd, in heav'n's abode,  
 Conceived, but not reveal'd, the WORD of God:  
 That WORD, which never from beginning came,  
 Nor e'er shall end, eternally the same:  
 By whose almighty fiat and decree,  
 Were form'd this ether, earth, and spacious sea:  
 Who with the Sire to heav'n asserts his claim,  
 In godhead equal, and in pow'r the same.  
 Yet think not hence two Deities we own,  
 Distinct the persons, but one God alone.  
 Nay more; to that consummate love divine,  
 With which in mutual harmony they join;  
 The same ador'd perfections are allow'd,  
 And christians call this glorious person, God:  
 He, whose all-quick'ning breath diffus'd around,  
 Pervades thro' air, and earth, and seas profound.  
 Thus Sire, Son, Spirit, ever-honour'd Three!  
 We justly stile one great Divinity.  
 Again; to wake thy wonder and surprize,  
 That God, who here to our astonish'd eyes  
 Seems merely mortal; with his Father reigns,  
 Ev'n now triumphant in th' ethereal plains;  
 With equal title claims the bright abode,  
 And rules heav'n's awful empire with his nod.  
 By time unbounded, unconfined by space,  
 His presence spreads at once thro' ev'ry place;  
 And veil'd from reach of ev'ry mortal eye,  
 Fills the wide circuit of immensity.

Thus

Lux humiles veluti perfundens lumine terras  
 Solis ab orbe venit, suppositaque circuit arva,  
 Non tamen æthereo divisa ab sole recedit  
 Illa usquam, quamvis longinquas ambiat oras:  
 Nec sine sole suo est lux, nec sine luce sua sol.

Quid verò impulerit tantos adiisse labores,  
 Atque hæc ferre Deum, dum morti obnoxius errat,  
 Dicam equidem, et repetens altas ab origine causas  
 Expediam. Cœlum, et cœli quos suspicis orbes,  
 Vix opifex rerum extuderat, terrasque jacentes,  
 Cùm simul aligeros populos, sanctosque volucres  
 Ter ternas acies, celerem et sine corpore gentem,  
 Qui cœli incolerent ipsos septemplicis orbes,  
 Condidit æterno genitor succensus amore,  
 Ut sua, qua fruitur solus natusque per ævum,  
 Communis foret, et multis concessa voluptas.  
 Continuo, fuerat quos æquum dicere laudes  
 Autorique, Deoque suo, ac persolvere grates,  
 Regnandi vesanus amor (quis ferret inultus?)  
 Haud partem exiguam invasit, furisque sube-  
 git,  
 Ut cuperent summo sese præferre parenti  
 Immemores, animis victi, cæcique furore.  
 Non tulit omnipotens fator, et meliora secutos  
 Armavit contra: nulla hinc mora, talia ador-  
 tos  
 Indecores cœlo sedes detrusit in imas,  
 Noctis ubi horrifera nigror, æternæque tenebræ.

Primus natus homo hinc, terris quem maximus  
 auctor,  
 Et liquidis latè dominum præfecerat undis,  
 Quò mox pro superis excussis astra teneret,  
 Desertasque domos ipse, et genus omne suo-  
 rum,  
 Omnigenumque uni subjecit secla animantium,  
 Squamigerum pecudes, et pennis picta volantum  
 Corpora,

Thus light, emerging from the solar beam,  
 Spreads o'er the spacious earth its ambient stream;  
 Yet never from the sun's bright surface strays,  
 Tho' distant regions feel th' enliv'ning rays:  
 Still to their parent orb the beams unite,  
 Nor light's without its sun, nor sun without its light.

But what induc'd th' eternal Heir of God,  
 To quit the glories of the blest'd abode,  
 And here on earth such hardships undergo,  
 To death obnoxious and all human woe;  
 My vent'rous tongue, O chief! shall now relate,  
 And trace the subject from its earliest date.  
 Scarce had the sov'reign Architect on high,  
 Hung the bright orbs amid this azure sky,  
 And form'd the globe of habitable earth;  
 When with his potent voice He call'd to birth  
 The winged seraphs, mov'd by heav'nly love,  
 To dwell for ever in the realms above:  
 That other Beings might in Him be blest'd,  
 And share the pleasures heav'n itself possess'd.  
 But some, whom duty shou'd have taught to sing  
 Eternal praises to this glorious King,  
 Urg'd by ambition, and a lust to reign  
 With pow'r despotic thro' th' etherial plain;  
 Aim'd to exalt their tow'ring thrones above  
 Heav'n's Lord himself; forgetful of his love.  
 The Sire indignant saw, and to restrain  
 This daring insult, arm'd his faithful train;  
 And all who durst against his pow'r rebel,  
 Hurl'd down with thunder to the depths of hell.

Hence man was form'd, ordain'd by heav'n's com-  
 mand

Imperial ruler o'er the sea and land;  
 Who with his future race in time shou'd rise,  
 And fill with new inhabitants the skies.  
 Beasts of all kinds that range the fields or woods,  
 Gay painted birds, and natives of the floods;  
 Were

Corpora, montivagumque simul genus omne ferarum.

Tantum floriferis dominum cum imponeret arvis,

Arboris unius foetu illum parcere iussit.

At vetito captus mali infelicis amore,

Conjugis hortatu, quam fraude illexerat anguis,

Immemor heu! superi violavit foedera Regis.

Vix avido arreptum pomum foedaverat ore,

Cum pater imbripotens jam fulva è nube tonare

Desuper auditus, saevasque indicare poenas

Iratus, quas ille olim, quas omnis ab illo

Progenies lueret, lucis ventura sub auras.

Continuo ingenti coelo sunt addita claustra.

Impia tum primum proles exorta repente,

Et subito tellus scelere est imbuta nefando.

Emersit fraus, emerfit malefuada libido,

Hinc durus generi humano labor additus: hinc fons

Curarum, et tristis patefacta est janua leti,

Morbique, et dolor, atque fames, et turpis egestas:

Cum genus humanum curis sine degere posset,

Plurimaque in terris vivendo vincere secla.

Ex illo line more homines, sine lege per agros

Degebant, tantum placabant sanguine fuso

Coelicolum regem, bonus ut gregibusque sibi-que

Afforet, atque satis vim coeli averteret arvis:

Indociles, rerum ignari, ac rationis inanes.

Isque ferè status annorum bis millibus orbi

Constiterat, jamjamque magis pater optimus iras

Oblitus veteres, paulum mitescere coepit.

Non dum

Were all subjected to his sov'reign sway,  
And taught this new-born monarch to obey.  
Yet when his bounteous Lord vouchsaf'd to yield  
To man, the various produce of the field;  
His pow'r he bounded by a fix'd decree,  
And bade him shun one interdicted tree.  
But he, encourag'd by his wife to try  
The fruit, that glow'd so tempting to the eye;  
(She by the serpent's guileful art deceiv'd,  
His specious tales too easily believ'd)  
Alas! regardless of th' injunction giv'n,  
Transgress'd the gracious covenant of heav'n.  
Scarce had he seiz'd the fruit with keen desire,  
And rashly tasted; when th' eternal Sire,  
In bursts of thunder from an ambient cloud,  
Was heard to speak that punishment aloud,  
Which he henceforth and all mankind must share,  
That draw from him this vital breath of air.  
Instant, heav'n-gates th' immortal seraphs close—  
Hence first on earth an impious race arose;  
Vile fraud, and furious lust advanc'd their head,  
And daring crimes the face of earth o'erspread.  
Hence stubborn labour and hard toil began  
To exercise the suff'ring race of man.  
From this dire source of ills too soon appear  
Diseases, famine, death, and want, and care;  
When man might length of ages have been blest'd,  
Exempt from sorrows, and of peace possess'd.  
From that sad period, by no laws with-held,  
Men liv'd at large, and rang'd the spacious field;  
Yet slaughter'd victims to the shrines they brought  
Of great Jehovah, and his favour sought,  
To guard themselves and flocks from future ill,  
Unlearn'd in arts, and blind to heav'n's high will.  
Such was the world; and thus its state appears  
Savage and wild, for twice a thousand years.  
At length, forgetful of his wrongs; the Sire  
Calm'd by degrees, remits his vengeful ire.

But

Nondum homini tamen æthereum patefecit olym-  
pum,

Sed genus humanum fingens, acuensque monendo,  
Et leges dedit, et ritus, moremque sacrorum,  
Instituitque genus nostrum, discriminis ergo  
Lege jubens testa circum præcidere acuta  
Exiguam, unde viri sumus, omni in corpore par-  
tem:

Tum vatum impievit venientis pectora veri,  
Qui populis lætum canerent, demum affore tempus,  
Janua aperta piis cœli cùm sponte pateret.

Casti autem interea manes, animæque piorum  
Sub terram umbrosa expectabant valle sedentes.  
Jam vatum memores numerabant tempus, et am-  
bas

Tendebant paribus votis ad sidera palmas,  
Cœlestum regem orantes, desisteret ira,  
Parceret unius genus omne extinguere noxa:  
Parce Pater, parce omnipotens (vox omnibus  
una)

Nos promisso olim, longè disjungimur unde  
Luminis expertes blandi, memor affere cœlo.  
Haud nos eduxti nequicquam lucis ad auras. \*  
Si qua tamen veteris superant vestigia culpæ,  
Dilue rore tuo facilis, fontesque reclude  
Divinos: ô quis superùm cœlestia tandem  
Flumina, cœlestes nobis bonus irriget imbres.  
Vos ô flammiferi labentes ætheris orbes  
Irrorate, vagæ nobis succurrite nubes;  
Optatam pluviam, felicem effundite rorem.  
Tuque adeò, quem jam expectant tot secula vo-  
tis

Promissum, inferni cui nutant mœnia mundi,  
Summi vera Patris soboles, cœli aureus im-  
ber,

Rumpe moras age, fidereos rumpe ocios orbes,  
Ætheris huc fractis vi multa allabere portis.

Talibus



But had not yet to man's offending race,  
 Prepar'd a mansion in th' etherial space;  
 Yet gave them laws, to favour this design,  
 And form'd their hearts by discipline divine.  
 Then chose our race, selected from the rest;  
 Ord'ring the sons of Abr'ham, as a test  
 Of prompt obedience, and for diff'rence sake,  
 Incision on our manly parts to make:  
 Then bade his prophets to the world display  
 Tidings of joy; that heav'n had fix'd a day,  
 When pious spirits shou'd from earth remove,  
 And share the glories of the realms above.

Meanwhile the souls of saints beneath the earth,  
 In flow'ry vales await time's rising birth:  
 Anxious they sit, and count the years to come,  
 Then lift their hands to heav'n's resplendent dome;  
 Imploring God his anger to forego,  
 Nor for the guilt of one condemn mankind to woe.  
 Look down, oh Sire! look down with pitying eye,  
 And spare thy people was the gen'ral cry!  
 Grant us to reach the promis'd realms of light,  
 Tho' here we wander in the gloom of night,  
 Far from that world disjoin'd; for not in vain,  
 Thy hand creative form'd the race of man.  
 But if thine eyes some stains of guilt yet view,  
 Oh! gently wash them in coelestial dew,  
 And ope thy sacred founts—what pow'r on high,  
 With streams and fountains will our wants supply?  
 Ye stars, that thro' the radiant Ether roll,  
 Ye wand'ring clouds, that sail from pole to pole;  
 Oh! carry not those soft'ring stores in vain,  
 Pour on our heads the kindly-dropping rain:  
 But chiefly Thou, whose bless'd auspicious birth  
 Has long been promis'd to the sons of earth;  
 To whom ev'n now hell's tott'ring regions nod,  
 Thou genuine offspring of th' eternal God!  
 Bright show'r of heav'n! no more thy influence stay;  
 Burst from yon ambient clouds, and spring to day.

Talibus orabant omnes, eademque caneant:  
Quos Pater omnipotens superum sarcire ruinas  
Jam meditans, coeli penitus miseratus ab arce  
est.

Cum verò æthereas nutu recludere portas  
Possit, et alitibus potius de civibus unum  
Mittere, qui regnis manes divelleret atris,  
In superum referens sedes, stellantia templa:  
Ipse sui ut memores magis, ac majoribus arctos  
Vinciret meritis homines, qui cuncta piaret,  
Factum hominem è summo natum ipsum misit o-  
lympo.

Ne tamen ignaris mortalibus appareret  
Ignotusque, novusque, suis neve ilicet illum  
Finibus arcerent pulsum, quod se ipse Deimet  
Progeniem leges contra memoraret avitas:  
Præmisit vatem egregium, his in finibus or-  
tum,

Nemine Iöannem, Elisabe quem numine ple-  
num

Zachariæ extrema parit infœcunda senecta:  
Gentibus ipse Deum ut natum prænuncius ore  
Proderet, atque suas spes fesso ostenderet orbi.  
Ille hominum primis vitans vestigia ab annis,  
Horridus in solis agitavit montibus ævum,  
Montibus et sylvis, et littoribus desertis.  
Speluncæ tectum horrentes, victum aspera  
nullo

Arbuta terra dabat cultu, aut sudantia truncis  
Mella cavis, liquidi præbebant pocula fon-  
tes.

Vestis erat pellis hirsutis horrida villis.  
Tantum lætificas gaudebat spargere voces,  
Affatus nemora, et montes, ac littora pon-  
ti.

Tanta sed haud latuit virtus tamen: ilicet in-  
gens

Fama viri circumfusas penetravit ad urbes.

Jamque

Thus all in fervent pray'rs with one accord  
 High heav'n petition'd; whom th' Almighty Lord,  
 Resolv'd the loss of angels to supply,  
 Beheld with pity from his throne on high.  
 And tho' his potent and all-fov'reign nod  
 Cou'd ope the portals of the bless'd abode,  
 And send some winged messenger, from death  
 To rescue spirits in the realms beneath;  
 And with triumphant victory convey,  
 To happy regions of eternal day:  
 But that the world he might for ever bind,  
 By endless favours heap'd on human-kind;  
 For sins of wretched mortals to atone,  
 He sent incarnate his begotten Son.  
 But lest a Stranger he shou'd seem on earth,  
 Unknown his errand, unproclaim'd his birth;  
 And hence, imposter-like, the Son of God  
 By chance be exil'd from his new abode;  
 Heav'n sent a messenger before his face,  
 An holy prophet, sprung from Israel's race;  
 Whom, by strange birth, her years of breeding o'er,  
 To Zacharias fam'd Eliza bore;  
 Messiah's glorious advent to display,  
 Point the great Saviour, and prepare his way.  
 He from his youth to solitude inclin'd,  
 Shun'd the frequented paths of human kind;  
 On barren mountains and in woods alone  
 He pass'd his days; to social life unknown.  
 Herbs and wild honey were the prophet's food,  
 Rocks, his retreat; his drink, the crystal flood.  
 An homely garment o'er his shoulders cast,  
 Form'd of rough shag, his hardy limbs embrac'd:  
 And thus retir'd he sung Messiah's reign,  
 To woods, and mountains, and the bord'ring main.  
 But such rare virtue never long cou'd lie,  
 Obscur'd and shaded from the public eye;  
 By swift degrees his fame and high renown,  
 From forth the desert reach'd each neighbouring town.

Jamque illum cœlo demissum credere gentes,  
 Qui, tot veridicæ ut quondam cecinere Sibyl-  
 læ,

Humanum genus horrificis educeret umbris.

Et jam concursu populi illum accedere  
 magno

Scitatum, quisnam, unde domo, quid ferret? an  
 ipse

Afforet è cœlo, miseris qui gentibus olim  
 Auxilio venturus? cum bis, terque rogabant.

Ille sed umbrosis repetebat talia ab antris:

Gaudete, ô tenebris jamdudum, ac nubibus a-  
 tris

Obductæ gentes: lux ecce optata propinquat.

Ne verò, ne me ignari vos credite lucem

Promissam (immeritos neque enim furamur hono-  
 res:)

Tantum ego, ceu solem nascentem lucifer ante

Exoritur, nitidoque diem denunciat astro,

Prædico actutum vobis jubar affore vestrum.

Jamjam aderit Deus, ecce, Deus mortalibus  
 oris

Ceu mortalis adest, venienti occurrere læti:

Fronde vias festâ decorate, tapetibus agros.

Et numen digno venerati agnoscite honore:

Discite justitiam interea, atque assuescite recto,

Et duce me scelus infectum lavite amne liquen-  
 ti.

Ipse autem æthereâ divinitus eluet aura

Omne malum, ac veteris penitus contagia cul-  
 pæ,

Seclaque mutato succedent aurea mundo.

Talibus auditis, cunctis ex urbibus ibant

Finitimi, quâ Jordanis fluit agmine dulci,

Orantes pacem, atque ultrò commissâ faten-  
 tes:

Quos

At length our tribes, by specious forms deceiv'd,  
 This youth the Saviour of the world believ'd;  
 By heav'n ordain'd to lead mankind to light,  
 As seers predicted, from the realms of night.

Now from all parts in troops the people came,  
 To learn his birth, his family, and name.

Were He the person (thus they oft enquire)  
 Sent from above by heav'n's Almighty Sire,  
 To break the groaning nation's galling chain;  
 And bring fair freedom to their tribes again?  
 To each request the sacred prophet gave,  
 This mystic answer from his gloomy cave:  
 Rejoice, oh nations! wrapt in shades of night,  
 Lo! now appears th' expected dawn of light.  
 Yet deem not me the man by heav'n design'd,  
 To prove the light and blessing of mankind;  
 Far be such honours from my humble mind. }

I, like the morning star, whose beams display  
 A glimm'ring light, to point th' approach of day;  
 Foretél, to you this Sun will soon arise,  
 And with new glories gild the radiant skies.  
 Your God, oh! happy tribes! your God appears,  
 Gracious on earth an human form he wears.  
 Where'er he comes, let heart-felt joy abound,  
 Bring festal boughs, with carpets spread the ground;  
 Let all due honours to his birth be shown,  
 And with a thankful heart this glorious Godhead own.  
 Meanwhile, let justice in your bosoms sway,  
 My words, as heav'n's great messenger obey, }

And wash your vices in this stream away.  
 Himself, descending from the realms above,  
 Will all contagion from your hearts remove;  
 Of human sin purge ev'ry guilty stain,  
 And on the joyful world bring golden years again.

This heard; from all their cities numbers came,  
 Where sacred Jordan rolls his silver stream;  
 With willing heart confess their sins, and pray  
 Heav'n's gracious Sire to cleanse their guilt away.

Quos vates puro nudos lustrabat in amne,  
Ritè cavis capiti invergens sacra flumina pal-  
mis.

Ecce autem Deus ipse etiam, ceu cætera turba,  
Lustrandi sese studio clàm tendit ad amnem,  
Nil ut inexpertum moribundo in corpore lin-  
quat,

Mortali quod fas homini, et subiisse necesse est,  
Ne pigeat seros imitari facta nepotes.  
Abstinet primùm vates, tactusque refugit,  
Agnoscepsque Deum, palmas utrasque tetendit  
Supplex, accurvusque vadis mirantibus ipsis:  
Paruit inde tamen jussus, divinaque membra  
Horrescensque, tremensque liquenti perluit am-  
ne.

Protinus aurifluo Jordanes gurgite fulsit,  
Et superùm vasto insonuit domus alta fragore,  
Insuper et coeli claro delapsa columba est  
Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma,  
Terga sed auratis circum et rutilantibus alis.  
Jamque viam latè signans super astitit ambos,  
Cœlestique aura pendens afflavit utrumque.  
Vox simul et magni rubra Genitoris ab æthra  
Audita est, nati dulcem testantis amorem.  
Interea aligeri juvenes, gens incola coeli,  
Missi aderant liquido pendentes aëre circum,  
Carbascosque sinus, mantiliaque alba ferebant,  
Jussa ministeria, ut nati membra humida herilis,  
Rorantemque sacro siccarent flumine crinem.

His actis Deus evasit, fluviumque reliquit,  
Quem vates longo ripam ordine circumfusus  
Ostendit, talique abeuntem est voce sequutus:  
En, ego quem terris toties jamjam affore quondam  
Pollicitus, Deus, ecce Deus, qui crimina nostra,  
Thuricremas agnus veluti mactatus ad aras,  
Morte luet, superoque volens cadet hostia Patri.

Hunc

All these the prophet to the river led,  
And pour'd the pure libation on their head.

Amidst the rest, these precepts to obey,  
The God himself to Jordan bends his way;  
E'er death approach, to bathe his human limbs,  
Tho' pure and spotless, in the sacred streams.  
Resolv'd no rite shou'd unperform'd remain,  
Which heav'nly laws to human race ordain;  
That late disciples might his conduct view,  
And learn their Lord's example to pursue.  
At first the prophet his request withstood,  
And on his bended knees confess'd the God;  
In suppliant posture rear'd his hands on high,  
The waters wonder'd as they murmur'd by.  
At length commanded he obey'd the sign,  
And drench'd in Jordan's waves his limbs divine.  
At once the stream with golden current flow'd,  
And thunder echo'd thro' the bless'd abode.  
When lo! on glitt'ring wings a silver dove,  
Thro' the pure air descended from above:  
Marking her radiant way, to both she fled,  
And breath'd the Spirit on their sacred head.  
Then to his Son a voice from God above  
Proceeds, in token of coelestial love.  
Meantime, the winged youths who range the sky,  
Charg'd with their Lord's commands, descend from  
high;

And in their hands the purest linen bear,  
To cleanse his limbs, and wipe his sacred hair.

These solemn rites perform'd with order due,  
Our Lord his steps from Jordan's banks withdrew:  
Whom, as he pass'd, to all th' assembled crowd  
The raptur'd prophet thus proclaim'd aloud:  
Behold, ye favour'd tribes! behold the God,  
By this prophetic voice so oft foreshow'd;  
Who by his death shall purge each mortal stain,  
As holy victim at the altar slain!

Hunc optate ducem, hunc vobis optate magistrum.

Ex illo vates nemora, et loca sola relinquens,  
Urbes per medias ibat, populisque canebat  
Advenisse Deum, promissum numen adesse.  
Credita res paucis, donec se ostendere coram  
Supra hominem cœpit Deus ipse ingentibus orsis.  
Nam primùm numero ex omni delegit amicos  
Bis senos, quœscum curas, durumque laborem  
Partiri, et casus posset deducere in omnes:  
Antè quidem solus ter denos egerat annos.

Sed ne fortè putes multis è millibus illi  
Nos ideo placuisse, dolis quòd, et arte magistra  
Spectatos longè ante alios deprenderit omnes,  
Aut opibus, claraque domus à stirpe potentes:  
Omnibus obscurum genus, et sine luce penates,  
Atque humilis fortuna, nec astu prædita vita.  
Quinque adeò fumus exigua Bessæide creti.  
Nobis ars erat, insidias piscosa secundum  
Flumina squamigerum generi hamo tendere ad-  
unco,

Atque innare salum, fœcundaque piscibus arva.  
Tunc etiam, cùm nos ad se primùm ille vocavit,  
Humida littorea sarcibam retia arena.  
Ipse Jacobus adhuc salientes littore pisces  
Servabat frater: nec tum procul inde fecabant

Andreas, parvaque Petrus vada falsa carina,  
Iisdem acti fratres studiis, eadem æquora circum.

Tum mihi conjunctus patriaque, domoque Philippus

Accitus, pisces et retia torta reliquit.

Addunt se socios Thomas, Thaddæus, eademque

Arte Simon, Cana quem genuit Galileia amicum,

Fluminibus patriis mutisque natantibus hostem.

Namque



Him-as your guide, your sov'reign Lord receive,  
And due attention to his precepts give.

From that blest'd hour the seer no longer stay'd,  
A lonely hermit in the silent shade;  
But to throng'd towns and public cities show'd,  
Th' approach and presence of the promis'd God.  
The wond'rous story was believ'd by few,  
Till his own acts mankind's attention drew.  
For first; twelve friends he chose, with whom to share  
Life's daily labours, and encreasing care:  
Till then, full thirty years, our Lord alone  
Had pass'd his days, unnotic'd and unknown.  
Yet think not our illustrious Master drew,  
From various numbers, this selected few;  
Because in us his judging eye beheld  
Companions in deceit and cunning skill'd:  
Or sought out friends, for pow'r or wealth renown'd,  
Rais'd high in fortune, and with glory crown'd—  
Our small society no honours own,  
Obscure our birth, our life to fraud unknown.  
Five, the poor city of Bethsaida bore;  
Our only art, along the winding shore,  
With guileful hooks to snare the scaly prey,  
And launch our vessels on the wat'ry way.  
Ev'n then, when summon'd to his train, I stood  
Beside the margin of the swelling flood;  
And while my nets industrious I repair,  
To guard the fishes was my † brother's care.  
Not distant far, in small and humble ships,  
Andrew and Peter plow the gulphy deeps;  
With us connected the same lot partake,  
And earn their food by toiling on the lake.  
Next, the like choice my townsman Philip made,  
And left his nets, his fortune, and his trade.  
With Thomas, studious of the self-same gain,  
Simon of Cana join'd our social train;  
Whose time, like ours, on waters was bestow'd,  
Foe to the silent natives of the flood.

† James

His

Namque Jacobus ei, cognato sanguine fretus,  
 Alphæo natus patre, se subjunxerat antè.  
 Ut genus indecores penè omnes, sic quoque nostra  
 Nomina dura vides, insueta atque aspera dictu:  
 Haud facies sola est impexis horrida barbis.  
 Tres alii (neque enim longè meliori sequuti  
 Fortuna) addiderant sese: Matthæus: et ævo  
 Jam gravis, effoetisque Petri jam proximus annis  
 Bartholomæus, et ipse mali fabricator Iudas.

Vix memorem, quæcunque oculis, quæcunque  
 sub illo

Auribus his hausi repetens miracula rerum,  
 Tempore tam parvo (vix terna hyberna peracta,  
 Ex quo illi socii dignatus nomine jungor)  
 Nec me tam vastum nunc currere oporteat  
 æquor.

Pauca sed è multis, et ea haud mihi mollia fatu,  
 Ingrediar tamen, et breviter tua jussa capeffens  
 Expediam: mitto modò quæ monimenta reli-  
 quit

Finitimas (tibi nota reor) non parva per urbes.  
 Namque omnem egregiis factis insigniit oram.  
 Quis nescit nuper revocatum ad munera vitæ  
 Palmiferæ regem Bethanes, lumine quarto  
 Quem vidit sol extinctum, impositumque sepul-  
 cro?

Ut fileam innumeros, quibus ipse in limine  
 leti

Affuit, et duræ de mortis fauce revulsit?  
 Nam prius enumerem, quot ponto aquilonibus  
 undæ

Spumescant vasto, quot inundent littora arenis,  
 Quàm quot opem morbos varios in corpore pas-  
 sis

Supplicibus tulit, et validos, lætosque remisit.  
 Multi capti oculis, clausis multi auribus orti,  
 Ne possent ullas audire, aut edere voces:

His kinsman James, from old Alphæus sprung,  
Before was added to the chosen throng,  
As thus we spring from no illustrious kind,  
Our rustic names unmusical you find;  
Of accent difficult, and void of grace—  
Not rough alone in figure and in face.  
Next these, but scarce of more distinguish'd worth,  
Or nobler rank'd in fortune, or in birth;  
Their love and prompt obedience to declare,  
Matthew, and old Bartholomew appear.  
And last, the band of chosen friends to close,  
Judas; vile author of these wretched woes.

My tongue perhaps and memory wou'd fail,  
Shou'd I attempt the wonders to reveal,  
Which in so short a period took their birth;  
(Scarce three whole winters rolling o'er the earth,  
Since first I join'd this Youth's associate train)  
Nor need we enter on so wide a plain.  
Yet as thy will enjoins me to pursue  
This glorious subject; I'll select a few  
Of those great acts; not easy to rehearse  
In the smooth cadence of harmonious verse.  
I pass those famous deeds in silence by,  
Of late transacted in the public eye,  
Which doubtless to your ears, O Roman! came;  
For all Judæa sounds his glorious name.  
That wond'rous story fills the nation's ear,  
Of Lazarus, recall'd to upper air;  
Whom the bright sun four circling days beheld,  
In gloomy chambers of the earth conceal'd.  
I pass the multitudes he deign'd to save,  
When just expiring, from the darksome grave;  
For far, far sooner might I number o'er,  
The waves at sea, or sands upon the shore;  
Than tell what wounded crowds, our gracious Lord  
With aid benignant, to their health restor'd.  
All, who oppress'd with ills of various kind,  
Whether the deaf, the dumb, the halt, or blind;

Or

Claudi alii imparibus vix ægrè passibus ibant:  
 His rigor ex longo immotos sopiverat artus:  
 Illis semeso serpentia corpore hiabant  
 Ulcera, et illuvies membris immunda fluebat;  
 Nec deerant, tumefacta quibus præcordia, et alvus  
 Insincera sitim miseris adduxerat acrem,  
 Nullæ artes poterant quam, nulla extinguere aquæ  
 vis.

Tum quibus assiduis concussa tremoribus usque  
 Nutabant, tremuloque lababant corpore membra,  
 Ignea quos febris, aut corrupti corporis humor,  
 Et quos præterea vis cæci incognita morbi  
 Versabat lecto totos distracta per artus,  
 Quosve animis captos agitans malè habebat Erin-  
 nys.

Omnibus aspectu solo, tactuve ferebat  
 Divus opem: subito linquebant corpora morbi,  
 Et stratis ipsi surgebant protinus ægri.  
 Atque ideo quacunque viam observatus agebat,  
 Semper eum opperiens turba ingens strata jacebat,  
 Per fora, perque vias, sanctique ad limina templi.  
 Nondum aliquem tamen infernis revocaverat um-  
 bris,

Morte obita, cum Sidonia remearet ab ora,  
 Et Nain ingressus fociis comitantibus altam est.

Ecce autem ingentem longo procedere pompam  
 Ordine flammaram aspicimus, mœstamque per ur-  
 bem

Audimus luctum: causam tum denique luctus  
 Cernimus, egregii juvenis miserabile corpus,  
 Impositum molli pheretro, quem meruit acerba  
 Morte dies, dulci cum vix pubesceret ævo,  
 Atque omnem vultu florenti dempsit honorem.  
 Qualis, quem pede pressit agro bos signa relinquens,  
 Paulatim lassâ languet cervice hyacinthus:  
 Aut rosa, quam molli decerpens pollice virgo,  
 Vepribus in densis lapsam sub sole reliquit.

Or those, who by a palsy'd numbness spread  
 Thro' their stiff joints, find all the functions dead;  
 Or such, as are with ulcers cover'd o'er,  
 And loathsome wounds, that ouze with putrid gore;  
 Or, who oppress'd with dropsies, feel a rage  
 Of burning thirst, no waters can assuage:  
 Or those, whose limbs incessant tremblings seize;  
 Who groan beneath a fever's dire disease:  
 Or those, who in their beds distracted lay,  
 With ills unknown, and pin'd in grief away:  
 Or lastly those, who by the furies blind,  
 Rav'd with a mad disorder of the mind.  
 On these the heav'nly Chief compassion took,  
 And instant heal'd them with a single look;  
 Swift from their limbs each loath'd distemper fled,  
 And the sick rose recover'd from their bed.  
 Hence, where he pass'd thro' public roads along,  
 In streets and opening avenues, a throng  
 Oppress'd with maladies, his steps await,  
 Or num'rous crowd the temple's hallow'd gate.  
 But none as yet had he recall'd to light,  
 From forth the dark dominions of the night;  
 When from the bounds of Sidon's fertil plain,  
 He enter'd Naim with his social train.

A long procession here salutes our sight,  
 Led by the glaring flambeau's dazzling light;  
 And thro' the crowded city from afar,  
 The voice of mourning strikes our startled ear.  
 At length, as nearer to the crowd we drew,  
 Our eyes the cause of this disaster view;  
 On the cold bier a youth's fair body laid,  
 And to the grave with funeral pomp convey'd:  
 Whom death, in early bloom, had made his prey,  
 Each vernal beauty rudely snatch'd away.  
 As, press'd beneath some heifer's careless tread,  
 The languid hyacinth declines its head;  
 Or rose, that gather'd by some heedless maid  
 Is left to wither in the lonely shade.

Urbe furens tota genitrix miserranda, capillos  
Scissa, genasque ambas manibus foedata cruen-  
tis

Ibat: eam circum pariter per densa viarum  
Pulsabant fœvis matres plangoribus astra.  
Ipsi orbam cives miserantur, ei unica proles  
Ille relictus erat vidui solatia lecti.

Ut Deus exanimis juvenili in corpore vidit  
Pallorem, et molli pictas lanugine malas:  
Parcere lamentis jubet, et confidere pompam,  
Admotusque manu mulcens immobile corpus,  
Rursum animam gelidis membris innexuit: ecce  
Erigitur puer, et (cunctis mirabile visum)  
Prosiluit raptim in medios, vacuumque phere-  
trum

Liquit, et amplexans solatus voce parentem est.

Nec verò multis etiam post mensibus idem.  
Egregiam amissa donavit luce puellam:  
Cui calor, et toto de pectore fugerat omnis  
Halitus, aëreas penitus dilapsus in auras.  
Virginis ipse pater factum testatur iarus,  
Largus opum, pollens lingua, et popularibus au-  
ris.

Quid repetam, purum vivo cum è fonte liquo-  
rem

In vinum convertit, opes miseratus amici?

Fortè olim aërei spectans de vertice montis,  
Cum sol emenso depressior iret olympo,  
Ingentem vidit numerum effluxisse sequen-  
tum

Matres atque viros, quos per deserta locorum  
Duxerat oblitosque sui, oblitosque suorum.  
Substitit hic miseratus: eos jam tertia nam-  
que

Muneris expertes Cereris lux acta videbat.

The wretched parent, frantic with despair,  
Raves thro' the street, and rends her golden hair;  
While round, with mournful pomp, incessant cries  
Of plaintive matrons echo to the skies.  
The weeping citizens her fate bemoan,  
Now left at large, abandon'd and alone;  
Her child, her dearest child, untimely dead,  
The last, sole comfort of her widow'd bed.  
Soon as the God beheld the faded grace,  
And livid paleness of his youthful face;  
He bade the train their sad procession stay,  
Forbear their grief, nor yield those sorrows way.  
Then touch'd the corpse, devoid of motion laid,  
And call'd the spirit from the gloomy shade.  
Lo! at his word the youth revives again,  
And in full sight of all th' admiring train,  
Starts from his trance, forsakes the vacant bier,  
And with his well-known voice relieves his parent's  
fear.

This wond'rous action pass'd, our gracious Lord  
A noble maid to life and health restor'd;  
From whose pale lips the vital warmth had fled,  
Resolv'd to air, and left the body dead.  
The damsel's father can attest the same,  
A man high rank'd in fortune and in fame.

Why shou'd I here the well-known fact repeat,  
How, once invited to a friendly treat,  
Pitying the sad distress, with pow'r divine  
He chang'd the water into blushing wine.

It chanc'd, that seated on a mountain's height,  
When Sol from noon had roll'd the rapid light,  
A num'rous throng his wond'ring eye surveys;  
Which, thro' blind paths and unfrequented ways,  
To hear his doctrine and discourse had come,  
Far from their anxious friends, and pleasing home.  
The God with pity their condition view'd;  
For now, three suns, without the taste of food,

The

Hic neque erant fruges, vicina nec oppida, possent

Unde dapes petere argento, victumque parare :  
Arboreos necdum foetus decoxerat æstas.

Vix tandem inventus puer est ex agmine tanto,

Quinque (vix auxilium) qui secum liba ferebat,

Atque duos, dederat quos huic pia mater eunti  
Inclusos myrto, et bene olenti gramine pisces.  
Sed quid enim hæc adeò tam multis millibus autem?

Et jam diffisi socii mussare querentes,

Quos bonus affatu CHRISTUS solatus amico

In cœtum vocat, ac paucis ita deinde profatur:

Nemo hodie numero è tanto non lætus abibit.

Hinc supplex tali Genitorem voce precatur:

Summe Parens, ope cujus alit terra omnia, quinque

Et sole, et liquidis foecundas imbribus agros,  
Si quondam Isacidum generi per inhospita eunti

Divinas epulas cœlo es largitus ab alto:

Semine si nullo constant, quæcunque creasti,

Et nihil omnino fuerant cœlum, æquora, tellus:

Adsis, obscœnamque famem tot millibus arce,

Hæc tantum: dehinc gramineo discumbere campo

Imperat effusos cœtus, dapibusque parari.

Inde in frustra secat læto Cerealia vultu

Liba minutatim, et populos partitur in omnes.

(Millia quinque hominum campis saturanda sedebant)

Ecce (incredibile auditu, mirabile visu)

Omnibus



BOOK. IV.] THE CHRISTIAD. 225

The crowds had wander'd; and no towns were nigh,  
That might provision for such throngs supply:  
Nor yet had summer warm'd the parent earth,  
To yield her wild productions into birth.  
At length his friends by chance a youth survey'd,  
Whose only treasure was five loaves of bread;  
(When forth he went, his prudent mother's care  
Had wisely sent him with this needful fare)  
And two small fishes; which uninjur'd lay,  
Preserv'd in flow'rs and myrtle from decay.  
But what were these among so large a crew,  
The pangs of thirst and hunger to subdue?  
And now despairing, his associate train  
Began in secret murmurs to complain.  
Whom CHRIST beholding with a tender look,  
Call'd from the crowds apart, and thus bespoke:  
Of all this num'rous throng, not one to day  
Shall pass from hence unsatisfy'd away.  
Then to his heav'nly Father thus he pray'd—  
Almighty Parent! by whose pow'rful aid,  
Th' impregnate earth her various products yields;  
Whose show'rs and sun with verdure cloath the fields!  
If erst, when wand'ring thro' th' untrodden waste,  
Thou fed'st thy people with divine repast;  
If from no seeds originally came,  
Whate'er thine hand created, in the frame  
Of heav'n above, of ocean, air, and earth;  
If these were nothing till Thou gav'st them birth;  
Oh! gracious Sire! be present while I pray,  
And drive dire famine from these crowds away.  
No more he said; but bade th' attendant train,  
Dispose the guests with care upon the plain;  
Then broke the bread in pieces with his hand,  
And kindly shar'd it 'midst the num'rous band.  
Five thousand men, a mighty host, were found  
In order seated on the verdant ground.  
Behold! (a story wond'rous to relate)  
This large assembly, as in ranks they sate,

Omnibus in manibus visæ succrescere partes  
 Exiguæ, dapibusque epulati largius omnes:  
 Et frugum pariter, laticumque expleta cupido est.  
 Quin et reliquias mensis, superantia frustra  
 Vix cava congestas bis sex cepere canistra.

Accipe nunc aliud, quod paucis antè diebus  
 Vidimus: arbor erat foliis densissima in agro  
 Deserto, unde olim pendentia poma viator  
 Carpebat sitiens: Heros qui hac fortè tenebat  
 Pulverulentus iter, quæsit in arbore foetus  
 Incassum: infœcunda comas nam, et brachia tan-  
 tum

Luxurians latè circùm tendebat opaca.  
 Non tulit, ac verbis sterilem execratus acerbis:  
 Continuo (manifesta audis) exaruit arbos,  
 Et folia æreas volitârunt lapsa per auras.

Nec minus est olli imperii maris æquora in  
 alta:

Uni omnes undæ assurgunt, fluctusque quiescunt  
 Unius edicto. Vidi, vidi ipse furentes  
 Illius hybernos ad vocem ponere Coros,  
 Vimque omnem, motas quæ flabris asperat un-  
 das.

Nondum luna suum ter cursum plena peregit,  
 Cùm subito in lento deprensus marmore nobis  
 Nocte ferè media, dum retia ducimus, orta est  
 Turbida tempestas, et pontus inhorruit ater  
 Fluctibus elatis, et concursantibus undis,  
 Inflictamque ratem jamjam salis hauserat æstus:  
 Nos trepidare metu leti discrimine parvo:  
 Cùm procul ecce ducem, quem nuper liquimus  
 alto

Littore spectantem fluctus scopulo illidentes,  
 Ferre iter aspicimus medias impunè per undas  
 Suspensum, tumidoque pedes haud tingere ponto.  
 Horruimus visu subito, nec credere quibam

Me

Saw the pure bread within their hands encreas'd;  
And all in plenty shar'd the genial feast.  
Nay, of the gather'd fragments that remain'd,  
Twelve ample baskets scarce the load contain'd.

Hear yet again what lately we beheld—  
There stood a fig-tree in the desert field,  
Fair to the view; which, as he journey'd by,  
Wou'd oft with fruit the traveller supply.  
Our Lord, who weary'd chanc'd to pass that way,  
Sought the rich fruit, his hunger to allay,  
Yet sought in vain; for nought he found thereon,  
But branching boughs, and verdant leaves alone.  
Vext in his mind such specious fraud to see,  
With bitter words He curs'd th' unfruitful tree.  
Swift shrunk the plant, all wither'd at the sound,  
And the dry leaves were scatter'd o'er the ground.

Ev'n the rough waves of sea his voice obey,  
And rise or fall, as He directs the way.  
I saw, I saw the wint'ry winds that sweep  
The swelling surface of the roaring deep;  
Their boasted empire o'er the waves resign,  
And calm their fury at his voice divine.  
Scarce had the moon three times her circuit held,  
When as our vessels plough'd the wat'ry field,  
In dead of night, to catch the finny prey;  
A sudden tempest swell'd the ruffled sea:  
High rose the billows, and the shatter'd ship  
Was nearly buried in the gulphy deep.  
Instant, the terrors of destruction near,  
Our coward souls were seiz'd with trembling fear.  
When lo! the Chief, who late with stedfast look,  
Ey'd the rough waves that dash'd against the rock,  
With unexpected pleasure we survey,  
On the rude surface of the boist'rous sea;  
Treading with solemn step the wat'ry road,  
While scarce the trembling billows touch'd the God.  
At this, our hearts were seiz'd with dread surprize,  
And scarce, O chief! cou'd I believe these eyes,

Me veram faciem, haud simulatum cernere corpus,

Tam celeres egisse vias sine remige in undis :

Ni sese, verbis dum nos hortatur amicis,

Ultro ostendisset : quonam fiducia vobis ?

Jam nunc pulsa mei cessit ? timor omnis abesto :

Indubitare meis tandem dediscite dictis.

Sic ait : atque ratem, quæ jam superantibus undis

Cesserat, insiliens solo tumida æquora nutu

Placavit, posuitque minacia murmura pontus.

Sic terræ in tutum positis adnavimus undis

Incolumes, celerique volavimus æquora cursu.

Nec mora, vix siccum attigerat tellure potitus :  
Ecce aliud dictu magis, ac mirabile visu.

Namque magistratus aderant in littore missi,

Æra reposcentes, quæ pendere lege quotannis

Regibus antiqua, pro sese quisque, jubemur.

Accipit hos placidus : quos dum sermone moratur,

Petrum ad se vocat, et fidam summissus ad aurem :

Vade ait, et jacto quem primum traxeris hamo

Æquoribus, piscem cultro scrutabere acuto.

Intus erit, regi quod jussi pendimus ambo.

Jussa facit senior : trahit hamo ad littora prædam,

Argentumque viris dat piscis in ore repertum.

Horresco, quoties stimulis immitibus actus

Quidam animo subit, idem illo quem tempore vidi,

Dum legerem expositos hoc ipso in littore pisces,

Obsessum furiis, atque ore immanè furentem.

Hunc olim (ut perhibent) vetito genuere parentes

Concubitu juncti, atque inconcessis hymenæis ;

Quippe

Which saw a real human body glide,  
With easy motion o'er the bounding tide;  
Till with benignant words the gracious Chief  
Disclos'd Himself, and brought the wish'd relief.  
Where is your boasted confidence, he said?  
Your faith, and courage, whither are they fled?  
To doubt your Master's words henceforth forbear,  
And from your bosoms banish anxious fear.  
He said; and swiftly vaulting to the ship,  
Calm'd with his awful nod the raging deep;  
The swelling waves their threat'ning murmurs cease,  
And the rude lake was hush'd in silent peace:  
Swift o'er the tides her course the vessel bore,  
And safe convey'd us to the neighbouring shore.

This action pass'd, we scarce had reach'd the land,  
When a new wonder our attention gain'd.  
For lo! commission'd delegates appear,  
To claim the tax, which custom ev'ry year,  
Enjoins our nation to those pow'rs to pay,  
Who grasp the sceptre of imperial sway.  
Our Lord with grace the messengers receives,  
And thus to Peter his instructions gives:  
Haste, seize thy hook; and from the rolling tide  
What fish first comes, with sharpen'd steel divide;  
Thence take the money, thou shalt find, away,  
And for thyself and Me the tribute pay.  
Peter obeys; he drags the prize to land,  
And pays the custom that the laws demand.

How my heart trembles, when I call to view  
Some wretch, the furies in their wrath pursue;  
Such as of late, while on this beach I stood,  
To cull the trembling captives of the flood;  
These very eyes with silent grief beheld,  
Oppress'd by fiends wide raving o'er the field.  
His parents, join'd in love's unhallow'd rite,  
(As fame reports) produc'd this wretch to light.  
In luckless hour they sought the nuptial bed,  
When thro' the land the voice of mourning spread;

Quippe torum ascendere, Dei cùm sacra vetarent,  
 Cùm scenis gens indulget nostra omnis opacis.  
 Sed non gavisi scelere illi tempore longo:  
 Nam subito amplexus interque, et gaudia, adulter  
 Sacrilegam tenues animam exhalavit in auras  
 Infœlix, scelerique eadem nox prima nefando,  
 Et pariter suprema fuit discrimine parvo:  
 Illam autem æthereis flammis divinitus ignis  
 Corripuit, cùm jam maturi pondera partus  
 Urgerent: eademque duos leto hora dedisset,  
 Infans ni foret exectæ genitricis ab alvo  
 Exemptus: parvum patris eduxere sorores.  
 Ipse etiam mox immeritus scelerata parentum  
 Facta luit, jucunda oculorum luce negata,  
 Obstructæque aures penitus mansere, nec illi  
 Aut ullas haurire datum est, aut reddere voces.  
 Quinetiam simul atque adolevit, protinus ægrum  
 Arripuit furor, infernæ vis effera gentis.  
 Centum illum furia, centum illum (flebile) pestes  
 Victum exercebant, Erebi legio acta latebris,  
 Horrendasque hominis singultus ore cientes  
 Edebant voces, ac terrificos mugitus.  
 Illum omnes exclamantem, atque insueta fremen-  
 tem

Horrebant, trepidique fuga se in tecta ferebant,  
 Si quando nodis, ruptisque immane catenis.  
 Incautis liber custodibus evasisset.

Jamque ille oblitus fratres, jamque ille sorores  
 Amplius haud gressum patris intra tecta ferebat:  
 Verùm more feræ sylvis degebat, et antris,  
 Sicubi saxa cava, aut ævo consumpta sepulchra,  
 Ater, egens, corpusque abjecto nudus amictu.  
 Talem igitur, nodo manibus post terga revinctis  
 CHRISTI ad conspectum, si fors miseresceret  
 ipse,

Vi multa consanguinei, charique trahebant.  
 Ille autem obniti contrà, dum rumpere nodos  
 Tendit, et horrendos clamores tollere ad astra:

Qualis

By laws forbidden at that sacred time—  
But long they liv'd not to enjoy their crime.  
The wretched sire, so heav'n ordain'd above,  
Breath'd forth his soul amidst th' embrace of love;  
Death's sudden gloom their dawning joys o'ercast,  
And the first sweets of transport were the last.  
Wrapt in fierce flames she wing'd her flight from earth,  
When now the babe was struggling into birth;  
And both had died: but to prevent such doom,  
They cut the infant from her teeming womb.  
His pious aunts the helpless orphan take,  
And kindly rear him for the parents sake.  
Doom'd for their crimes the dreadful fine to pay,  
His eyes were strangers to the light of day;  
His ears unapt for nature's functions found,  
And his mute tongue deny'd the pow'r of sound.  
As years advanc'd, his misery to crown,  
Infernal furies seiz'd him for their own.  
With gloomy pow'rs from deepest hell possess'd,  
A dreadful legion lodg'd within his breast;  
Whence issue groans, resembling human sound,  
And fearful noises fill the region round.  
From him thus bellowing all the country fled,  
And sought protection, seiz'd with sudden dread;  
Whene'er escaping from his keeper's charge,  
He burst his chains, and roam'd the fields at large.  
And now forgetful of his friends and home,  
No more he stay'd in his paternal dome;  
But fled from all society away,  
To woods and wilds, like savage beast of prey:  
Or sought the hollow tombs, and shelter'd there,  
Unhous'd, and naked to th' inclement air.  
In such condition, bound with many a thong,  
His friends to JESUS drag with force along,  
This frantic wretch; if object so distress'd,  
Might move compassion in his heav'nly breast.  
But furious he resists, and struggling tries  
To burst his bonds, and bellows to the skies.

Qualis ubi longis pugnator taurus ad aras  
 Funibus arripitur, sævo fremit ore per urbem,  
 Et spumas agit, et cornu ferit aëra adunco.  
 Instant hinc famuli, atque illinc, et verbera crebri  
 Ingeminant, quassantque sudes per terga, per ar-  
 mos.

Diffugiunt vulgus trepidum, in tutumque recepti  
 Porticibus gaudent longè spectare periculum.  
 Talis erat juvenis species immanè furentis,  
 Quem tandem ante Deum fessi statuere, rogantes  
 Ferret opem, saltem furiis tam tristibus illum  
 Solveret, excuteretque animo crudelia monstra.  
 Hic Heros palmas in cœlum sustulit ambas,  
 Concipiensque preces Genitorem in vota vocavit.  
 Ecce autem magnum, subitum, et mirabile mon-  
 strum:

Auditi exululare lupi, latrare canes ceu,  
 Tam diras jactat voces lymphatus ab ore.  
 Non tam immanè sonet sese frangentibus undis  
 Rupibus ex altis ingens decursus aquarum,  
 Rumpantur claustra alta lacus si fortè Velini,  
 Totaque præcipitent valles stagna ardua in imas:  
 Omnis ea ut regio fiat mare, et oppida circùm  
 Mersa natent, metuatque sacris Roma obruta tem-  
 plis.

Nunc cœli crepitus imitantur, cùm superùm Rex  
 Fulminat, et tonitru quatit ætheris aurea tem-  
 pla:

Nunc ferri sonitum, aut ruptarum mole catena-  
 rum

Ingenti horrificum stridorem, aut murmura ponti.  
 Circùm omnis tellus, circùm cœlum omne remu-  
 git.

Instat vi multa Deus, increpitatque morantes.  
 Jamque illi trepidare intus, pacemque precari:  
 Quid nunc, vera Dei atque indubitata propago,  
 Concesso in pœnas nos ô de corpore trudis?  
 Egressis saltem pecora hæc invadere detur.

(Setigeri



As the strong bull with toughest cordage bound,  
 And hal'd to slaughter, roars with horrid sound,  
 Tosses his head, and foams, and tears the ground:  
 Arm'd with huge clubs the menial train attend,  
 Swift o'er his sides the doubling strokes descend;  
 The trembling crowd to shelter haste away,  
 And pleas'd, the danger from afar survey.  
 So rav'd the youth, such frantic gestures show'd;  
 When to th' immediate presence of the God,  
 His friends conduct him; and with tears request,  
 To drive the furies from his tortur'd breast.  
 The pitying Chief to heav'n his hands uprears,  
 And to his Father breathes his ardent pray'rs.  
 Meantime a wonder to the crowds appear'd;  
 Sudden, a dreadful howling noise was heard,  
 As sent from savage wolves, or barking hounds;  
 So roar'd the wretch, and such the bellowing sounds.  
 Not half so loud resounds the foaming tide,  
 That rolls its torrent down the mountain's side,  
 If chance Velinus' waters burst their way,  
 And wide thro' vallies pour the rushing sea;  
 That all the land like ocean's face appears,  
 And Rome desponding for her temples fears.  
 Now such a sound they raise, as when on high  
 Heav'n's Sire with thunder shakes the vaulted sky;  
 Now the dire fiends with noise tremendous roar,  
 Like billows murmuring on the hollow shore,  
 Or burst of massy chains; the earth around,  
 And heav'n's high arch return the deaf'ning sound.  
 But lo! the God his sov'reign pow'r displays,  
 Urges the fiends, and chides their vain delays.  
 Trembling with dread, they thus address their pray'r—  
 Ah! why, heav'n's Offspring, and undoubted Heir!  
 Why, e'er condemn'd to shades of endless night,  
 From human bodies wilt Thou urge our flight?  
 If we must yield, permit us to invade  
 This herd of swine, that on the mountains feed:

(Setigeri tum fortè fues ea littora propter  
 Pascebant) nos ne horrifero sic merge barathro,  
 Neve jube terræ inferioris operta subire.  
 Annuit: extemplò videas procul ecce nigrantem  
 Mollibus haud stimulis furiarum errare subactum  
 In diversa gregem, nunc huc, nunc protinus illuc,  
 Nec mora, nec requies: intus vis æffera sævit,  
 Donec præcipites sese alta in stagna dedere,  
 Et cunctis pariter vita est erepta sub unda.  
 At juvenis fessos subitò collabitur artus,  
 Exemptus tandem nodosis brachia vinclis:  
 Mordicus ora solo impressus cunctatur, adhuc-  
 que

Singultans, pectusque laceffit anhelitus ingens,  
 Expiransque animam pulmonibus æger agebat.  
 Quem juxta genitore Deo satus astitit, oraque  
 Attingens dextra, atque oculos, aureque reclu-  
 sit.

Jamque videt, loquiturque, et corda oblita resi-  
 dunt.

It vulgi clamor super aurea sidera ovantis,  
 Supremique Patris sobolemque Deumque faten-  
 tur.

Sed quid non ipse evaleat? quin nos quoque  
 missos

Ægris jussit opem ferre, auxilioque levare  
 Præsenti: mortis multos de faucibus atris  
 Non opibus hominum, nulla revocavimus arte.  
 Verùm implorato ter tantum voce magistri  
 Nomine, surgebant stratis, ibantque refecti.  
 Omni autem ex numero sese vix obtulit unus,  
 Quem stimulis actum sævis, cæcoque furore,  
 Incassum victi tentavimus: acrior illum  
 Usque adeò magis atque magis vis intus age-  
 bat.

Cui cùm ferret opem Divus, mox optimus ipse  
 Iratus, quòd parva sui fiducia nobis:

Corporibus

As yet confine us not in night to dwell,  
Nor hurl us headlong to the depths of hell.  
The fav'ring God to their petition yields;  
When lo! at once, o'er all the neighbouring fields,  
Wand'ring at large the bristly herd are seen,  
Now here, now there; as furies rave within.  
No rest, no respite in their rage they know;  
Till from a lofty mountain's pendant brow,  
Rushing with fierce precipitating sway,  
Headlong they plunge, and perish in the sea.  
But now the youth, his arms from chains unbound,  
Drops down, and foaming wallows on the ground:  
Biting the earth, in grinding pangs he lies,  
And from his bosom heaves incessant sighs;  
Thick beats his heart, and from his lab'ring breast  
The trembling spirit seems for flight address'd.  
Instant, as near he stands, our gracious Lord,  
His sight and hearing with one touch restor'd.  
He speaks, he sees; no longer dumb or blind,  
Repair'd his senses, and restor'd his mind.  
The crowds exalt their shouts to heav'n's abode,  
And own the Offspring of th' eternal God.

But what, oh chief! cou'd force like his withstand?  
Ev'n us he sent, empow'r'd with high command,  
The pangs of fierce diseases to allay,  
And instant succour to distress convey.  
Numbers, as on the verge of death they stray'd,  
We timely rescu'd from the dreary shade.  
Not that our art, or skill the sick restor'd;  
But when we thrice invok'd our honour'd Lord,  
That wond'rous name each malady subdu'd,  
And from their beds they rose, with health renew'd.  
One, one alone of all the num'rous train,  
We strove to succour, but we strove in vain;  
A fiercer pow'r the lab'ring wretch oppress'd,  
And keener furies madden'd in his breast.  
Soon as our Lord vouchsaf'd his gracious aid,  
Griev'd that his eyes so little faith survey'd;

These

Corporibus tales facile, inquit, pellerè pestes;  
 Parcendum dapibus tamen, è coeloque petendum.  
 Nec solis verò hæc vobis concessa facultas:  
 Sed nomen quicumque meum vulgaverit, omnia  
 Fas audere, mei modò ne fiducia desit.  
 Ille etiam jussos immani corpore montes  
 Transferet, et versò sistet vaga flumina cursu:  
 Ite animis igitur certi confidite, neve  
 Instabili titubate fide: jacite aurea veri  
 Semina ubique, orbem vestra perfundite luce  
 Obductum tenebris, atque alta nocte sepultum.  
 Vos hominum lux, vos squalentis lumina mundi.

Sic fatus, nobis alios subjunxit, ut essent  
 Consortes tantorum operum, sociique laborum:  
 Et septem elegit decies, tamen ipse dolebat  
 Exiguum numerum, neque tot satis esse ferebat  
 Tanto operi: ac veluti qui centum vertit aratris  
 Tellurem, et campos rastris exercet avitos,  
 Cùm matura seges jam flavis canet aristis,  
 Si desint qui messëm operis (quæ plurima) con-  
     dant,  
 Fluctuet, atque viros aliis conducat ab oris.

Quid memorem, ut mentes hominum, curasque  
     latentes,  
 Quod fieri certo nequeat sine numine, cernat?  
 Quippe animis dubios, taciti dum vana timemus,  
 Castigans dictis nos sæpe erexit acerbis  
 Mirantes: quoties ipsis etiam hostibus olim  
 Prædixit, quos mente dolos, quæ furta para-  
     rent  
 Incassum, dum cæci odiis agitantur iniquis?

Fœmina nec latuit bis senos passa per annos  
 Sanguinis immundi manans de corpore flumen.  
 Illa quidem ardentis morbi confecta dolore  
 Pone sequebatur, si quæ illum tangere posset,  
     Hanc

These pests, he cries, 'tis easy to remove,  
But pray'rs and fasting must your faith improve.  
Nor you alone this privilege may claim;  
But know, whoe'er invokes my pow'rful name,  
The whole creation shall his voice obey,  
If from his breast he banish doubt away.  
He from their seats shall rooted mountains force,  
And stop the rivers in their headlong course.  
Go then, disciples! in my words confide,  
Fix firm your faith, nor shift from side to side.  
Sow the rich seeds of golden truth around;  
Illume the earth, long veil'd in shades profound:  
You are the light, to guide the world design'd,  
And you the radiance that must cheer mankind.

Thus having said; our Lord selects again  
Full sev'nty men, to join the social train;  
With us th' appointed ministry to share,  
Partake the labour and divide the care;  
Yet mourn'd, in silent sorrow, to behold  
Such scanty numbers for so vast a fold:  
As one, who bent to raise the bearded grain,  
Plows with an hundred shares the furrow'd plain;  
If, when the harvest its full burden yields,  
No slaves are found to strip the ripen'd fields,  
Despairing grieves, in doubt perplex'd and lost;  
Then hires assistants from some foreign coast.

Why shou'd I mention, how with ease he knew  
Men's secret thoughts, which none but God can view?  
For oft, while press'd by anxious doubt or fear,  
With just amazement his rebukes we hear.  
Ev'n to his foes, how oft our Lord reveal'd  
The deep-laid plots their envious breasts conceal'd;  
Whilst rack'd with keen revenge, insidious art  
In vain disguiz'd the rancour of their heart? [flow'd

Nor cou'd the dame, from whom twelve years had  
A sanguine stream, escape th' observing God.  
She, worn away with constant grief of mind,  
And anguish, follow'd in the press behind;

Deeming

Hanc unam rata nempe viam restare salutis.

Ergo dum pubes fluit undique, et agmina inun-  
dant,

Illa subit, leviterque extremum apprehendit amictum.

Ad tactum veter effugit de corpore morbus.

Jamque abitum, latuisse putans, clam mente para-  
bat:

Præsensit Deus, et pavidam, seseque tegentem

Affatus placidè monitis implevit amicis.

Vidi oculos ante ipse meos mortalia nuper

Aut membra exutum, aut perfusum luce supernè

Non infra solis speciem dare corpore lumen.

His multisque aliis, ego quæ creberrima vidi,  
Per terras patuit signis Deus: haud tamen un-  
quam

Sese hominem oblitus moribundo corpore cretum

Multa tulit quoque, mortales quæ ferre necesse est:

Atque id sponte quidem, nobis imitanda relin-  
quens.

Sæpe hilares mensas ideo, et convivias adivit,

Nec coetus bonus est hominum aspernatus in urbe:

Sæpe etiam insidias inimicæ gentis, et iras

Suffugiens ut homo, malè tuti limina templi

Exiit, objecitque cavam pro corpore nubem,

Nec se in conspectum latebris dedit abditus a-  
tris,

Dum fremerent hostes nequicquàm, et saxa para-  
rent.

Atque equidem memini (vix actus volvitur an-  
nus)

Nuper Iôannis comperta cæde recenti,

Quem rex, uxorem præreptam reddere fratri

Admonitus, tenebris ferro obtruncârat in atris,

Urbibus his abiit cautus, populisque relictis

Digressus: sylvæ elapsum accipere profundæ.

Nec rex ipse Erebi, generis foedissimus hostis

Humani,

Deeming one single touch, so great his pow'r,  
 Wou'd stanch th' effusion, and her strength restore.  
 Hence, as fresh numbers pour'd on ev'ry side,  
 The damsel, mixing with the gath'ring tide,  
 Her hand upon his vesture softly laid;  
 Swift, as she touch'd, the loath'd distemper fled.  
 And now, presuming that conceal'd she lay,  
 Fondly she hopes to steal unmark'd away.  
 The God beheld her with vain fears oppress'd,  
 And pour'd his heav'nly counsels in her breast.  
 'Tis but of late, these eyes, oh chief! survey'd  
 Our wond'rous Lord, in shining pomp array'd;  
 While from his limbs all beamy-bright, there shone  
 A blaze of glory that eclips'd the sun.

By such-like wonders, which I oft beheld,  
 O'er all the land his Godhead he reveal'd.  
 But not forgetful that on earth he came,  
 To wear our nature, cloath'd in human frame;  
 His mind sustain'd those sorrows, grief, and care,  
 That wretched mortals are condemn'd to bear:  
 But that his life might benefit mankind,  
 These ills he suffer'd with a patient mind.  
 Hence oft our Lord, where crowds their joy express'd,  
 At feasts and banquets was a chearful guest:  
 Oft too, as man, to 'scape by prudent care,  
 The wiles and stratagems his foes prepare;  
 Forth from the fane his footsteps he convey'd,  
 Their search eluding with an empty shade:  
 And ever, while their breasts resentment fir'd,  
 From public haunts to solitude retir'd.  
 I well remember (scarce a year is fled)  
 Of John's sad fate when first the rumour spread;  
 Whom Herod, treating with unjust disdain  
 His holy counsel, had in prison slain;  
 Frow crowded cities, and the public view,  
 To woods and mountains cautious he withdrew.

Nor did the tyrant of the realms below,  
 That haughty fiend, mankind's inveterate foe,  
 Who

Humani, nostras qui recto avertere mentes  
 Nititur, abstinuit Dominove, Deove pepercit.  
 Fortè etenim comitum strepitus, turbamque sequen-  
 tum

Dum fugeret quondam, se clàm subduxerat Heros  
 Coetibus, et solus lucis degebat in altis.

Jamque quater denos frugum sine munere soles  
 Condiderat, totidemque famem per inhospita  
 noctes

Pertulerat, cùm jam tempus ratus ecce nocendi  
 Affuit extemplò multis cum millibus hostis

Noctipotens, quos tartareis ducebat ab antris  
 Flammea semiferi capitis gestamina quassans.

Jamque sui frustra spe præmia percipit astûs.

Ergo illi meditans nequicquam illudere, dictis

Talibus aggreditur: Superi tu certa parentis

Progenies, verusque Deus, tibi que omnia pa-  
 rent,

Quid durare fame confecto corpore pergis?

Nec subitò in totidem convertere adorea liba,

Hæc circùm quæ saxa vides ingentia, tentas?

Non Divum latuere doli, atque hæc reddidit  
 ore:

Sunt mihi mortali tostæ pro munere frugis

Sermones Patris auditi, divinaque verba:

Quæ quoties animo repeto memor, effugit om-  
 nis

Pulsæ fames subitò, mensæque oblita cupi-  
 do.

Dixerat: his tamen auditis haud destitit hostis

Congressu victus primo, pugnamque reten-  
 tat,

Atque aliis super, atque aliis assultibus instat.

Terque novos semper cœpti irritus integrat as-  
 tus,

Nequicquam nunc regnorum, nunc laudis inani

Immotum tentans animum prævertere amore.

Ut cùm sollicitum tollunt mare fluctibus Euri,

Crebrà



Who turns from right the human mind, forbear  
 His wonted malice, or the Godhead spare.  
 It chanc'd, upon a time, the weary'd God  
 Sought from tumultuous crowds some calm abode;  
 And studious of recess a season stay'd  
 Alone, and private in the desert shade.  
 Full forty days without the needful taste  
 Of human food, and forty nights he pass'd.  
 When now, concluding that the hour was nigh,  
 His wily cunning with success to try;  
 Th' infernal ruler of the gloomy shades  
 Against the Chief his hellish squadron leads:  
 Whom by the flaming signal of his nod,  
 He late had summon'd from their drear abode.  
 Now in proud thought he fondly bears away,  
 The prize and honours of this glorious day;  
 And hence, fell malice lurking in his heart,  
 He thus attacks him with insidious art:  
 Thou, mighty Chief! art heav'n's great Heir alone,  
 And all the wide creation is thy own.  
 Then why permit dire hunger to invade  
 Thy wasted body, in this lonely shade;  
 And not with stones, that here abundant lie,  
 To bread converted, nature's wants supply?  
 The fraud discerning, thus the Godhead said;  
 My Father's words supply the loss of bread;  
 Which when I call to mind, at once assuage  
 The pangs of want, and hunger's fiercest rage.  
 This heard; the haughty fiend disdains to yield,  
 Nor for this first repulse resigns the field;  
 Aims still to reach some weak unguarded part,  
 And points the utmost efforts of his art.  
 Tho' thrice defeated in his daring views,  
 Still thrice the fierce encounter he renews;  
 His heav'nly mind attempting to inflame  
 With proffer'd kingdoms, and the love of fame.  
 Thus on the main when blust'ring Eurys roars,  
 And rolls huge surges to the sounding shores;

Q

Against

Crebrà ferit, sævitque minaci verbere in alta  
 Littora, sed saxis allisà revertitur unda.  
 Nec Deus, hæc subitò quamvis præsentiat, arcet  
 Conantem, patiturque dolos sibi neçtere vanos.  
 Nunc se marmorei supra fastigia templi,  
 Nunc rupem supra, scabrumque crepidine sax-  
 um

Subveçtari ultro finit, et spem accendit inanem.  
 Cùm vero vicissè ratus jam gaudia dira  
 Conciperet frustra ille inhians, se protinus Heros  
 Ipse Deum claro confessus numine coràm  
 Irrita furta dolosque exhibat semper apertos.  
 Qualis, ubi excussis per plana evasit habenis,  
 Liber equus, ludit famulos hinc inde sequen-  
 tes:

Sæpe hìc dissimulans, atque illic improbus hæ-  
 ret,

Perque viam oblatas interdum pascitur herbas:  
 Ast ubi jam videt instantes, elabitur, alteque  
 Emicat, et spatia transmittit maxima campi.  
 Quam speciem expertus nequicquàm ubi denique  
 sensit

Hostis atrox, abiit victusque, Deumque reli-  
 quit,

Cui volucres centum pluma pernice ministri  
 Astabant missu Genitoris, opemque ferebant.

Si verò causas odiorum, ac semina quæris  
 Tantorum, cur gens omnis opponitur uni,  
 Hæc nôrint ipsi: certè non talia gessit,  
 Quæ capto affingunt odiis crudelibus acti.  
 Non homines inter magis est affabilis al-  
 ter,

Non pietate prior, venia complectitur omnes.  
 Hostis, civis, ei nullo discrimine habentur.  
 Multi impunè ideo digna atque indigna fe-  
 renti

Objecere, omnes nutu cùm perdere posset.

Sera

Against some rock the raging billows rise,  
 The rock regardless each assault defies.  
 Nor did the God, tho' oft he strives to lay  
 Some fresh temptation, drive the fiend away;  
 But lets him, now, upborne with rapid flight,  
 Thro' air conduct him to the temple's height;  
 Then to a lofty mountain's rugged brow;  
 And with false hopes inflames the stygian foe.  
 But when, presuming he had won the prize,  
 Vain scenes of triumph in his bosom rise;  
 Cloath'd in cœlestial pomp, the Hero show'd  
 His pow'r resistless, and confess'd the God:  
 Down sunk at once the tempter's frustrate snare,  
 And all his projects vanish'd into air.  
 As the brisk courser, when with loosen'd reins  
 He bounds exulting o'er the sunny plains,  
 Eludes the servants toil; now flies with speed,  
 Now stands, and wanton crops the flow'ry mead;  
 But when he views them near, with all his force  
 Springs forth, and furious sweeps his rapid course.  
 So when the fiend with indignation sees  
 His malice baffled with an equal ease;  
 He shuns the contest, forc'd at length to yield,  
 And leave the Godhead victor of the field:  
 To whom, dismiss'd from heav'n's eternal King,  
 Seraphic hosts divine assistance bring.  
 • What mov'd their hatred if thou seek'st to know?  
 Why all conspir'd against one single foe?  
 They best can tell—those deeds he never wrought,  
 Which to his charge revenge and malice brought.  
 None ever bore, amidst the human kind,  
 A sweeter carriage, or an humbler mind:  
 To such a length his charity extends,  
 Alike all share it, whether foes or friends.  
 Hence dire affronts he bore; nor punish'd those,  
 Whom hate and envy made his bitt'rest foes;  
 When with a nod, did so his will incline,  
 The God cou'd end them in his wrath divine.

Sera olim cùm Sidoniam sub nocte per oram  
 Ferret iter fessus, nos parva exclusit ab urbe  
 Gens fera, nec tecto est dignata Heroa precan-  
 tem.

Nos igitur tristes supremum orare Parentem,  
 Aspiceret cœlo, nec natum ferret inultum,  
 Sed populum immitem cœlesti protinus igni  
 Corriperet, subitis et inhospita mœnia flammis.  
 Non tulit, ac verbis nos indignatus amaris  
 Increpuit, potiusque urbem miseratus iniquam est.

Sæpe etiam auctores scelerum haud ignarus ad-  
 bat,

Infamesque domos, scelerataque tecta subibat,  
 Quo moniti exuerent fastus, moresque sinistros,  
 Et secum inciperent paulatim assuescere recto.  
 Sic Matthæus, agri dives, sic noster et ipse est  
 Zaechæus, centumque alii ad meliora vocati.  
 Nec tamen, id faceret dum creber, defuit olim  
 Qui falli ratus incautum, pro crimine magno  
 Objiceret, quòd non fugeret contagia dira.  
 Ipse sed, ut medicam veluti languentibus ægris  
 Ferret opem, totam quærebat sponte per urbem,  
 Sicubi mortales mentem caligine pressi,  
 Quos nocte eriperet bonus, ad lucemque voca-  
 ret,

In tenebris cæco miseratus pectore volvi:  
 Id superis, superùm id magno cordi esse Parenti,  
 Seque ideo claro missum memorabat Olympo.  
 Insuper et cœlum compleret quanta docebat  
 Lætitia, ætherei quanto gens incola regni  
 Acciperet plausu, si quis mortalibus oris  
 Inventor scelerum, atque pii contemptor, et  
 æqui,

Iustitiam colere inciperet, rectumque tueri.  
 Sicut ovem incautus pastor qui è millibus u-  
 nam

Amisit, seræ oblitam decedere nocti

Once on a time, when late by night he bore  
 His weary'd footsteps from the Tyrian shore;  
 A churlish town, tho' much the boon we press'd,  
 Deny'd admittance to this heav'nly Guest.  
 Vex'd such ungen'rous usage to survey,  
 To heav'n with warmest vehemence we pray,  
 That God wou'd look with indignation down,  
 Avenge his Offspring, and o'erwhelm the town.  
 At zeal so fierce his high dislike he shows,  
 And mov'd with pity, spares th' ungrateful foes.

Nay oft his steps he knowingly address'd  
 To roofs of sinners, and became their guest;  
 That his humane example might excite  
 Their hearts to justice, and a love of right.  
 Zacchæus, Matthew living proofs afford,  
 And hundreds more, to better minds restor'd.  
 Nor yet, as often to redeem he try'd  
 Those, who from virtue's paths were turn'd aside;  
 Was envy wanting, to asperse his name,  
 And such demeanor as misconduct blame.  
 But He, still bent his succour to impart,  
 A wise physician in the healing art,  
 With care explor'd, what objects cou'd be found,  
 Veil'd in the cheerless gloom of night profound;  
 That from the horrid darkness where they lay,  
 His pow'r might raise them to the light of day.  
 Such deeds, he said, heav'n's Sire must still approve,  
 And 'twas for this he left the realms above.  
 Besides, he taught us what new joys abound,  
 What gladness fills the heav'nly regions round;  
 Whene'er the wretch that long uncheck'd had trod  
 The paths of vice, estrang'd from truth and God;  
 Begins at length to mourn his evil way,  
 Fair justice rev'rence, and the laws obey.  
 As, where an hundred sheep together graze  
 The verdant meads, if chance one devious strays  
 From forth the flock; the swain, intent to find  
 That single sheep, leaves all the rest behind:

Cum gregibus, ubi per rupes, perque aspera tristis

Quæsit dumeta diu loca cuncta volutis  
Convivens oculis, demum si fortè reposta  
Pascentem valle invenit, subito arripit illam,  
Sublatamque humero stabulis lætissimus infert:  
Intranti dulces occurrunt oscula nati  
Præripere, et reducem plausu domus excipit omnis.

Idcirco neque colloquiis muliebribus Heros  
Abstinit, nuperque legens Samaritidos oræ  
Rura, sub antiquis Sicharææ mœnibus urbis,  
Viderat ad fontem venientem ut fortè puellam,  
Imploravit aquam supplex, putealiaque hausit  
Munera, qui pelago, qui fluminibusque sonoris  
Imperat, et vastum largis rigat imbris orbem:  
Cujus ad imperium populis sitientibus olim  
Delicuit rupes, atque undis plurima fluxit.  
Secreti nos interea mirarier omnes,  
Ipse sed admonitam, atque ultro commissâ fatentem,

In lucem è tenebris, altaque è nocte vocabat.  
Sæpe illi pueros, ævo et florente puellas,  
Flore comam pressos, et molli fronde revinctos,  
Summisere piæ, metuunt dum cuncta, parentes:  
Quò teneris animis pulchræ virtutis amorem  
Infereret, stimulisque rudes impleret honestis.  
Impubem turbam affatus placido ore monebat,  
Lustrabatque manu, ne carmina dira nocerent,

Neve ulla infernis premeret vis edita ab oris.

Quinetiam elatos animo super omnia acerbis  
Urgebat dictis, rebusque exempla reliquit.  
Mecum olim focii, absentem dum quærimus illum,  
Tendebant, fessique via confedimus omnes  
Speluncæ ante fores, densis quam plurima opacat  
Frondebis, et flexu ramorum protegit ulmus.

Multum

Anxious o'er ev'ry place he casts his eyes;  
 At length, if chance the wand'rer he descrys,  
 He takes the fugitive without delay,  
 And on his shoulders bears with joy away:  
 His sons impatient their lov'd father meet,  
 And his return with smiles of triumph greet.  
 Hence wou'd the social Hero not disdain  
 To mix in converse with the female train.  
 And late, as weary'd he pursu'd his way,  
 Where Sychar's walls their antique tow'rs display;  
 By chance, to draw some water he espy'd  
 A nymph, advancing to a fountain's side;  
 And humbly su'd, to quaff the crystal tide. }  
 Ev'n He, oh! Prince! whose pow'r controuls the main,  
 Who o'er the globe distills the copious rain;  
 At whose command the stubborn rock bestow'd  
 Large streams; and plenteous for his people flow'd.  
 Meanwhile, his lov'd disciples with surprize  
 Beheld the fact, yet scarce can trust their eyes:  
 But as the dame to penitence inclin'd,  
 He chas'd the darkness that obscur'd her mind.  
 Oft to the Chief, fair youths and maidens, crown'd  
 With blooming roses, and with garlands bound,  
 Indulgent parents send with pious care,  
 While various evils from the world they fear;  
 A thirst of honour in their breast to raise,  
 And warm their kindling souls with virtuous praise.  
 Such with a mild complacence he receives,  
 And to their tender years instructions gives;  
 Then touch'd their limbs; lest magic spells shou'd hurt,  
 Or hell's grim pow'rs their infant minds pervert.

But pride, and high ambition in mankind,  
 Were most offensive to his lowly mind.  
 Once on a time, our Lord not near at hand,  
 Myself and others of his chosen band,  
 Remote from crowds to some lone grotto stray'd,  
 O'er which an elm its branching foliage spread.

Multùm hìc inter nos quærentes vana moramur,  
 Quis nostrùm foret è numero præstantior omni,  
 Dilectusve ipsi magis, acceptusve magistro.  
 Mira loquar, nos ut primùm ipse in limine vidit,  
 Hæsit acerbà tuens, iterumque iterumque roga-  
 vit,

Quis sermo foret, aut quænam certamina nobis?  
 Nos contrà taciti nihil hîscere, dum piget om-  
 nes

Verborum memores, fuerant quæ plurima vana.  
 Tum subitò ostendens puerum, cui mollibus an-  
 nis

Laudis adhuc erat, et tumidi mens nescia fla-  
 tûs:

Nulli fas, inquit, superùm aspirare beatis  
 Conciliis, si non fastus dediscat inanes,  
 Et penitus famæ exuerit contemptor amorem,  
 Ceu puer hic nullam suspirat pectore laudem.  
 Non aliter cœlum pateat: prius æquore falso  
 Esse queant nubes, aut pisces vivere in arvis,  
 Arboris aut stirpes frondescere in ætheris oris.  
 Horret adhuc animus, mihi cum, fratrique po-  
 poscit

Illum præcipuos frustra pia mater honores,  
 Scilicet ætherea superi Genitoris ut aula  
 Coelicolùm in medio celsa cum sede federet  
 Subnixus, propior nostrùm resideret uterque,  
 Dextram alter juxtà amplexus, lævæ alter inhæ-  
 renş.

Exemplò gravis ille, obtutuque asper acer-  
 bo:

Non matrem (quid enim mater pietate mere-  
 bat?)

Sed nos, qui vano ignaram summisimus astu,  
 Corripuit meritos verbis haud mollibus urgens:  
 Usque Deum premere elatos, longèque super-  
 bos

Averti, quos famæ agitat, laudumque cupido.

Ipsæ



Here, as fatigu'd along the grafs we lay,  
In idle talk we pass'd the hours away;  
Enquiring, which of his selected train  
Shou'd highest rise, or most his favour gain?  
How shall I speak our wonder and surprize,  
When, anger flashing from his sparkling eyes,  
He ask'd with warmth what converse we maintain'd,  
And why ambition in our bosoms reign'd?  
None made reply, but all in silence griev'd,  
That such vain contest had our hearts deceiv'd.  
Our Lord then call'd a child; whose infant days  
Were yet unconscious of the lust of praise;  
And gently placing him before our eyes,  
None must aspire to heav'n's abode, he cries,  
Who has not learn'd vain honours to disclaim,  
A perfect stranger to the thirst of fame.  
Ev'n as this child; whose breast, from passions free,  
Presents a picture of humility.  
None else must hope the joys of heav'n to gain;  
Sooner may clouds in ocean's deeps remain:  
Sooner may fishes to dry fields repair,  
Or branching trees take root in ambient air.  
My anxious mind remembers still with dread,  
How, by the passion of vain glory led,  
Our pious mother once the Chief address'd,  
And for her offspring urg'd this bold request.  
That, when hereafter He shou'd sit on high,  
Amid the radiant synod of the sky,  
Myself and brother might a seat obtain,  
Plac'd on each hand, o'er all th' etherial train.  
At this the Chief, with sudden wrath enflam'd,  
In bitter terms of high resentment blam'd,  
Not her, the parent; whose offence alone  
Was warm affection for each haughty son;  
But us, who urg'd her with regret to make  
Request so daring, for her offspring's sake.  
High heav'n controuls the vain, incens'd he cried,  
And blasts the projects of low human pride.

Whence

Ipse ideo haud impar Genitori cum sit, et illa  
Quæ pater, æquè eadem possit: tamen ora canen-  
tum

Sæpe sibi laudes, Genitorem vertit in ipsum,  
Nil se audere hominem supra confessus, ab alto  
Ni Pater omnipotens vires aspiret olympo.  
Idcirco gravibus morbis quemcunque levâset,  
Plerumque edixit, ne factum proderet usquam.  
Quove suas tegeret vires, cum tabida posset  
Ulcerâ corporibus solo depellere nutu,  
Ægros sæpe tamen medicas legabat ad undas,  
Ut vitium exuerent omne auxiliâs aquæ vi.  
Quid referam, quot eum populi, quot moenibus  
urbes

Optavere sibi, et voluere imponere regem,  
Mittentes trabeam, sceptrumque, sacramque tia-  
ram?

Ipsi etiam comites hortatu instare frequentes,  
Armatus Syriæ regnandam invaderet oram,  
Mox fore continuò, ut sua sub juga mitteret armis,  
Quodcunque Oceanus terrarum anfractibus am-  
bit,

Immensumque novis frenaret legibus orbem.  
Cum verò hortantes urgerent, protinus ipse  
Occuluit sese, montesque aufugit in altos.  
Immanes tamen invidia, et crudelibus isti  
Insurgunt odiis, pœnasque uno ore reposcunt,  
Uniusque petunt caput omnes: scis quibus il-  
lum

Huc furiis traxere, quibus clamoribus omnem  
Implêrunt trepidi captam velut hostibus urbem.  
Ipse patris mandata obiens tulit omnia, certus  
Digna, indigna pati. Nam se quærentibus ul-  
tro

Obtulit: et noctis cum munere posset opacæ  
Defendi, bis se manifestum prodidit ipse.  
Vidi illos tamen ad capti procumbere vocem  
Attonitos, terramque gravi consternere casu.

Nec

Whence He, tho' equal and in pow'r the same  
 With Him, whose prowess wrought th' etherial frame;  
 Yet, when the crowds were wont his deeds to sing,  
 Gave all the praise to heav'n's eternal King:  
 Declaring that Himself cou'd nought atchieve,  
 Did not his Sire coelestial succour give.  
 Hence too, whene'er he chose the sick to heal,  
 He often bade them their relief conceal.  
 Nay, that his sov'reign pow'r might rest unknown;  
 Tho' all diseases with a word alone,  
 The Chief cou'd heal; he oft dismiss'd the train,  
 In crystal streams to cleanse each loathsome stain.  
 Why shou'd I tell, how many a tribe and town,  
 With'd as their King this glorious Chief to own; }  
 Sending the globe, the sceptre, and the crown?  
 Ev'n his selected friends the Youth request,  
 With arms the coast of Syria to invest;  
 That thence his pow'r might other tracts enslave,  
 Wherever ocean rolls his circling wave:  
 At length extending his imperial sway,  
 Teach the whole world his edicts to obey.  
 But when they urg'd him to attempt a throne,  
 He fled to mountains and to woods alone:  
 Yet mov'd by malice and vindictive ire,  
 His guiltless blood our raging tribes require.  
 Thou know'st, oh! chief! with what ungovern'd heat,  
 They lately drag'd him to thy sov'reign seat;  
 What clamours fill'd th' astonish'd city round,  
 As all her walls were levell'd with the ground.  
 All this he bore, determin'd to fulfil  
 The hard appointments of his Father's will.  
 For tho' he cou'd escape their rage by flight,  
 Beneath the friendly covert of the night;  
 Yet twice in arms against the Chief they stand,  
 And twice he yielded to the ruffian band.  
 Yet these I saw, whene'er his voice he rais'd,  
 Struck down to earth, confounded and amaz'd.

Nor

Nec verò sacris, aut templo demit honorem,  
 Nec gentis leges, veterumve edicta refigit,  
 Quamvis visceribus monet, et lustralibus extis  
 Parcendum posthac, nec jam ultra cæde litan-  
 dam:

Verùm alios longè ritus, moremque sacrorum  
 Indicat obscura verborum ambage latere,  
 Legiferique aperit voces, animumque magistri,  
 Quodque magis mirere, sciunt, et scire fatentur  
 Aëreas vatem venturum lucis ad auras,  
 Unus qui nobis cœli invia claustra recludat,  
 E tenebrisque pios vehat alta ad sidera manes:  
 Id patribus promissum, omnes id volvere vates.  
 Hunc animis certi expectant, miseri, quibus a-  
 tris

Non datur in tenebris præsentem agnoscere lu-  
 cem,

Et mediis largi sitiunt in fluminis undis.

Nam quem non moveant, nisi prorsum averfa vo-  
 luntas,

Tanta viri virtus, tot facta ingentia, talis  
 Oris honos? ipse ut vidique, hausique loquen-  
 tem,

Et dulcem toto jactantem corpore amorem,  
 Fortunas, patriam, genitricem, cuncta reliqui.  
 Id socii fecere: neque hunc me deinde secutum  
 Poenituit. Verùm quantùm ingens sæpe favilla  
 Surgit ab exigua, semperque fit acrior ignis:  
 Hujus amor tantùm visus mihi crescere in ho-  
 ras,

Et mage cor dulci semper flammescere cura:  
 Quique adiere semel, validis compagibus hæ-  
 rent.

Nec nos aut donis, aut verbis fallere crede,  
 Pollicitis blandis illectos: omnia nobis  
 Aspera promittit, cunctos diversa manere  
 Scilicet exilia extorres, passimque vagantes.

Promissis

Nor did the Chief their sacred rites withdraw,  
 Revoke their edicts, or repeal the law;  
 Tho' yet his friends he caution'd to abstain  
 From blood for ever, and from victims slain;  
 But show'd, these types far other rites design'd,  
 And open'd all their legislator's mind.  
 Nay, to excite thy wonder more, they own  
 This weighty truth, to all the nation known;  
 That hither shou'd descend, by bards foretold,  
 A sacred Prophet, who wou'd wide unfold  
 Heav'n's golden gates; and from eternal night  
 Convey the spirits to yon realms of light.  
 Tho' long our Lord has bless'd this favour'd earth,  
 Anxious they wait, and still expect his birth.  
 Ah! wretched souls! thro' devious paths they stray,  
 In error lost, nor view the light of day;  
 Tho' plenteous streams enrich the verdant plains,  
 Yet still unquench'd their burning thirst remains.  
 For who, O chief! but must be mov'd of course,  
 Unless his mind be wilfully perverse,  
 That knows his virtues and his deeds divine,  
 And sees the graces that around Him shine?  
 As for myself; the moment I beheld  
 The love divine his heav'nly looks reveal'd,  
 And heard such gracious words; his cause I join'd,  
 And left my friends, my fortune, all behind.  
 In the same course my lov'd compeers proceed;  
 Nor does my soul repent this chosen deed.  
 But as the flames, which smallest embers raise,  
 Mount by degrees, and ev'ry moment blaze  
 With fiercer heat; his love still more and more,  
 Spreads in my breast, and gathers ev'ry hour:  
 And those, who once his heav'nly ways have try'd,  
 No force can ever from their Lord divide.

Yet think not He essay'd by specious arts,  
 Or worldly prospects, to allure our hearts.  
 Alas! He promis'd to his faithful train,  
 But hardships, toils, and banishment, and pain.

Nor

Promissis nec vana fides: adeò usque malorum  
 Pullulat ex alia atque alia densissima sylva.  
 Unius ferro tantum caput excipit, unum  
 (Quisquis is est) placida clausurum lumina morte:  
 Ast alios cædes omnes instare cruentas.  
 Nostra jubet nos interea contemnere, opesque  
 Partiri, atque inopi miserorum impendere turbæ,  
 Quos circumveniunt morbique, aliorque, fameque,  
 Pauperiemque pati, rebusque assuescere egenis.  
 Multi nos ideo viderunt sæpe per agros,  
 Aut filice in nuda projectos ducere somnos,  
 Aut gravidas fessos rerum decerpere aristas,  
 Indomitique famem solari frugibus, undamque  
 Alta haurire cavis pronos ad flumina palmis,  
 Aut siquos usquam tellus dabat arida fontes.  
 Non mihi perpetuam si centum pectore aheni  
 Sufficiant vocem linguæ, percurrere possem,  
 Quantas quoque modo æumnas, quantosque labo-  
 res

Hoc ducente animis durantes hausimus æquis.  
 Nam licet interdum penuria adaxit edendi  
 Exhaustos, rerumque inopes, quas flagitat usus:  
 Regum opibus tamen usque animos æquavimus altos,  
 Et mens in parvis aderat ditissima cuique.

Nec minus ingentem huc comitum adventare no-  
 vorum

Cernere semper erat numerum, matresque virosque,  
 Omnibus idem animus, quibus et mens certa se-  
 quendi.

Haud secus ac bellum si cui rex maximus urbi  
 Indixit, jamque arma ciet, jamque agmina cogit,  
 Cladem oræ, exitiumque ferens, populisque rui-  
 nas,

Non tantum jurata manus, lectæque cohortes  
 Incedunt, sed præterea quos dirus habendi  
 Duxit amor, varia cupidos dutescere præda,  
 Agglomerant multi, atque injussi castra sequuntur.

Non

Nor did his words a dubious fate disclose,  
Ills follow ills, and woes succeed to woes.  
Yet when he nam'd these various ills, our Lord  
One breast exempted from the murd'rous sword;  
One, he declar'd, of our selected train,  
In quiet death shou'd end a life of pain;  
The rest by various cruelties shou'd go,  
A sadder journey to the realms below.  
Meantime he bids us, void of anxious care,  
Amidst mankind our useless treasures share;  
Distribute to the lame, the blind, the poor,  
And all the ills of penury endure.  
Hence oft in fields by numbers were we found,  
Securely sleeping on the naked ground;  
Or plucking ears from standing corn away,  
With short repast keen hunger to allay :  
Or thirst still quenching by a river's side,  
Or where the barren soil some casual rill supply'd.  
Not, with the aid an hundred tongues afford,  
A voice perpetual, cou'd my lips record,  
Beneath his conduct, to our fates resign'd,  
What woes we suffer'd with a dauntless mind.  
For tho' oppress'd with hardships, many a day  
We pass'd in hunger, and in thirst away;  
Content supply'd us with a monarch's store,  
In mind still wealthy, tho' in substance poor.

Nor cou'd a day, O mighty chief! arise,  
But various numbers, our astonish'd eyes,  
Of either sex, with secret joy descry'd,  
In troops attending this illustrious Guide.  
So when, resolv'd on some great town to bring  
Havock and dreadful waste, a potent king  
Levies his force, his glitt'ring arms prepares,  
And threats the city with destructive wars :  
In firm array not only march along  
The banded legions ; but a num'rous throng  
Of rabble, bent whatever spoils to gain,  
Swarm o'er the camp, and join the martial train.

Non fat erant latæque viæ, campique patentes  
 Tot populis, iret quacunque, sequentibus ultro.  
 Sæpe Heros sese ingenti subducere turbæ,  
 Et montes petere, et desertos quærere saltus.  
 Atque equidem memini, cùm propter stagna pro-  
 fectus

Ferret iter, passimque manus prætexeret ingens  
 Littora, et urgeret supra densissima morem,  
 Proripuit sese, ac cymbam (quæ fortè parata)  
 Insiliit, subitoque jubens præcidere funem,  
 Teli intra jactum liquidum processit in æquor.  
 Constitit hinc, terramque aspectans, plenaque cir-  
 cùm

Littora, divinis affari vocibus orsus,  
 Justitiæque aperire viam, et vestigia recti.  
 Hic illic stabant arrectis auribus omnes,  
 Interclusi undis. Inhiabantque agmine longo  
 Attoniti, miraque animos dulcedine capti.  
 Ipse loquebatur, circùm sedata filebant  
 Æquora, ubique modò spirantibus incita flabris,  
 Frondiferæque domus avium sine murmure cir-  
 cùm

Stabant immotæ procurvo in littore sylvæ.  
 Sed non interea longævæ parcere matres  
 Vocibus, illum omnes mirari insueta loquen-  
 tem,

Felicemque uteri matrem, felicia matris  
 Ubra clamabant, quæ talem enixa tulisset,  
 Et teneris immulsisset plena ubera labris.

Namque docebat, humi foedè, in tenebrisque vo-  
 lutas

Ad cœlum mortale genus sustollere mentes,  
 Et lucem aspicere, et vanis desuescere curis.  
 Tum pacem hortari: Placidam super omnia  
 mites

Pacem optate viri, tumidosque remittite fla-  
 tus:

Demissique



Scarce cou'd the roads sufficient space display  
 To those, who follow'd where he led the way:  
 Hence, many a time, the weary'd Chief withdrew  
 To woods and mountains, from the public view.  
 Once (I the fact remember) as he bore  
 His silent steps along the winding shore;  
 And now from ev'ry part a mingled train  
 Spread o'er the verdant margin of the main;  
 He seiz'd a boat that near at anchor lay,  
 And row'd some little distance on the sea:  
 The crowds then viewing from his lofty stand,  
 That pour'd in endless numbers o'er the strand;  
 With heav'nly eloquence the Youth impress'd  
 The laws of justice in their heedful breast.  
 Shut from his reach by th' interposing flood,  
 In still attention on the beach they stood;  
 And to his gracious words their ears incline,  
 Pleas'd with the music of his voice divine.  
 While thus our Lord his sweet discourses held,  
 No boist'rous winds the ruffled ocean swell'd:  
 Calm was the peaceful surface of the sea,  
 Save where the fanning zephyrs gently play;  
 And the tall trees, with boughs thick cover'd o'er,  
 Fit haunt for birds, stood silent on the shore.  
 Not so their voice the aged matrons spare;  
 But as his words with pleas'd regard they hear,  
 Wrapt in deep admiration they exclaim,  
 Happy! thrice happy! that consummate Dame!  
 Whose womb a treasure so divine contain'd,  
 And whose blest'd paps this wond'rous Infant drain'd.

For such his doctrine, as inflam'd the mind,  
 Long lost in darkness, and with error blind,  
 From human cares its prospects to remove,  
 And ardent fix them on the joys above.  
 He bade the crowds from rude contentions cease,  
 And cultivate the milder works of peace.  
 Let gentle peace be your delight, he cried;  
 Far from your breast dismiss tyrannic pride;

R

Nor

Demissique animis nil vanæ laudis egentes,  
Mortales contemnite opes, contemnite honores:  
Et duris vitam assueti, parvoque beati  
Pauperiem tolerate: brevis quæcunque voluptas  
Ista adeò, atque diu nihil est mortalibus ægris.  
Vobis haud propriæ hîc sedes, concessaque longum

Regna manent meliora: graves ubi solverit artus

Mors anima, vos stelligera Pater optimus aula  
Protinus excipiet lætos melioribus oris;  
Pax ubi tranquilla, et cunctarum opulentia rerum,

Et secura quies, nunquam peritura voluptas.  
Et dubitet tanta quisquam mercede laborem  
Ferre brevem, terrisque sequi me sponte relictis?  
Ad veras emergere opes, emergere honores  
Tendite, quos nulli casus, nulla auferat ætas.  
Este pii: inter vos mentem exercete benignam,

Inque vicem placati animis miserescite vestri.  
Tum longè prohibete iras, odiisque ferendo  
Parcite, rumoresque vagos contemnite vulgi:  
Nulli fas ideo accepto pro vulnere vulnus  
Reddere, præstiterit verò pulsantibus ultro  
Sese offerre, genisque ictum expectare secundum.

Vana alii certent armis pro laude, nocensque  
Ferrum acuant, pulchramque petant per vulnera mortem:

At tu mortales nullo discrimine amare  
Disce omnes, pacemque inglorius hostibus opta,  
Nec tibi ventosæ sint tanti murmura famæ.  
Omnibus in primis sit mens interrita leti,  
Nullaque vos animis duros vis avocet æquo.  
Terrenos artus homines, moribundaque membra

Interdum extinxisse queant, et perdere ferro: Tuta

Nor let ambition your affections raise  
To thirst for honours, or to covet praise.  
To manly toils your hardy limbs inure,  
Despise vain wealth, and poverty endure.  
Whatever pleasures you on earth may find,  
Short is their date to human lot assign'd.  
Think not this paltry globe your proper seat,  
On you, my friends, far nobler kingdoms wait.  
When from your limbs the vital spirit flies;  
Th' eternal Sire who rules the starry skies,  
Will hence, with tokens of paternal love,  
Receive and place you in the realms above;  
Where smiling peace, and rest, and wealth abound,  
And pleasure, circling in eternal round.  
Who then shall hesitate, or deem it hard,  
Short ills to suffer, for so great reward?  
Advance, those glorious honours to secure,  
That wealth, which endless ages shall endure.  
Let godlike piety adorn your mind,  
Your hearts to mutual pity be inclin'd;  
All wrath and anger from your breast remove,  
And vanquish hate by patience and by love.  
Regard not what advice the vulgar give;  
But if some insult haply you receive,  
Ne'er let your breasts with keen resentment burn,  
Nor on your foe th' injurious taunt return:  
'Tis better far all malice to forego,  
And turn your cheek to wait the second blow.  
Let others for vain praise in battle dare,  
And whet the faulchion for destructive war;  
Learn ye, in bonds of cordial love t' embrace  
Without distinction all the human race:  
Nor the cool passions of your breast inflame,  
With windy murmurs of an idle fame.  
Let not your minds the dread of death affright,  
Nor ought deter you from the paths of right.  
Men by the sword may snatch your lives away,  
For mortal limbs are subject to decay;

Tuta anima ipsa manet, duræ haud obnoxia morti.  
 Et vos omnipotens cœlo Pater aspicit alto,  
 Avertitque malis, cujus sine numine vestrum  
 Haud hominum quisquam valeat divellere cri-  
 nem.

Summissos vos hunc unum fas usque vereri.  
 Huic ô ritè preces, huic digna piacula ferte,  
 Cui mare, cui tellus, campisque patentibus  
 aër

Obsequitur, nitidique tremit plaga lucida cœli.  
 Huic procumbite humi, prostrati huic pandite  
 vota.

Vos siquidem æternis etiam post funera poenis  
 Ipse potest fontes sub tetro urgere barathro.  
 Nec timor admissos cuiquam sit adire leones,  
 Seclaque pictarum sævissima pantherarum.  
 Ite mei objectu protecti nominis, ite  
 Adversum intrepidi: mansuescent protinus  
 urfi,

Vestraque parcentes allambent vulnera lingua.

Quin humiles victûs animis secludite curas.  
 Observate genus pecudum, genus altivolan-  
 tum,  
 Nullæ illis artes, nulla illis cura futuri.  
 Non tamen aut tegimen, victûs aut copia de-  
 fit.

Omnia dives alit rerum fator, omnia curat.  
 Ille etiam injussu tellurem gramine vestit,  
 Floribus appingens fata versicoloribus ar-  
 va,

Arboribusque comas, atque umbras montibus ad-  
 dit.

Fraudes insidiæque absint, ac foeda libi-  
 do:

Neve modum supra mensis gaudete paratis,  
 Desidiaque animis, atque ocia pellite ves-  
 tris.

Nec

But the free soul no injury can feel,  
 Safe from the vengeance of a tyrant's steel.  
 Besides; th' Almighty Sov'reign from on high,  
 Sees, and regards you with a parent's eye;  
 Without whose wise permission none can dare,  
 Ev'n from your head to pluck the slightest hair.  
 This Being dread, and rev'rence Him alone;  
 Address your off'rings to his awful throne;  
 Whose pow'r supreme, earth, air, and spacious sea,  
 And the bright regions of high heav'n obey.  
 To Him in humble adoration bow,  
 To Him submissive bring the proffer'd vow;  
 For He alone, in hell's dark realms beneath,  
 Can punish sinners with eternal death.  
 Let no vain fears your tranquil minds molest,  
 Or quench the courage of your dauntless breast;  
 Ev'n hungry lions if condemn'd to face,  
 Or spotted panthers formidable race.  
 Go then, my friends; each adverse pow'r withstand,  
 Go forth, protected by my guiding hand:  
 Bears will grow tame, and mild compassion show  
 To wounds, inflicted by a fiercer foe.

The food that nature limits to your share,  
 Seek not with deep solicitude and care.  
 Observe the beasts, that o'er earth's surface rove,  
 The fowls, that wing this silent air above;  
 To these, which know no arts, no wants, are giv'n  
 Both food and rayment, by the care of heav'n:  
 The bounteous Sire, who gave to all their birth,  
 Provides with plenty for the race of earth.  
 'Tis He, that bids the grass its verdure yield,  
 Paints the gay flow'rs that gild th'enamel'd field:  
 Thro' Him, the trees their leafy honours spread,  
 And tufted mountains yield a grateful shade.  
 Let fraud, deceit, and lust be far away;  
 Nor at rich feasts intemp'rate joy display.  
 Vile sloth with horror banish from your breast;  
 And let that impious passion be suppress'd,

Nec vetitos thalamos, inconcessumque cubile  
 Affectate, sitisque alieni definat auri.  
 Quisque suis opibus contenti vivite, et ultro  
 Spes interdictas, et inania ponite vota.  
 Neve autem scelerum facies nunc persequar om-  
 nes:

Quid dicam, quibus est cordi fraus, atque libido  
 Dira juvat, ficto simulant tamen ore latentes  
 Virtutem, subeuntque dolis, et crimina obum-  
 brant?

Ne, jubeo, ne talem animis assuescite pestem.  
 Nil adeò latet, ipsa dies quin detegat ultro.  
 Præterea cohibete oculos: ne quærite vestris  
 Vulnere sponte animis: fandi hinc compescite amo-  
 rem,

Sæpe olim incautos non lingua coercita merfit.  
 Discite jamque ideo posthac haud falsa profari,  
 Jamque novos purgati animis inducite mores.  
 Siqua tamen veteris culpæ vestigia restant,  
 Diluite, et sacris contagia vincite lymphis.  
 Ipse ego fons veluti liquidam purissimus undam  
 Sufficiam, properate ad aquas: haurite liquen-  
 tem

Matres atque viri sitientes protinus amnem.  
 Ferte pedem huc omnes, nec opus potantibus au-  
 ro,

Argentove: mei fontis patet omnibus unda.  
 Sic leti vitate vias, ita fidera aditur,  
 Sidereasque domos, mutari nescia regna.  
 Hæc mihi prædixit Genitor, quæ voce mone-  
 rem

Veridica; sunt fonte mihi verba omnia ab illo.

Talia dicta dabat, coeli super omnia Regem  
 Placandum non visceribus, non sanguine cæso,  
 Sed votis precibusque jubens exposcere pacem.  
 Et modus orandi quisnam foret, ipse canebat:  
 Omnipotens Genitor, sedes cui lucidus æther,

Sic

Which prompts to climb your neighbour's bed by stealth;

Nor pine in secret for another's wealth.

Each his own lot with meek contentment bear,

Nor to forbidden hopes extend his care.

But not at once all vices to describe,

What shall I say of that pernicious tribe;

Who base and lustful, yet their crimes conceal,

Beneath the covert of a sacred veil?

Let not (I charge you) so abhorr'd a pest,

Taint the pure virtues of your spotless breast;

No action so conceal'd and secret lies,

But future time shall blaze it to the skies.

Your roving eyes confine in proper bounds,

Nor give your mind unnecessary wounds :

All idle passion for discourse restrain ;

Free tongues too often prove their owner's bane.

Learn hence all impious falshood to forbear,

And purg'd from evil purer morals wear.

If yet some trace of ancient crimes remain,

In the pure fount absolve each vicious stain.

From Me shall streams of crystal waters flow;

Approach, and taste the bounties I bestow.

Haste hither all, of male or female race,

No gold or silver shall obtain this grace;

These lib'ral streams for all spontaneous run :

Hence shall you learn the paths of death to shun;

Thus to th' ethereal mansions wing your flight,

Thus soar to kingdoms of unchanging light.

These truths I learn'd from heav'n's eternal King,

And all my precepts from that fountain spring.

This said, our Lord exhorts th' attendant train,

Not with the blood of holy victims slain;

But for each great transgression to atone,

By pray'rs directed to Jehovah's throne.

Then thus instructs the list'ning tribes to pray—

Almighty Sire ! who rul'st with sov'reign sway;

Sic nomen, laudesque tuæ celebrentur ubique,  
 Et promissa orbi incipiant procedere lustra:  
 Cum tua non minus in terris gens iussa faceffat  
 Mortalis, quàm cœlicolæ tibi in æthere parent.  
 Nos divina hodie cœlo dape refice ab alto.  
 Parce dehinc bonus, ut nostris ignoscimus ipsi  
 Hostibus, ac nullis adversis objice inermes  
 Tentando, prohibe à nobis sed cuncta pericla:

Addidit, et ventura canens: fore, cum vagus o-  
 lim

Sol claram speciem concreto lumine tectus  
 Exuat, et subitò stellanti nocte perempta  
 Sufficiat nullam luna orbi argentea lucem,  
 Sanguineis faciem maculis perfusa nigrantem,  
 Præcipitentque polo passim turbata labanti  
 Sidera, quæ lapsu certo, spatiove feruntur.  
 Visque ea, quæ cœli irrequietos conciet orbes  
 Desinat, incerto rapiantur ut omnia motu,  
 Atque propè avulso absiliat de cardine mundus:  
 Dum terras veluti rapidum per inania fulmen  
 Ipse iterum petat, et multis cum millibus idem  
 Adveniens hominum vitas, et crimina quæ-  
 rat.

Ut res promisso simulac succenderit igni  
 Flammarum totum tempestas sparsa per orbem,  
 Continuo tellure nova, cœloque recenti  
 Defunctas animas vita in sua corpora rursus  
 Evocet ad blandum lumen, populosque sepul-  
 chris

Eliciat, secumque pios educat ad astra,  
 Quos Pater à prima prævidit origine rerum  
 Mente suos fore, et æthereo transcripsit Olym-  
 po.

Ibunt aligeri juvenes, cœlumque profun-  
 dum

Horrifico sonitu implebunt, atque ære re-  
 curvo

Quatuor



Let endless praise thy glorious name attend;  
Wide o'er the world thy promis'd reign extend;  
Till men on earth thy great behests fulfil,  
As saints in heav'n obey thy blessed will.  
A due provision for our wants afford  
Each day, and kindly bless our frugal board.  
Vouchsafe on us thy pardon to bestow,  
As we to others this indulgence show:  
Nor let temptation into sin betray,  
But drive all evil from our hearts away.

He then discours'd of great events to come,  
What yet was rip'ning in time's ample womb;  
That the bright sun his glories shou'd resign,  
Nor longer with transcendent lustre shine;  
The silver moon her borrow'd light refrain,  
While drops of blood the sullen orb distain;  
The stars, that wont in measur'd space to roll  
Thro' heav'n, fall headlong from the trembling pole.  
At length shou'd cease that unremitting force,  
Which whirl'd the planets in their destin'd course;  
Disjointed nature from her balance fly,  
And all rush lawless thro' th' affrighted sky:  
Whilst He, attended with a glorious train,  
In awful pomp descends to earth again;  
The various actions of mankind to trace,  
And sit in judgement on a sinful race.  
That soon as fire shou'd like a tempest roll  
Wide o'er the world, and spread from pole to pole;  
And from the mingled ashes strait arise  
New earth, and new-form'd regions of the skies:  
The souls of those, that ages since were dead,  
Our Lord wou'd summon from their silent bed,  
And by his pow'r restore to life again;  
Then mount Olympus with his pious train;  
With all, whom heav'n's great Sire of old had known  
His sons, and previous mark'd them for his own.  
Angelic youths shall fill the vast profound  
With dreadful clangor; and with trumpet sound,  
From

Quatuor à ventis excibunt undique gentes:  
 Judicis ad solium properabitur æthere toto.  
 Ipse altè effultus, montisque in vertice summo  
 Arbiter effulgens circumferet ora tremenda,  
 Secernetque pios, dextraque in parte locabit:  
 Læva autem coget fontes, quæ plurima turba.  
 Qualis post hyemem exactam, cùm gramine  
 molli

Pascua læta vocant stabulis armenta reclusis,  
 Ipse greges pastor nitidos missurus in agros  
 Sortitur: placidas primò legit ille bidentes  
 Dinumerans, olidasque jubet procul esse capellas.  
 Cernere erit liquidas longè fulgere per auras  
 Corpora clara hominum, quibus atræ obnoxia  
 morti

Abluet omnipotens Pater, æternumque manebunt,  
 Amplius haud rerum subjecti casibus ullis.  
 Nemo illam ante diem speret cum corpore sedes  
 Ætheris, exceptis paucis, quos ipse sepulcro  
 Exurgens secum superis Deus invehet oris:  
 Solæ animæ interea tali statione fruuntur.  
 Contra autem fontes tenebris ac nocte premen-  
 tur

Æterna, et meritas pendent per secula poenas:  
 Omnia quæ fera nuper mihi nocte canebat,  
 Cùm caput ipsius in gremio mœrore gravatum,  
 Una eadem accumbens sponda, admotusque lo-  
 quenti  
 Sæpe reclinarem, mœsti solamen amoris.

Quid repetam, quæ sæpe vagi Jordanis ad un-  
 das  
 Ediderit? quæ Judææ sub montibus altis?  
 Nunc cæcis vera involvens ambagibus ul-  
 tro,  
 Nunc manifesta palàm claro sermone loquutus,  
 Dum populi circumstant, stipantque frequen-  
 tes?

Nunc

From the four winds shall cite mankind to wait,  
 At CHRIST's tribunal, their appointed fate.  
 Millions at once shall throng the ample sky;  
 He on a golden throne exalted high,  
 Sole Judge of men, shall dart his piercing sight,  
 Select the just, and range them on the right;  
 But at his left to distance far shall place  
 The tribe of sinners; an unnumber'd race.  
 Thus, in fresh spring, when forth each pasture calls  
 Th' exulting cattle from their wint'ry stalls,  
 Each storm o'erblown, th' industrious shepherd swain,  
 Sev'ring his flocks that graze the verdant plain;  
 With nicest care collects the woolly breed,  
 The goats at distance unregarded feed.  
 Then human bodies shall appear to fight  
 Cloath'd in bright forms, refulgent as the light;  
 And freed henceforth from each terrestrial stain,  
 Pure, uncorrupt thro' endless years remain; }  
 No more obnoxious to disease or pain.  
 None, cloath'd with bodies, shall obtain a place,  
 Before that day, amidst th' etherial race;  
 Some few except, who from the grave shall rise,  
 And soar with CHRIST triumphant to the skies:  
 Till then the glorious privilege is giv'n  
 To souls alone, to share the joys of heav'n.  
 But sinners shall be doom'd to endless woe,  
 Amidst the tortures of the realms below.  
 These truths to me our Lord of late express'd,  
 His head reclin'd, as usual, on my breast;  
 When at the genial feast next Him I lay,  
 And strove to banish anxious cares away.

Beneath Judæa's mountains, or beside  
 The flow'ry banks, where Jordan rolls his tide;  
 Why shou'd I tell, what wonders he display'd;  
 What truths he utter'd? in mysterious shade  
 Now veil'd his doctrines, now distinct and clear;  
 While throng'd assemblies with attention hear.

Himself

Nunc se principium rerum, finemque canebat,  
Nunc veri fontem, atque hominum lucemque vi-  
amque.

Nos fortunatam progeneratam hoc tempore prolem,  
Nos felix tellus, nos secula læta tulere:  
Nobis divinam vocem, divina loquentis  
Verba haurire Dei propius sæpe obtigit unis.  
Scilicet hinc lustris veniet labentibus ætas,  
Cum feri optabunt eadem vidisse nepotes.

Talia Iöannes cunctis mirantibus ore  
Perstabat memorans: cum protinus ecce tumultu  
Ingenti Solymûm irrumpit manus impia, et ur-  
bis  
Rectorem appellant, pœnasque uno ore reposcunt.  
Diffugiunt ambo, et magnam stat adire paren-  
tem,  
Ignaramque diu tantarum fallere rerum,

MARCI

Himself he stiles the origin and end  
 Of all things, that thro' nature's bounds extend;  
 The light, ordain'd before our paths to shine,  
 The way, the fountain, of all truth divine.  
 Thrice happy we! by heav'n's distinguish'd grace,  
 Born in this favour'd age, this happy place!  
 Who heard him oft to us alone convey,  
 His heav'nly doctrines in familiar way! [been,  
 What crowds henceforth shall with themselves had  
 The bless'd spectators of this envy'd scene!

Thus John repeats his tale; the wond'ring train  
 In silence list'ning to his heav'nly strain;  
 When to the ruler a tumultuous band  
 Rush in, and instant punishment demand.  
 At this; the two disciples in despair,  
 Haste from the court, to seek the Virgin-fair;  
 Resolv'd to sooth her with a specious tale,  
 And from her ears the dreadful truth conceal.

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MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER QUINTUS.

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**I**NSONTI verò Romanus parcere capto  
Toto corde petens, huc mentem dividit atque  
huc.

Fama viri, virtusque animo, egregiique recurſat  
Oris honos, nec jam obſcurum genus eſſe deo-  
rum.

Omnia reſpondent auditis : denique ad ipſos  
Converſus Solymos, fremitu tectum omne replen-  
tes :

Ite, ait, et poſito mox huc certamine adeſte.  
Sit qui pro cunctis numero delectus ab omni  
Fando aliquis doceat, quo tandem is crimine  
morte

Mulctandus, quod tantum obſtet ſcelus, ordine pan-  
dat,

Inſonti : ſimul hæc, ſimul illi abiſſe frementes,  
Chriſto animis certi nunquam deſiſtere vivo.

Parte alia, Regem qui ſœdè prodidit hoſti,  
Mutatus ſcelus agnoſcit perjurus lüdas:  
Ah miſer ! infectum quàm vellet poſſe reverti ?  
Nulla quies animo : ſævire in pectore diræ  
Ultrices, cæcasque ob noxam ſumere poenas.  
Nec capit inſanos curarum pectore fluctus :

---

V I D A's  
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K. V.

---

**B**UT Pilate conscious of his worth, to spare  
The guiltless Captive bends his ardent care.  
Much he revolves the Hero's deeds divine,  
His form majestic, and illustrious line.  
Each point minutely weigh'd, the truth he found,  
As public rumour had divulg'd around.  
Then turning to the raging priests, he cried,  
Hence, for a space; and lay these feuds aside:  
That done; let one from forth the council say,  
What dire offences to his charge ye lay?  
Why the hard penalty of death's decreed  
To One, unconscious of a guilty deed?  
Thus spoke the chief; the murmuring priests depart,  
Revenge and malice lurking in their heart.

Meanwhile the †villain, who by av'rice sway'd,  
But late so basely had his Lord betray'd;  
Now from the mists of cloudy passion freed,  
Repenting sees, and owns his guilty deed.  
Ah! wretch! a prey to ills before unknown,  
How did he with the fatal fact undone!  
Hell's dismal fiends invade his conscious breast,  
Arm'd with revenge, and rob his soul of rest;  
Nor has he pow'r to keep in bounds confin'd,  
The woes that harbour in his anxious mind.

† Judas

Hence

Hinc secum æra manu sceleris causam attulit a-  
mens,

Quæ Solymi magno dederant in munere pacta,

Atque sacerdotum sacrata ad limina venit,

Vociferans: Vestrum hoc argentum, hæc munera  
vestra,

Accipite: en scelerum precium exitiale repono.

Heu! heu! quid demens volui mihi? quo scelus ingens

Inductus pretio admisi? vera Dei ille

Progenies, verusque Deus, nunc denique cerno,

Discussæque abeunt tenebræ, et mihi reddita mens  
est.

Sic fatus, simul argentum conjecit in ipsos.

Olli autem flentem risere, ac fera videntem.

Infelix abit: hinc amens cæcusque furore

Multa putat, curæ ingeminant, sævitque sub imo

Corde dolor, coelique piget convexa tueri.

Tum secum huc illuc flammantia lumina torquens:

Hem quid agam infelix? quænam quæ secula  
porrò

Sera adeò, tantum scelus unquam oblita silebunt?

Accedamne iterum supplex, crimenque fatebor,

Atque ausim veniam sceleri sperare nefando?

Quo verò aspiciam vultu, quove alloquar ore,

Quem semel indignum decepimus, inque meren-  
tem?

Hinc igitur longè fugiam, quantum ire licebit,

Ignotusque aliis agitabo in finibus ævum?

Hinc me præcipites, me me hinc auferte procel-  
læ,

Quò fugit usque dies à nobis luce peracta.

At quis erit tutus tandem locus? omnia præ-  
sens

Aspicit, ac terras Deus undique fulmine terret:

Et me conscia mens, atque addita cura seque-  
tur,

Sive iter arripiam pedibus, seu puppe per undas.



Hence seizing in his hand, without delay,  
 What for his treason was the wretched pay;  
 Swift to the Pontiff's seat he bends his way.  
 There loud exclaims—This glitt'ring bane receive,  
 The treach'rous present ye vouchsaf'd to give;  
 Lo! there the tempting silver I resign—  
 Alas! what madness, rage, and guilt were mine!  
 This injur'd Youth (I now my error see)  
 Confess'd is heav'n's undoubted progeny;  
 Ev'n God himself; at length, tho' late, I find  
 Night's gloomy darkness banish'd from my mind.

He said; and strait before the rulers view,  
 In deep despair the fatal silver threw.  
 But they regardless, with contemptuous pride  
 Insult his anguish, and his tears deride.  
 Now from the priests disconsolate he goes,  
 His anxious breast o'erwhelm'd with rising woes;  
 To various thoughts, and various cares a prey,  
 Silent he grieves, and loaths the light of day.  
 Then, while around he rolls his flaming eyes,  
 Whither, ah! whither shall I speed, he cries?  
 What course pursue, for oh! will distant time,  
 E'er hide in silence my detested crime?  
 Say, shall I own my guilt, for mercy plead,  
 And beg forgiveness of so vile a deed?  
 But with what face can my approach be made  
 To One, whom late so basely I betray'd?  
 Or shall I fly, where waves can waft me o'er,  
 A wretched exile to some foreign shore?  
 Bear me, ye storms! oh! bear me hence away,  
 To climes remote, where distant sets the day.  
 Alas! what spot for shelter can be found?  
 God's angry thunders shake the earth around:  
 And me, where'er I rove, a guilty mind,  
 With added care, will follow close behind;  
 Whether some distant coast by land I gain,  
 Or urge my voyage o'er the boundless main.

S

Whom?

Quos? quibus? at moror, et ludunt insomnia mentem.

Vos, precor, ô mihi vos magnæ nunc hiscite terræ.  
Quid dubito? nunc te tangunt scelera impia, Juda  
Infelix: tunc debueras, tunc ista decebant,  
Cum revocare pedem, cum fas occurrere pesti.  
Nunc morere, atque nefas tur tantum ulciscere dextra

Sponte tua, lucemque volens, hominesque relinque.

Talia jactabat, certus jam abrumpere vitam  
Invisam, et sævum leto finire dolorem,  
Curarum hanc unam metam ratus, atque laborum.  
Fluctuat, atque sibi semper tellure videtur  
Absumi, aut rapido de cœlo afflari igni.  
Usque adeo ante oculos capti obversatur imago.  
Pallor in ore, acies circumlita sanguine, et artus

Algentes tremit, instantis vestigia leti,  
Et nox multa cava faciem circumvolat umbra.  
Omnia nigrescunt tenebris caliginis atræ.  
Demens, qui potius veniam sperare fatendo  
Non ausus, neque enim precibus non flectitur ullis

Rex superum, et justæ bonus obliviscitur iræ.  
Ergo ille inceptis perstans, et sedibus hærens  
Iisdem abiit, sylvæque tremens successit opacæ,  
Regia quæ propter frondebat plurima tecta.  
Atque ibi dum trepidat, qua tandem morte quiescat,

Incertus, latebrasne animæ scrutetur acuto  
Fortiter, et pectus procumbens induat ense:  
An se præcipiti jaciat de culmine saltu,  
Ipsæ quæ attonitum, mortisque cupidine captum

Ducebant semper furæ, insensæque præbant,

Informem

Whom? whither? how?—but sadly I delay,  
 And idle dreams my restless mind betray.  
 Oh! parent earth! deep, deep a passage rend,  
 And let me quickly to th' abyss descend.  
 Why do I stay? dire deeds at length confess'd,  
 Too wretched Judas! touch thy conscious breast.  
 Then, then these thoughts had rose in better time,  
 When early prudence might have check'd the crime.  
 Now die; and with thine own right hand bestow  
 The wound, that sends thee to the realms below.

Thus wail'd the piteous wretch; resolv'd to die,  
 And end on earth his load of misery.  
 Of all expedients this alone appears,  
 The best adapted to relieve his cares.  
 Whilst undetermin'd on the means of death,  
 He seems now sinking in the earth beneath;  
 Now struck with fire from heav'n; such constant dread,  
 His Lord's last image thro' his bosom spread.  
 Pale were his cheeks, and wan; and in his eyes,  
 Ghastly with fear, red stains of blood arise;  
 O'er all his limbs cold shiv'ring damps appear,  
 Alarming symptoms of destruction near:  
 A gloomy horror on his visage lay,  
 And all around was darkness and dismay.  
 Fool that he was! not instant to address  
 His Lord for pardon, and the guilt confess;  
 Since heav'n's high King is mov'd by ardent pray'rs,  
 Remits his anger, and th' offender spares.  
 Now bent his dreadful purpose to pursue,  
 No more he stay'd, expos'd to public view;  
 But sought the deep recesses of a wood,  
 Which brown with horror, near the palace stood.  
 While trembling there in sad suspense he staid;  
 Uncertain, whether with the trenchant blade  
 Topierce his breast; or from some mountain's height,  
 With headlong leap precipitate his flight.  
 The fiends themselves, who fir'd with deadly hate,  
 Pursu'd the wretch, and urg'd him to his fate;

Informem prona nectentes arbore nodum,  
 Ostendere viam: collo namque inde pependit,  
 Ut meritus, laqueoque infami extrema sequutus  
 Spiramenta animæ eliso gutture rupit,  
 Et totos subito pendens extabuit artus.

Nondum picta novo cœli plaga mane rubebat,  
 Jamque sacerdotes concursu cuncta replentes  
 Vestibulum juxta astabant, longisque fremebant  
 Porticibus: nempe antiquo de more licebat  
 Nulli luce sacra pollutum insistere limen.  
 Tandem Romulides, juvenum stipante caterva  
 Fascibus egreditur patriis, ostroque superbus,  
 Et folio ante fores sedit sublimis eburno.  
 Consedere patres pariter juxta ordine et ipsi,  
 Atque diu siluere. Orsus dux denique fatur:

Dicite quo tandem demitti crimine morti  
 Poscitis egregium juvenem: quæsitimus ipsi  
 Et genus, et vitam: nil dignum morte reper-  
 tum,  
 Sed potius factis fama illum ingentibus effert.  
 Ut propius vinctum vidi, audivique loquen-  
 tem,  
 Ut stupui? ut visus mihi nil mortale sonare,  
 Cuncta Deo similis, vultum, vocemque, oculos-  
 que?  
 Aut certè Deus ille, Dei aut certissima proles.  
 Cedite, ne regem vestrum ignoreate volentes.

His dictis cunctis penitus dolor ossibus arsit  
 Ingens: infremuere omnes, gemitumque dedere.  
 Tum senior surgit fandi doctissimus Annas  
 In medio, et dictis exorsus talibus inquit:

Si tibi non aliis per se manifesta pateret  
 Res signis, Romane, vel hinc dignoscere promp-  
 tum

Cuique

Fix'd on a branch a pendent cord, and show'd  
To death's dark regions an unerring road.  
For round his neck he ties, in deep despair,  
The fatal string, and hangs aloft in air.  
The nooze so closely to his throat address'd,  
From life's strong ties the struggling soul releas'd;  
The putrid limbs corrupt the air around,  
And all his entrails gush'd upon the ground.

Scarce had the morn, in purple vest array'd,  
Her early blushes o'er the world display'd;  
When now the Jews, a loud tumultuous band,  
With surly murmurs at the threshold stand:  
Disdaining, by an ancient custom led,  
On sabbath days th' unhallow'd floor to tread.  
At length the Roman, with a num'rous throng  
Of youths attended, moves in pomp along:  
The fasces mark his sway; before the gate  
He sits majestic on his throne of state.  
Around, the Chiefs their seats in order took;  
Silence ensu'd; at length the ruler spoke:

Say, for what great offences ye consign  
To cruel death, this Youth of race divine?  
Myself have sifted all his life of late;  
Nor find what merits so severe a fate.  
His deeds, to yield him justice, rather claim  
The glorious tribute of immortal fame.  
When near this awful throne I saw him bound,  
And trembling heard his tongue's coelestial sound;  
How was my soul amaz'd? each gesture show'd,  
Each word, each look, the tokens of a God.  
Or God he is, or God's undoubted Son;  
Then yield submissive, and your Sov'reign own.

At this; their grief in murmurs they express'd,  
And a loud groan deep issu'd from their breast.  
Then Annas, skill'd in elocution, stood  
Before the rest, and thus the charge pursu'd:

Were not the fact from other tokens known,  
Illustrious Roman! yet from hence alone,

Cuique foret, teque in primis dux multa moveri  
 Convenit, huc cùm tot collectos undique cives  
 Convenisse vides unus crimina contra.

Hic auctor fandi multos sermone fefellit,  
 Et facie (ne cede dolis) mentitur honesta  
 Virtutem, scelerum tegit alto in pectore amo-  
 rem.

Nonne vides, hæc relligio quò se nova vertat,  
 Orgia quò, coetusque, et nocturni comitatus?  
 Seditione potens Judæas suscitatur urbes,  
 Ausus se passim terrarum dicere regem,  
 Progeniemque Patris summi, cui sidera parent:  
 Atque ideo veluti Deus, ultro crimina fassus  
 Dat veniam, pœnæque metum post funera solvit:  
 Quod scelus haud aliter poterit quàm morte pi-  
 are,

Sic veteres sanxere: sed et vetera ipse retrac-  
 tans

Jura, novas figit simulato numine leges,  
 Instituitque novos ritus, nova sacra per urbes,  
 Quæ servant feri ventura in secula nepotes.  
 Quin ipsas haud obscura, prò, voce minatur  
 Dejecturum aras, seque igni templa daturum,  
 Tempia olim impensis tantorum structa labo-  
 rum.

Et jamjam volet ipsum etiam restinguere solem,  
 Sideraque obfesso verbis deducere cœlo.

Haud scelus ille tamen fallaci pectore quivit  
 Dissimulare diu: neque enim scelerata subire  
 Tecta horret, nec se vetitis conventibus au-  
 fert

Admonitus, sociique epulis capiuntur opimis.  
 Quinetiam, interdum siqua tota impius ur-  
 be

Inventus fama ante alios ob crimina notus,  
 Continuò paribus gaudens adit impiger il-  
 lum,

Nec requies, donec sibi conciliarit amicum.

Tantus

From this acknowledg'd and undoubted test,  
 Each may collect, and thou beyond the rest  
 Be greatly mov'd; such numbers here to find,  
 Against one single Criminal combin'd.  
 This subtil Orator, with wily art  
 Misguides the crowd, and steals into their heart;  
 In his fair front are virtue's charms express'd,  
 But love of vice lurks deep within his breast.  
 Whence springs this new religion? with what view,  
 These midnight orgies, and his ruffian crew?  
 Skill'd in accurs'd sedition, he alarms  
 Judæa's cities, and excites to arms;  
 O'er the wide earth usurps despotic sway,  
 And calls Him Sire, whom heav'n's bright hosts obey.  
 Hence acting like a sov'reign God, on those  
 Who own their crimes, his pardon he bestows;  
 Removes all dread of future wrath away;  
 For which presumption death alone must pay.  
 This sacred rule from ancient date obtain'd;  
 But He, contemning what our sires ordain'd,  
 Strange laws enacts, and aims on men to lay  
 New rites, which future ages must obey.  
 Besides; he proudly threatens to o'erturn  
 Our hallow'd altars, and that structure burn,  
 Which with expence and toil our sires on high  
 Rais'd to the sov'reign Ruler of the sky.  
 Soon will he call by force of magic down  
 The wand'ring stars of heav'n, and quench the sun.  
 Yet ne'er cou'd art for length of time disguise,  
 His num'rous vices from discerning eyes.  
 For neither does this worthy Chief forbear,  
 To roofs of noted sinners to repair;  
 Nor, tho' advis'd, from lawless routs refrain,  
 Or costly banquets, with his social train.  
 Nay, shou'd some daring criminal be found,  
 O'er all notorious, and for vice renown'd;  
 Strait to such wretch his footsteps will he bend,  
 Nor rest one moment till he calls him friend.

Tantus amor scelerum, tantum illi fallere cordi.  
 Tum, festis cum fas nihil exercere diebus,  
 Ipse tamen pellit morbos, ægrisque medetur.  
 Quid memorem, ut focii vetitis impunè per ædes  
 Vescantur dapibus, Cereremque et pocula trac-  
 tent

Haud prius ablutis manibus, sine more, sine ullis  
 Legibus, immundi, contactuque omnia foedent?  
 Scilicet omnipotens placitos tot secula ritus  
 Retracket Pater, et mentem sententia vertat.  
 Quæ nova tempestas? eane inconstantia cœlo?  
 Dede neci, ne thuricremas, quibus imminet, aras  
 Destruat, et posthac non ausit talia quisquam.  
 Dede neci, poenas sceleri impius hauriat æquas:  
 A sacris prohibe infandos altaribus ignes,

Dixerat, atque omnes eadem simul ore fremebant.  
 Romulus at dictis nequicquam flectitur ullis:  
 Nec nova primum audit nunc crimina, cuncta ne-  
 fando

Scit fabricata odio, dum CHRISTI gloria, et in-  
 gens

Sacrilegos stimulis virtus exercet amaris.  
 Atque ait: hæc coram fama est vos sæpius illi  
 Objecisse, quibus semper sermone paratus  
 Restitit, et vera victor ratione refellit.  
 Nec se progeniem superi negat ipse Parentis,  
 Quem vos promissum cœlo divinitus olim  
 Venturum tandem auxilio mortalibus ægris  
 Non latet, ut veteres Genitoris molliat iras  
 Concilians generi vestro, culpamque paren-  
 tum

Ipse sua virtute luat: sic ferre priorum  
 Accepi monimenta; patres id prodere ves-  
 tros.

Et rebus probat ipse: adeò circum oppida lus-  
 trans

Arrexit totam monstris ingentibus oram,

Quæ



Such is his love of impious vice confess'd,  
 And such the fraud that harbours in his breast,  
 Ev'n on our days of solemn rest, he gives  
 His aid to numbers, and their sick relieves.  
 Why shou'd I speak, how oft his follow'rs join  
 In festal rites, unaw'd by laws divine ;  
 How void of scruple bread and wine they taste  
 With hands uncleanfed, and pollute the feast.  
 Belike heav'n's Sire, by new opinions sway'd,  
 Revokes the edicts which of old he made!  
 By what new storms and tempests are we driv'n?  
 Dwells such a strange inconstancy in heav'n?  
 To death devote him; lest the daring foe  
 Our sacred altars, and our rites o'erthrow:  
 So shall no wretch of all his impious train,  
 Presume to venture on such deeds again.  
 Let him in death his just reward receive,  
 And hence our altars from the flames retrieve.

While Annas thus the gen'ral voice express'd,  
 Unmov'd the Roman hears their vain request.  
 Inform'd by late experience, well he knows,  
 That all from rancour and resentment rose ;  
 While CHRIST's atchievements and illustrious fame,  
 With bitter envy set their soul on flame.  
 Then thus—These various crimes, by malice sway'd,  
 Full oft, O rulers! to his charge ye laid;  
 But arm'd with wisdom still he shun'd the dart  
 Unhurt, and baffled all the wiles of art.  
 Ev'n now He scruples not Himself to own  
 The true Messiah, God's anointed Son ;  
 Dismiss'd from heav'n, in aid of human race,  
 His Father's just resentment to efface;  
 And with his blood for all the guilt atone,  
 Incurr'd, from ages, by th' offence of one.  
 Thus speak your prophets (if I'm rightly told)  
 And thus th' authentic monuments of old.  
 Witness his own exploits; for wide around  
 Judæa's coast, his miracles resound;

Deeds,

Quæ non ullæ artes hominum, non ulla potest vis.  
Quinetiam in lucem quosdam revocavit ab um-  
bris,

Quæis penitus jam mors totos immissa per artus  
Solverat hærentes animæ de corpore nexus.  
Quare agite ô odiis miseri desuescite iniquis.  
Ne frustra pugnate, Deum sed discite vestrum.

Dixerat : at magis atque magis violentia gliscit  
Omnibus, ingenti clamore insistere, et unâ  
Infreni sævire, humerisque abscindere amictum.  
Nec secus increvere animis ardentibus iræ,  
Quàm cum Athesimve, Padumve undis læta arva  
parantem  
Diluere, agricolæ subiti compescere tendunt  
Aggeris objectu præceps magis æstuat amnis  
Insultans, victorque altas ruit agmine moles.

Fortè autem rex, et soboles hoc tempore regum  
Herodes studio sacrorum advenerat urbem.  
Munere Romulidum pars huic amissa paterni  
Reddita erat regni, Galilææque oppida habe-  
bat.

Quem postquàm accepit rector Romanus adesse,  
Solveret ingrato quo sese munere tandem,  
Transmisit Galilæum illi vinctum Galilæo,  
Atque ipsum jussit vitamque, et crimina, siqua,  
Quærere, pro meritisque viro decernere pœnas.  
Tum verò audito CHRISTI rex nomine, læ-  
tus

Duci intrò jubet, ingenti correptus amore  
Compellare virum, ac propius vera ora tueri.  
Quem dehinc aggreditur vario sermone : sed ille  
Nil contrà, atque oculos nusquam avertibat Olym-  
po.

Ergo illum nil supra hominem miratus, et ultro  
Irridens, iterum jubet ad prætoria duci.  
Et rursus haud læto Romano redditur insons.

Hic

Deeds, which superior to the settled course  
 Of nature's laws, transcend all human force.  
 Nay some, whom death himself had captive made,  
 His pow'r has rescu'd from the gloomy shade.  
 Then learn this impious malice to suppress,  
 Resist no longer, but your God confess.

Thus he; but louder now the tumult grows,  
 And madding fury in their bosom rose:  
 They shout, they clamour; and with rage oppress'd,  
 Tear from their rev'rend limbs the sacred vest.  
 No bounds their anger and resentment know;  
 Thus when the streams of Athesis, or Po,  
 Prepare to deluge all the fields around,  
 The swains alarm'd oppose the rising mound;  
 The waves roll headlong with impetuous sway,  
 And unresisted sweep the dams away.

It chanc'd that Herod, who with wide command  
 His sceptre stretch'd o'er Galilæan land,  
 By Rome's high suff'rance; at that season grac'd,  
 With his great presence, this religious feast.  
 Soon as the monarch's entrance in the town,  
 By public rumour was to Pilate known;  
 Glad this ungracious office to prevent,  
 To Herod's court the captive Youth he sent:  
 Bids him with care enquire; and, fairly try'd,  
 With strictest justice on his cause decide.  
 Pleas'd at the name of CHRIST; forthwith the king,  
 Commands th' attendants to his throne to bring  
 This wond'rous Chief; inflam'd with zeal to join,  
 In social converse with the Youth divine.  
 But tho' full oft to move discourse he tries,  
 Yet nought to all his questions he replies;  
 Nor once from heav'n averts his ardent eyes.  
 And thus discerning in his air and face,  
 No striking tokens of celestial race;  
 He sends him back to Pilate with disdain,  
 Who thence receives him uncondemn'd again.

Here

Hic me deficiunt animi, mens labitur ægra :  
 Horresco meminisse, Dei quæ vera propago  
 Pertulerit mala, factus homo Deus, auctor Olympi,  
 Quem mare, quem tellus, vacuique patentia tractus

Atria, nec capit immensi plaga lucida cœli.  
 Aura tuo omnipotens vires mihi refice lapsu,  
 Aura polo demissa, tuo hic me numine firma.  
 Hæc animi victus quoties evolvere tento,  
 Omnia me circum nigrescunt, pallida cerno  
 Astra, caputque atra roseum ferrugine solem  
 Occulere, et mœstum in lacrymas se solvere cœlum.

Tantane te pietas miserantem incommoda nostra,  
 Tantus adegit amor, cœli ô lux clara sereni,  
 Vera Dei ut soboles, verus Deus æthere missus,  
 Tam gravia hæc velles perpeſſuque æſpera ferre;  
 Divinumque caput terrena mole gravatus  
 Subjiceres tot ſponte malis? hæc præmia ferres,  
 Noſtra tua bonus ut deleres crimina morte?  
 Nos dulces vetita decerpiſimus arbore foetus,  
 Tu trunco infando pendens crudele luiſti  
 Supplicium, ô nimium noſtros miſerate labores.  
 Tu quamvis Deus, atque Dei indubitata propago,

Heu! nunc hæc hominum, nunc cogeris illa ſubire

Arbitria in vinclis, et iudicis ora vereri,  
 Qui toti advenies olim datus arbiter orbi.

Pontius, ut vinctum ſua rurſum ad limina reddi  
 Conſpicit, arbitrio nec ſe ſubducere trifti  
 Poſſe videt, ſævis curarum tunditur undis,  
 Jamque his, jamque aliis iterumque iterumque re-  
 tentat

Crudeles animos, et parcere neſcia corda  
 Irritus, ac ſtudio fruſtra adverſatur inani.

Here my strength fails, my spirits sink away;  
 Those num'rous ills I tremble to survey,  
 Which God's own Offspring in our nature bore;  
 That mighty Being of stupendous pow'r;  
 Whose sov'reign presence, by no bounds controul'd,  
 Nor earth, nor air, nor heav'n itself can hold.  
 Almighty Spirit! from thy throne descend,  
 And to my weary'd soul thy succour lend.  
 Oft as my mind recalls each dreadful deed,  
 Horror at once, and darkness round me spread;  
 The sun's bright face obscure with spots appears,  
 Pale shine the stars, and heav'n dissolves in tears.  
 Thy breast cou'd pity, cou'd boundless love,  
 For lost offenders to such pity move, [bear,  
 That Thou, oh! Light of heav'n! shoud'st stoop to  
 Of human misery so vast a share;  
 And cloath'd in flesh, spontaneously expose,  
 Thy sacred Person to such weight of woes!  
 Is this the tribute, the reward we pay  
 To Thee, whose blood must wash our crimes away?  
 Our impious hands the fatal tree prophan'd;  
 Thyself alone the punishment sustain'd:  
 Whilst on the cross Thou gav'st too dear a sign,  
 To wretched sinners, of thy love divine.  
 Thou, tho' a God, and God's undoubted Son,  
 Tremblest on earth before an human throne;  
 Forc'd, as imperial pow'r directs the way,  
 Now this, now that tribunal to obey!  
 Thou! whom with wonder future times shall find,  
 The world's dread Judge, and Sov'reign of mankind.

When Pilate now th' unhappy Youth survey'd,  
 Once more a Captive to his throne convey'd,  
 Himself constrain'd the trial to decide;  
 A thousand cares his anxious thoughts divide.  
 Bent to release the Chief; with various art,  
 He tries to soften their relentless heart,  
 To sooth the passions of this wayward train;  
 But all his labours and his skill were vain.

The

Quàm magis ille animis tendit sermone mederi  
Nunc supplex, placidusque, minis nunc asper acer-  
bis:

Tam magis accensis crudescunt cordibus iræ.

Tandem ait: hæc redeunt (vestrorum antiqua pa-  
rentum

Vana superstitio) certis cùm sacra diebus,

Unum ego de multis inclusis carcere suevi

Reddere, et ex arctis impunè emittere vinclis.

Hunc igitur vobis ipsum solvine jubetis

Insontem? nam quem potius dimittere possim?

Et jam poenarum satis, ac feritatis abundè est.

Aut solvo, aut porrò vos hinc abducite, et atræ,

Ut libet, immeritum sine me dimittite morti.

Non tulit, et medium sermonem abruptit acer-  
bans

Crimina falsa cohors, et poenas ingravat ore.

Fortè illis Barabas populo, patribusque diebus

Invisus, quo non scelere usquam immanior alter,

Jamdudum in vinclis poenam expectabat acer-  
bam.

Nulla fugæ spes prorsus, ei via nulla salutis.

Huic igitur præses vellente, an parcere CHRISTO,

Scitatur, sperans ita tandem evadere posse.

Illi autem victique odiis, cæcique furore

Exolvi Barabam poscunt, veniamque precantur

Uni omnes, CHRISTUMque absumi funere ten-  
dunt,

Atque obstant summa studiis rectoris opum vi.

Ille autem loris cædi, virgisque salignis

Divinum mandat (visu lacrymabile) cor-  
pus.

Fors, ait, innocui potero hac extinxe cruo-  
ris

Arte fitim: sic immitis miserebitur hostis,

Et lacerum totos cernentes comminus artus,

Ipsi

The more he strives their fury to allay,  
By menace now, and now by gentler sway;  
The more fierce anger, by no bounds confin'd,  
With keen resentment, still inflames their mind.  
At length—The season now returns, he said,  
When by your ancient superstition led,  
Myself have ever on this annual feast,  
To please your tribes, one criminal releas'd.  
Say, will ye claim this Youth of heav'nly race?  
None better merits such distinguish'd grace.  
Enough already has he felt the weight  
Of ranc'rous malice, and revengeful hate.  
Hence shall the Chief a free dismissal gain;  
Or in your breasts if rage and envy reign,  
Yourself the authors, let this victim be  
To death devoted, unapprov'd by me.

No more he said; for now the furious band  
Each crime embitter, and his death demand.  
It chanc'd Barabbas, then in prison bound,  
A wretch for ev'ry wickedness renown'd,  
Just object of the priests and people's hate;  
Was daily waiting his approaching fate:  
No hopes he had, by present dread o'ercome,  
No glimpse of rescue from impending doom.  
With cautious art the Roman leaves the choice  
Of either captive, to the public voice:  
In hopes, such project wou'd successful prove,  
And all the odium from himself remove.  
But they, as stronger the wild frenzy grows,  
Resist the ruler, and his schemes oppose;  
To free Barabbas all their pow'r employ,  
And aim the guiltless Captive to destroy.

Now Pilate bids his band the Youth surround,  
And scourge his heav'nly limbs with many a wound.  
Perhaps, he cries, this specious art may prove  
The means, their thirst of vengeance to remove.  
Perhaps the foe, eye-witness of the pains,  
And cruel tortures the brave Chief sustains;

Ipsi ultro satiati, animos à morte reducent.  
 Jam largo undabat foedatum sanguine corpus,  
 Perfusique artus tabo, liventia colla,  
 Collaque, brachiaque, et detectæ verberare costæ,  
 Atque eieciabat crassum roseo ore cruorem.  
 Talem in conspectu populi statuere, cruentos  
 Nudum humeros, pectusque, ambasque à poplite  
 plantas,

Nam medium texto velabat carbasus albo.  
 Palluit aspectu cœlum, conterrita fugit  
 Cornibus obtusis sub terram argentea luna,  
 Nimbofoque diu latitans evanuit ore,  
 Et pariter visa astra polo cecidisse sereno.  
 Non tamen hostiles explevit sanguine pœnas:  
 Sed magis atque magis crudescunt corda precan-  
 do,

Quæ non ullæ artes, quæ vis non mitigat ulla.  
 Immerito letum intendunt, extremaque pos-  
 cunt

Supplicia infensi: resonant clamoribus alta  
 Atria, certatim se cuncti hortantur in iras.  
 Eumenides, missique inferna è nocte minis-  
 tri

Tartarei, tenues animæ, sine corpore vitæ  
 Circumeunt, stimulosque acuunt ardentibus a-  
 cres,

Et lucem eripiunt miseris, agitantque furentes.

Romanum intereà monet ipsa exterrita visis  
 Per somnum conjux, juvenis ne sanguine sese  
 Polluat, abstineat capto, portenta minari  
 Magna Deum in somnis: is erat, is candidus  
 ille

Agnus, ait, (nunquam ludunt me somnia vana)  
 Quem circumfusi que canes, sudibusque petebant  
 Pastorum globus omnis: eum mox omnia ademp-  
 tum

Pascuaque, et notis fiebant cum saltibus agri.

At



Satiate at length, will give resentment o'er,  
 Pity his woes, and threaten death no more.  
 Now, mixt with filth, distill'd on ev'ry side  
 Down from his mangled limbs, a crimson tide;  
 His neck, his arms with stripes were purpled o'er,  
 And from his mouth gush'd forth the clotted gore.  
 Thus bruise'd, and wounded, and with streaming blood  
 Besmear'd; a piteous spectacle he stood:  
 All other parts uncover'd; but his waste  
 Woven with art a snowy veil embrac'd.  
 High heav'n astonish'd trembled at the sight;  
 The silver moon obscur'd her borrow'd light,  
 And fled beneath the earth; the stars were seen  
 To fall, like meteors, from a sky serene.  
 But yet avail'd not all these ills he bore  
 Their rage to satiate; still they thirst for more:  
 Their malice knows no bounds; nor force, nor art,  
 Can tame th' inveterate rancour of their heart.  
 Nought less than death their anger can suffice;  
 Death they demand; with loud tumultuous cries  
 The court resounds; they catch each other's ire,  
 And ev'ry bosom feels the rising fire.  
 Th' infernal fiends, and all the dreadful train  
 Of spirits, sent from Pluto's dark domain,  
 Prompt in this hellish service to engage,  
 In flame their passions, and assist their rage.

Meanwhile the ruler's spouse, in dread affright,  
 Scar'd at the boding omens of the night,  
 Warns him from impious murder to abstain,  
 Nor with the Captive's blood his hands profane:  
 That in her dreams th' incens'd and angry skies  
 Portend alarms—This Youth, this Youth, she cries,  
 Was sure that harmless Lamb, all snowy white,  
 (No vain delusive vision of the night)  
 Whom barking dogs, methought, enclos'd around,  
 And swains attempted in their rage to wound;  
 Yet whom, when dead alas! and now no more,  
 The woods, the vallies, and the meads deplore.

T

But

At Pater altitonans manifesta percitus ira,  
 Desuper auctores cædis sævibat in ipsos.  
 Turbatum extemplò visum ruere undique coelum,  
 Et campos latè ac sylvas quaterre horrida grando.  
 Tum subitò audita ex alto, voxque acta per auras:  
 Parce Deo, Romane, hominum compesce furorem:  
 Credo equidem hunc (non te fallit) genus esse deo-  
 rum.

Parce manus scelerare: pio, vir, parce cruori.  
 Ipsi hæc coelicolæ placidi portenta refutent:  
 Judæosque petant solos, generique minentur.

Talibus auditis, Solymos animo acrior urget  
 Romulides, certus vesano obstare furori.  
 Jamque minis agit, et dictis haud ampliùs arcet  
 Mollibus insanos, et non toleranda frementes:  
 Jamque videbatur demptis dimittere vinclis  
 Velle virum, et tantis se tandem solvere curis.

Sensit atrox Erebo umbrarum regnator in imo,  
 Æternam servans memori sub pectore curam.  
 Ingemuit, vincique animo indignatus amaro est.  
 Protinus horriferum latebrosa ab sede Timorem  
 Evocat, atrum, ingens, et ineluctabile monstrum.  
 Tristior haud ulla est umbrosis pestis in oris  
 Scilicet, atque hominum egregiis magis æmulacoeptis.  
 Frigus ei comes, et dejecto Ignavia vultu.  
 Extemplò hanc superas torpentem ascendere ad auras  
 Imperat, intonsi quàm molli vertice surgunt  
 Phœnicum montes, Solymorumque alta subire  
 Mœnia, ut Ausonii flectat ducis aspera corda  
 Dejiciens, subigatque metu desistere cœpto.  
 Jussa facit: sibi nigrantes accommodat alas.  
 Nocturnarum avium, inque atros se colligit artus.  
 Jamque emensa viæ tractus obscœna volucris,  
 Purpurei crebra ante oculos se præsidis ecce  
 Fertque, refertque volans circum importuna, sonans-  
 que

Nunc

But now by warning signs th' eternal Sire,  
Against the tribes proclaims his vengeful ire.  
The heav'ns rush headlong, and tempestuous floods  
Of rain and hail, burst dreadful o'er the woods.  
Then thus a voice descends from heav'n's abode—  
Restrain these wrongs, O Roman! spare the God;  
Thou know'st his sacred race; to save be thine,  
Nor stain thy justice with his blood divine:  
These signs to thee propitious shall be shown,  
And heav'n's dread omens threat the Jews alone.

This heard; the ruler now resolv'd t'oppose  
Their utmost malice, checks the raging foes:  
To sooth their fiery zeal no more he deigns  
With soft persuasions, but with threats restrains.  
And now he seems just ready to resign  
The Youth to freedom, and the charge decline.

This dread suspense with trembling mind survey'd  
Th' infernal monarch of the stygian shade;  
And vex'd, his projects were so near o'erthrown,  
Heav'd from his sullen breast a dismal groan.  
Then from his cell he calls the phantom, Fear;  
An horrid monster, gloomy, dark, and drear:  
No direr pest resides in hell below,  
Nor more to man's illustrious deeds a foe:  
Pale, timid Sloth attends his fault'ring pace,  
And listless Languor, with dejected face.  
He bids him strait his lazy progress bend,  
Where the rough hills of Palestine ascend;  
Then to the walls of Solyma repair;  
At length approach th'imperial dome, and there  
Instilling dread, the Roman's schemes o'erthrow,  
And force the chief his purpose to forego.  
The fiend obeys, and wings his dusky flight,  
Borne on the pinions of the bird of night.  
And now transform'd to such, in shape and size,  
Instant he flew before the ruler's eyes;  
In airy circles wheel'd his course around,  
And screaming dreadful with ill-omen'd sound,

Nunc pectus, nunc ora nigris everberat alis,  
 Immisitque gelu, et præcordia frigore vinxit.  
 Diriguit visu subitò, atque exalbuit ille,  
 Surrectæque comæ steterunt, gelidusque per ossa  
 Horror iit, genua ægra labant, vox faucibus hæ-

fit.

Quem simulac cives sensere insueta timentem,  
 Pallentemque genas, et toto corpore versum,  
 His subitò arrepto clamantes tempore dictis  
 Aggressi: iste ausus vulgò se fingere regem,  
 Aspirat sceptris, regisque affectat honores.  
 Quem si fortè neci mavis subducere, nec te  
 Crimina tanta movent, Judæas protinus urbes  
 Seditione potens Romanis legibus, omnemque  
 Artibus avertet Syriam diticne Quiritum.  
 Res igitur tibi si curæ Romana, decusque  
 Cæsaris, hanc superis pestem citus aufer ab o-

ris,

Hauriat ut meritas haud uno crimine poenas,  
 Ne gentem repant contagia dira per omnem.

Talia perstabant uno omnes ore frementes.  
 Dux verò expertus genus intractabile, regis  
 Palluit ad nomen (præcordia ad intima sævit  
 Subdita pestis enim) nec jam superantibus ob-

stat

Amplius, et sese victus, cedensque remittit.  
 Haud ultrà potis infano pugnare furori.  
 Ceu cùm rostratæ sese opposuere triremi  
 Protinus adversi mediis in fluctibus Euri,  
 Luctatur primùm celsa de puppe magister,  
 Hortaturque viros validis insurgere tonis:  
 Demum ubi se niti contra intolerabile cœlum  
 Incassum videt, ac ventos superare furentes,  
 Vertit iter, quocunque vocat fortuna per æquor  
 Multivium, atque auris parens subremigat æ-

ger.

Haud tamen abstinuit verbis, vocive pepercit,  
 Verùm,

Flapp'd o'er his face his pinions, and impress'd  
 A sudden chillness in his shiv'ring breast.  
 Pale turn'd the startled chief; the purple flood  
 Forsook his cheeks; his hair like bristles stood;  
 Thro' all his joints a quiv'ring horror spread,  
 His weak knees totter'd, and his voice was fled.  
 Soon as they saw the wav'ring chief appear  
 Pale, cold, and trembling with unusual fear,  
 His wonted courage by vain dread subdu'd;  
 They seiz'd th' occasion, and th' attack renew'd.  
 This Youth, they cried, amidst the vulgar throng,  
 Affects the honours which to kings belong.  
 Hence, shou'd thy soul to pity be inclin'd,  
 Shou'd crimes so heinous not alarm thy mind;  
 Soon will his daring hand thy laws revoke,  
 And rescue Syria from th' imperial yoke.  
 If then thy zeal regard the Roman name,  
 If Cæsar's honour thy attention claim;  
 With speed remove this dang'rous pest away,  
 To gloomy darkness from the light of day:  
 To instant death devote his forfeit head;  
 Lest the fell poison thro' the nation spread.

Thus all with bitter hate the Youth pursue:  
 But Pilate, jealous of this stubborn crew,  
 (Now deep within he feels th' envenom'd sting)  
 Turn'd pale, and trembled at the name of king.  
 Then vanquish'd yields; unable to assuage  
 Their constant clamours, and incessant rage.  
 So when fierce winds against some galley's side,  
 With force tempestuous dash the foaming tide;  
 The master for a time the vessel steers,  
 And with his voice the labouring sailors cheers:  
 But when he sees the storm new forces gain,  
 The skies relentless, and his conduct vain;  
 He turns the ship at random o'er the tide,  
 And sails where fortune and the tempest guide.  
 Nor ceas'd he yet, tho' fear alarm'd his breast,  
 But thus the dictates of his heart express'd;

Verum, Vincor, ait, nec habet vestra ira regres-  
sum:

In me nulla mora est, moriatur crimine falso  
Damnatus: vos triste manet, speroque propinquum  
Supplicium: vos, sacrilego, ferique nepotes,  
O miseri, meritas pendetis sanguine poenas.

Sic effatus, aquam plena jubet ocius urna  
Afferri, abstergensque manus hæc addidit ore:  
Ut nunc his manibus maculae absunt, sic mihi nul-  
lum

Hac in cæde nefas, meque omni crimine solvo.  
Dixit, et exurgens folio intra tecta recessit.

Illi autem: Deus hæc nobis, natisque reservet,  
Instauretque graves poenas, quascunque meremur:

Hæc dum porticibus populo spectante gerun-  
tur

Vestibulum ante ipsum, famuli ducis ædibus intus  
Armati illudunt capto, iridentque silentem:  
Quodque illum populi regem optavere per ur-  
bes,

Purpureis ornant tunicis, ostroque rubenti,  
Atque altè effultum sublimi sede locarunt:  
Pro capitis crinali auro, regumque corona,  
Sentibus obnubunt flaventia tempora acutis;  
Pro sceptro datur insigni fluvialis arundo.

Tum populo læti portis bipatientibus omni  
Ostendunt plausu magno, regemque salutant.  
Haud aliter ludo pueri cum ex omnibus u-  
num

Delegere ducem, fociis qui sponte subactis  
Imperitet, læto cuncti stant agmine circum  
Condensi, assurguntque omnes, regisque superbi  
Jussa obeunt ludicra, ingens it ad æthera cla-  
mor.

Tali intus famuli indulgent manus effera ludo.

Dehinc

I yield at length; defeated and o'ercome;  
Your restless rage has seal'd the Captive's doom.  
Hence to his death the guiltless Youth convey,  
My voice no longer shall the stroke delay:  
But of this crime, O wretched race! to you  
Alone, the signal punishment is due.  
Yourself, your infants for th' offence shall bleed,  
And latest times bewail th' accursed deed.

This said, an urn of water he demands,  
And cleansing in the limpid stream his hands;  
As now, he cries, this flesh from stains is freed,  
So stands my soul acquitted of the deed;  
My plea of innocence I here renew—  
He spoke; and instant from the crowd withdrew.

Let heav'n on us inflict its wrath, they said,  
And show'r down evils on our children's head.

While these transactions are display'd in view  
Of all the rulers, and the public crew;  
Within the palace crowd on ev'ry side  
Fierce armed soldiers, and the Youth deride.  
Then, as th' offences to his charge they lay,  
Were high ambition, and a thirst of sway;  
A purple garment o'er his shoulders thrown,  
They fix'd him pompous on a stately throne.  
For the rich gem that shou'd his brows adorn,  
They crown'd his temples with a pointed thorn;  
And to his hand, in mockery, decreed  
For golden sceptre, a vile marshy reed.  
Then op'ning wide the gates, the Chief they bring  
Before the people, and salute their King.  
As when the herd of boys, in wanton play,  
Select a monarch, whom the rest obey;  
Joyful around in duteous ranks they stand,  
And with mock rev'rence act their king's command;  
Strive in this farce each other to outvie,  
While shouts tumultuous echo to the sky.  
So round the Youth, amidst the palace court,  
The slaves insulting act their idle sport.

Dehinc juveni vestis obtentu lumina inumbrant,  
 Divinumque caput palmis et arundine pulfant.  
 Hic digitis vellit concretam sanguine barbam,  
 Ille oculos in fidereos spuit improbus ore  
 Immundo, et pulchrum deformat pulvere cor-  
 pus.

Nec mora, nec requies, versantque, agitantque fe-  
 rentem

Omnia, nec verbis ullis indigna querentem,  
 Nec dare permittunt jam lumina fessa sopori.

O dolor! heu! species inhonesta, indignaque vi-  
 su.

Non sylvis avibus frondes, non montibus antra  
 Quadrupedum generi desunt, ubi condere sese  
 In noctem, atque suos possint educere foetus:  
 At rerum Auctori, cœli cui regia servit,  
 Omnibus in terris desit locus, omnibus oris,  
 Quo caput acclinet, fessusque in morte quies-  
 cat.

Tum verò Solymi victores cuncta parare  
 Supplicia, atque omnes pœnarum exquirere for-  
 mas,

Perferat ut sævos crudeli morte dolores.

Jamque illum erecto properant distendere ligno  
 Affixum, et lenta paulatim perdere morte.

Nec mora, diffundunt malos: sonat acta secu-  
 ris,

Altaque quadrifidis fabricatur roboribus crux,  
 Tormenti genus: hac olim scelera impia reges  
 Urgebant pœna, fontesque hac morte neca-  
 bant,

Difficiles miserorum obitus, longique dolores.

Tum neque honos erat, infami neque gloria trun-  
 co:

At nunc numen habet, sanctum et venerabile lig-  
 num

Suppliciter cuncti colimus, sacrisque minores

Argento



Now o'er his eyes a folded veil they spread,  
 And smite with impious hands his rev'rend head.  
 This plucks his gory beard, in vile disgrace;  
 That spits profanely on his sacred face,  
 And soils his limbs with dust; no pause they know,  
 Nor cease to torture their unhappy Foe:  
 Who all the while these cruel wrongs sustains  
 With manly silence, nor of ills complains.  
 Nay, they refuse the suff'ring Youth to close,  
 His weary eyelids in desir'd repose.  
 Oh! shameful mockery! oh! dire disgrace!  
 Oh! dreadful treatment of the human race!  
 Birds of the air to peaceful seats remove,  
 Beneath the covert of the silent grove;  
 And beasts a shelter in the mountains find,  
 To guard themselves, and educate their kind:  
 But nature's Lord, whom heav'n's bright hosts obey,  
 Who rules the world with arbitrary sway,  
 No place on earth can find, to rest his head,  
 And sink in quiet to the peaceful shade.

But now the Jews victorious, seek to find  
 Of various tortures the severest kind;  
 Resolv'd the Captive shou'd in death sustain,  
 The keenest sense of anguish and of pain.  
 High on a cross they haste to stretch the Foe,  
 And by a ling'ring death protract his woe.  
 Agreed; industrious to the work they bend;  
 Loud sounds the axe; the solid masts they rend:  
 And strait beneath the force of many a stroke,  
 The cross is fashion'd, of well-season'd oak;  
 A dreadful instrument: in days of yore,  
 Vile slaves alone this horrid torture bore;  
 By slow degrees the wretches yield their breath,  
 And sadly linger in the pangs of death.  
 A time was once, this plain and simple wood,  
 Devoid of honour and inglorious stood:  
 But as it now, a Deity contains,  
 The tree we worship; while amidst our fanes,

With

Argento atque auro contextum imponimus aris,  
 Et lætum ex illo memores celebramus honorem.  
 Illa etiam cœlo fulgebit lampadis instar  
 Ætherææ, et totum lustrabit lumine mundum,  
 Cùm dabit exitio una dies animalia cuncta,  
 Interitumque feret rebus mortalibus ignis.

Vix terris lux alma aderat, cùm jam undique  
 tota

Urbe ruit studio visendi accita juvenus,  
 Implenturque viæ, concursuque omnia fervent.  
 Et jam purpureos habitus insignia ludicra  
 Exitum, vinctumque manus clamore trahe-  
 bant

Dirum ad supplicium, magna festante caterva.  
 Per medios longis raptatus funibus ibat  
 Semianimisque, artusque tremens, plagisque cruen-  
 tus

Nocturnis, humeroque trabem duplicem ipse gere-  
 bat,

Præcisis gravidam nodis, ac robore iniquo,  
 Qua super infando mortales linqueret auras  
 Supplicio, et duros finiret morte labores.  
 Armati circumstant, clypeataque juxtà  
 Agmina densantur: collucent spicula longè,  
 Spiculaque, et rubris capitum cava tegmina cris-  
 tis,

Aereaque alterno conspirant cornua cantu.  
 Pars pedes insequitur, pars sese lucidus altis  
 Fert in equis: resonant colles clamore propin-  
 qui.

Multi autem, quorum melior sententia, flebant:  
 Præcipuè matresque piæ, mitesque puel-  
 læ,

Cernentes nudis pedibus per serupea saxa  
 Tendere, et offendi crebrò ad salebrosa via-  
 rum,

Dum monte adverso protrudit robur iniquum.

Ad

With gold and gems magnificently grac'd,  
The hallow'd relick on the shrines is plac'd.  
Hence, mindful of that blest'd auspicious day,  
Eternal honours to the cross we pay.  
That too, display'd aloft in ambient air,  
Shall stream thro' ether, like a blazing star,  
When time shall cease, all human works expire,  
And nature perish in the gen'ral fire.

Scarce had the rosy morn disclos'd the day,  
When this event impatient to survey,  
Forth from the city gates a gath'ring tide  
Of youths tumultuous pour'd on ev'ry side.  
And now divested of his robe of state,  
And all the mock retinue of the great;  
Amidst the clamours of the shouting throng,  
To cruel death they drag the Youth along.  
Bound in tough cords, and with his wounds half dead,  
Trembling and pale his destin'd course he sped;  
And on his shoulders, rough and cover'd o'er  
With craggy knots, the heavy timber bore;  
On which suspended he shou'd yield his breath,  
And calmly bury all his cares in death.  
Rang'd in dread ranks, a formidable band,  
Before the Chief in glitt'ring armour stand;  
Bright shine the spears and helms; and all around  
The deep-voic'd clarion spreads th' alarming sound.  
Part to the dreadful scene on foot proceed,  
Part mount conspicuous on the bounding steed:  
Exulting clamours strike the golden sky,  
The neighbouring mountains to their shouts reply:  
Some, 'midst the throng, to better thoughts inclin'd,  
Bewail'd his sorrows with a gen'rous mind.  
But chief, the matron and the pious maid  
Wept, when the fainting Hero they survey'd,  
With naked feet pursue his painful way,  
O'er rough rude stones that cross his passage lay;  
Whilst labouring on he push'd, with toil o'erspent,  
The nodding timber up the steep ascent.

To

Ad quas suspirans Heros sic ore locutus:  
Ne verò, ne me matres indigna ferentem  
Flete piæ: vobis potius deflete propinquum  
Exitium, et vestris hinc debita præmia natis.  
Sic fatus, linoquit non æquis passibus urbem.

Interea, superum Rex tanto in cardine rerum  
Verticis ætherei sublimem evasit ad arcem,  
Mortalis Nati letum ut crudele videret  
Ipse sui spectator: eum gens incola cœli  
Aligeri stipant cunei, et comitantur euntem.  
Est templum gemmis interlucentibus auro  
E solido factum sublimi in vertice Olympi,  
Tectum immane, ingens, superi penetrabile Parentis,  
Sidera despiciens subterlabentia mundi:  
In medio clivus duro ex adamante tumescit  
Paulatim exacuens instar fastigia pinus:  
Multiplices circum sedes, subterque, supraque  
Dispositæ, gradibusque novem super æthera sur-  
gunt.

Conveniunt huc cœlicolæ, regemque canendo  
Ingressi thyasis lustrant: se sedibus inde  
Omnes composuere suis, tumulumque corusci  
Ter latè circum terna cinxere corona,  
Secreti ordinibus certis: nec enim omnibus æqua  
Conditio, viresque pares, eademque potestas:  
Verum aliis alii ut præstant, ita ritè locantur,  
Munere quisque suo contenti, ac sorte beati.  
In medio Pater omnipotens solio aureus alto  
Sceptra tenet, lateque acie circum omnia lustrat,  
Totus collucens, totus circum igne corusco  
Scintillans, radiisque procul vibrantibus ardens.  
Mox autem infaultis Judææ lumina tantum  
Defixit terris, tristemque ante omnia collem  
Spectabat, gens mœsta simul spectabat Olym-  
pi,

Collem infelicem, sacram egredientibus urbem  
Qui prior occurrit humanis ossibus albus:

Auctores

To these, the Hero with a rising groan—  
For Me lament not; but with tears bemoan,  
Those gath'ring storms of unexpected fate,  
Which hence your infants and yourselves await.  
No more he said; but 'midst the pressing throng,  
Drag'd his slow steps with fault'ring pace along.

Meanwhile th' eternal Sov'reign of the sky,  
To heav'n's imperial tow'r ascends on high;  
His mortal Offspring's cruel death to view,  
Himself spectator, and the victim too.  
In various ranks the wing'd seraphic train,  
Attend their Monarch, and his state maintain.  
There stands a temple, glorious to behold,  
Built of eternal adamant and gold,  
High o'er the vault of stars in heav'n's abode,  
The sumptuous palace of the sov'reign God:  
I'th' midst a mount; whose top aspiring high,  
Cleaves, like a tap'ring pyramid, the sky:  
Unnumber'd seats, in various ranks dispos'd,  
Above, beneath, the sacred mount inclos'd.  
Hither advanc'd awhile th' angelic throng,  
And prais'd their Monarch in the dance and song;  
Then all, attentive to precedence, fate  
In thrice three circles round the throne of state:  
For not coequal dignity they claim,  
Alike their functions, or their pow'rs the same;  
But diff'rent orders diff'rent stations find,  
Each pleas'd and happy with the rank assign'd.  
High in the midst, superior and alone,  
Th' eternal Father, on his golden throne,  
Spreads his wide view around; while streams of light,  
Flash from his eyes insufferably bright.  
At length Judæa his attention drew,  
The fatal hill now rising to his view.  
Th' angelic host, by like compassion sway'd,  
With heavy hearts the fatal hill survey'd;  
Which from the city gates you first descry,  
Where human bones disgust the pensive eye.

Auctores scelerum poenas ibi morte luebant  
 Informi, circum pendebant corpora passim  
 Arboribus truncis incocto lurida tabo.

Huc simul atque emensus iter miserabilis Heros  
 Pervenit, sensitque sibi crudele parari  
 Supplicium, atque trabem vidit jam stare nefan-

dam,  
 Dejectos oculos porrò huc jactabat, et illuc,  
 Omnia collustrans, comitum si fortè suorum,  
 Si quem fortè acies inimicas cerneret inter:  
 Fidum in conspectu nullum, videt agmina tan-

tum  
 Sæva virum, campique armis fulgentibus ardent.  
 Cari deseruere omnes, diversa petentes:  
 Non aliter quàm cum cœlo seu tactus ab alto  
 Pastor, sive feræ insidiis in valle peremptus,  
 Continuo sparguntur oves diversa per arva  
 Incustoditæ, resonant balatibus agri.

Jamque trabem infandam scandens, pendenſque  
 per auras

Horruit, atque Deum veluti se oblitus, acerbi  
 Pertimuit dirum leti genus, æstuat intus,  
 Atque animum in curas labefactum dividit acres,  
 Tristia multa agitans animo, totosque per ar-

tus  
 Pallentes mixto fluit ater sanguine sudor,  
 Et patriam crebrò reminiscitur ætheris aulam.  
 Tum cœlum aspectans, hæc imo pectore fatur:  
 Heu! quianam extremis Genitor me summe peri-

clis  
 Deferis? aut Nati quò jam tibi cura recessit?  
 Audiit has summus voces Pater, audiit omnis  
 Cœlestum chorus: ipse (alta secum omnia mente  
 Versabat Genitor, nutu haud oblitus agi rem  
 Nempe suo) stetit immotus, seseque repres-

ſit.

At

There, by a cruel death, th' abandon'd race  
 Of impious slaves their destin'd fate embrace;  
 O'er trunks of trees their bodies hang on high,  
 Dropping with filth, and black'ning in the sky.

When now, his course pursu'd with fault'ring pace,  
 The weary'd Hero reach'd this fatal place;  
 The dreadful instruments of death survey'd,  
 And the dire cross to public view display'd:  
 Dejected and forlorn, he cast around  
 His eyes; if haply any friend were found;  
 If chance, at hand amidst the murd'rous crew,  
 Some dear, some lov'd companion he might view.  
 Nought, o'er the fields, but armour glitt'ring bright,  
 And hostile squadrons greet his mournful sight.  
 All, all were fled—As when the guardian swain,  
 By some fierce lion in the vale is slain,  
 Or touch'd by lightning from an angry sky;  
 The tim'rous flock dispers'd and routed fly,  
 Their faithful pastor now no longer found;  
 Incessant bleatings fill the plains around.

Now pendent from the fatal beam on high,  
 With arms expanded to the naked sky;  
 As if forgetful of his heav'nly state,  
 Trembling he shrinks, and dreads th' opprobrious fate.  
 Rack'd with convulsive agony, he bears  
 Deep in his lab'ring breast a load of cares.  
 Of sweat and blood, descends in mingled streams  
 A copious torrent from his wounded limbs;  
 And oft he calls to mind, in bitter pain,  
 The blissful glories of his Father's reign.  
 Then lifting up to heav'n his streaming eyes,  
 From his deep heaving bosom thus he cries—  
 Ah! why permit thy Offspring, gracious Sire!  
 Amidst these pangs unpitied to expire?  
 These words, in bitterness of soul prefer'd,  
 His Sire, with all th' angelic squadron heard;  
 But as this dreadful scene Himself ordain'd,  
 Unmov'd he view'd it, and his wrath restrain'd.

At circumfusus cœtus, gentem ætheris alti  
 Aligeram, injussos potis est vis sistere nulla:  
 Omnibus exarsit subitò dolor, omnibus ingens  
 Æstuat ira, volunt Nato succurrere herili,  
 Et prohibere nefas, duroque resistere ferro.  
 Bella cient, arma ingeminant arma acrius omnes.  
 Hic puer haud volucris extremus de gente, recurvo  
 Ære vocare acies quo non magis utilis alter,  
 Ascensu superat celeri ardua culmina præpes;  
 Tum super axe sedens, roseique in vertice cœli  
 Signa canit belli: latus dissiulat Olympus  
 Undique, et insolito tremuerunt sidera motu.  
 Audiit et sonitum, siquem procul orbe remoto  
 Distinet incedens humili luna humida gressu:  
 Audivere, quibus generis custodia nostri  
 In terris olim forti data, vasta que tellus  
 Protinus ingenti tremuit concussa fragore.  
 Tum quos Rex superùm varias legarat in oras,  
 Aëreos relegunt tractus, mandataque linquunt  
 Imperfecta, fuga que poli super ardua ten-  
 dunt.

Ac velut in pastus celsa quæ fede columbæ  
 Exierant varios, cùm tempestate repentè  
 Urgenti cæco misceri murmure cœlum  
 Incipit, et nigræ cinxerunt æthera nubes,  
 Continuo linquunt arva undique, et ardua pen-  
 nis

Tecta petunt, celeresque cavis se turribus ab-  
 dunt.

Jam passim ingentis properatur vertice Olympi,  
 Et toto ancipitis ferri cœlo ingruit horror,  
 Æratique sonant currus, gemitusque rotarum  
 Audiri, sonitusque armorum desuper ingens.  
 Tam vastos motus axis miratur uterque,  
 Miranturque ignes, cœlique volubilis orbes,  
 Cùm tenues animæ, cùm sint sine corpore vi-  
 tæ,

Sensibus à nostris quibus est natura remota.

Sæpe



Not so the heav'nly choir; their rising rage  
 No art can soften, and no pow'r assuage:  
 Indignant grief their swelling heart possess'd,  
 And keen resentment fir'd their gen'rous breast.  
 Intent to rescue from these dismal woes  
 Their Lord's Anointed, and his fate oppose,  
 They threaten instant war; they clash their arms,  
 And all the ether rings with loud alarms.  
 A youth, not least of this cherubic race,  
 Skilful to summon with the sounding brass  
 Assembled legions; wings his rapid flight,  
 And from a lofty promontory's height,  
 Spreads wide th' alarm of war; the welkin round,  
 And all Olympus trembled at the sound.  
 Whatever Beings, by coelestial grace,  
 Commission'd to preside o'er human race;  
 Whatever spirits rang'd the lunar sphere;  
 All, all at once the dreadful clangor hear:  
 And the vast globe of earth, with terror struck,  
 Thro' all her regions to the centre shook.  
 Those spirits too, dispatch'd by heav'n's command,  
 On various errands to some distant land;  
 Obey th' imperial summons, and retrace  
 Their airy passage thro' th' ethereal space.  
 So doves, that wont with fresh delight to roam,  
 O'er verdant pastures from their native home;  
 Soon as they view the gath'ring storm arise,  
 And gloomy clouds involve the low'ring skies;  
 Swift o'er the fields on rapid wing repair  
 To some lone turret's height, and shelter there.  
 Now from all parts convene the warlike train;  
 Bright swords gleam dreadful o'er the starry plain;  
 Loud clang the rattling cars; and wide around  
 The din of armour spreads a martial sound.  
 These vast alarms, the wand'ring orbs that roll  
 Thro' heav'n, admire; admires each distant pole,  
 In those ethereal essences, refin'd  
 From mortal dross, and viewless as the wind.

Sæpe autem, seu mortales mittuntur ad oras,  
 Sive opus in fratres olim capere arma rebelles,  
 Corporis afficti sibi quisque aecommodat alas,  
 Aëreosque artus, simulacrumque aptat habendo,  
 Spiritus ut queat humanos admittere visus.  
 Ergo illi rapido circumdant turbine densa  
 Corpora, sub nostros etiam venientia sensus.  
 Circumdantque humeris defueta micantibus ar-

ma.

Ætheris ærisono subito de poste refixa  
 Coelicolum exuvias, belli monimenta nefandi,  
 Quod socios olim contra gessere furentes.  
 Hic bonus armatur jaculis, hastamque trabalem  
 Crispat agens, rapit ille faces, rapit ille sagittas,  
 Suspenditque humeris lunatum ardentibus ar-

cum.

Atque alius palmas insertat cæstibus ambas.  
 Pars tereti funda dextram implicat: omnibus en-

sis

Aureus in morem vagina pendet eburna.  
 Infrenant alii cœli per cærula currus:  
 Cætera pars pictis librare celerrima pennis  
 Corpora, non eadem vis omnibus ipsa volandi:  
 Mobilitate vigent varia, pars remigat alis  
 Binis alternante humero, pars ordine ad auræ  
 Tollunt se triplici, pennatis undique plantis,  
 Haud unam in faciem. Sed nec color omnibus

idem:

Namque hos punicea cernas effulgere pluma  
 Flammipedes, igni assimiles rutilantia terga:  
 Herbarum hos speciem, viridesque referre sinarag-

dos.

Terga illis croceo lucent circumlita luto.  
 Centum aliis alii pinxere coloribus alas.  
 Qualis ubi exactos post æstus arbore ab omni  
 Exornat pomis se versicoloribus annus,  
 Et caput Autumnus circumfert pulcher honest-

tum.

Et

But oft; or whether from th' Olympian height,  
 To earth's abodes they wing their airy flight;  
 Or when as erst they charg'd the rebel train,  
 In glorious battle on th' ethereal plain;  
 Each to himself an human shape assumes,  
 And on his shoulders ties the waving plumes;  
 That spirits may appear, tho' heav'nly bright,  
 Reveal'd, and obvious to the human sight.  
 Hence on their bodies, form'd of ambient air,  
 Arms, long diffus'd, in gen'rous zeal they wear,  
 Snatch'd from the brazen pillars of the sky;  
 Where yet angelic weapons hang on high,  
 With golden armour dazzling to the sight;  
 Tremendous tokens of that dreadful fight,  
 When thro' the plains of heav'n, with loud alarms,  
 Encount'ring spirits met in hostile arms.  
 Now various weapons in their rage they bear;  
 This grasps a jav'lin, that a pointed spear.  
 Some arrows seize, or slings, or flaming brands;  
 Some fit the dreadful cestus to their hands.  
 Tough bended bows are cross their shoulders tied,  
 The golden faulchion glitters at their side.  
 Others prepare the neighing steed to rein,  
 And whirl the chariot o'er the sounding plain.  
 For not with equal speed their course they steer;  
 On double tires of wings these fan the air;  
 Those, to their feet the plummy steerage tied,  
 On three-fold rows thro' wond'ring ether ride.  
 Nor yet their features, or their hue the same;  
 Part in the deeper die of crimson flame;  
 Like ruddy fire their glitt'ring plumage seen:  
 Others as flow'rs, or vivid em'rald, green.  
 Some o'er their backs a golden lustre show,  
 On thousand wings a thousand colours glow.  
 Thus, when the summer's piercing heats decay,  
 And fading suns a milder gleam display;  
 With various colour'd fruit the trees are spread,  
 And yellow autumn lifts his blooming head.

Et jam pennipotens liquidis exercitus ibat  
 Tractibus, ac volucris cingebant agmine coelum,  
 Millia quot nunquam nascentum ab origine rerum  
 Visa hominum in terris coiisse, ter agmina terna,  
 Terque duces terni: toto dux vertice supra est,  
 Nuper Iapygii Gargani è vertice vectus  
 Armipotens, veteris quem quondam gloria pug-  
 næ

Sublimem, longeque alios super extulit omnes.  
 In medio ibat ovans, galea, cristisque superbis  
 Aureus, et longè gemmis lucentibus ardens.  
 Nunc etiam spolia edomiti, fulvamque draco-  
 nis

Pellem ostentabat spiris ingentibus, ipsumque  
 Innixus tergo, pedibusque hastaque premebat.  
 Arma procul radiant, umbo vomit aureus ig-  
 nes,  
 Stellantique procul micat ensis jaspide fulgens.

Ventum erat ad cœli portas: hinc omnibus iræ  
 Incaluerè magis, belli ut monimenta prioris  
 Sunt oculis oblata. Vident nam turribus altis  
 Pendentes currus, suspensaque postibus æra,  
 Spiculaque et clypeos, victis de fratribus arma,  
 Olim immane nefas cœlo crudeliter orsis,  
 Dum frustra aspirant sceptris felicitis Olympi  
 Immemores, victique animis, et vana tumen-  
 tes,

Quos ipsi contrà steterant meliora sequuti,  
 Æthereque expulerant certamine debella-  
 tos.

Quam pugnam in foribus quondam cælarat ahe-  
 nis

Artificum manus, atque operoso impresserat au-  
 ro.

Cernere erat liquidas cœli pendere per auras  
 Hinc acies, atque hinc acies certamen ador-  
 tas,

Nunc

And now the winged troops in bright array,  
Thro' heav'n's wide champion swept their eager way.  
So vast an host no mortal eyes beheld,  
In furious battle on th' ensanguin'd field.  
Thrice three large squadrons throng the spacious plain,  
And thrice three leaders head the martial train.  
O'er these a chief; late borne in airy flight,  
From proud Garganus' formidable height;  
Whose ancient deeds in heav'n advanc'd his name,  
O'er bravest chieftains in immortal fame.  
High in the midst he march'd; his armour bright,  
And beamy helmet shed a dazzling light.  
Ev'n now conspicuous thro' the bright abode,  
A fiery dragon's yellow spoils he show'd:  
Whilst fierce with rage he curl'd his spires around,  
Deep in his back the hero stamp'd the wound.  
His shining arms a radiant gleam display,  
The golden shield emits a living ray;  
And the bright sword, resplendent as a star  
Of sparkling jasper, glitter'd from afar.

Now to heav'n gates the thronging legions press'd;  
Here new resentment fires their jealous breast,  
When all th' illustrious tokens they survey'd  
Of ancient battles, to the view display'd.  
For lo! on lofty tow'rs suspended high,  
Triumphant cars, and armour greet the eye,  
Won from their vanquish'd brethren of the sky; }  
Who fierce in arms, against their King engag'd,  
Thro' heav'n's wide plain rebellious battle wag'd;  
While to dethrone their Lord they vainly strove,  
With proud assault, regardless of his love;  
Whom the bless'd hosts oppos'd in adverse fight,  
And drove reluctant from the realms of light.  
This famous war, some artist's hand of old  
Had carv'd in figures of recording gold.  
Here might you see the winged hosts on high,  
In arms encount'ring thro' the midway sky:

Nunc huc, nunc illuc, ultrocitraque volare,  
 Ætheraque in medio venientibus obscurari  
 Missilibus, jamjam certari comminus armis,  
 Misericque acies: et jam, quæ spicula decrant,  
 Crinibus implicuere manus hostilibus uncas,  
 Suspensosque comis circum per inane rotabant.  
 Jamque hos paulatim concedere, desuper illos  
 Urgere aspicias, donec toto æthere versi,  
 Palantesque fugæ simul hostes terga dedere,  
 Præcipiti assimiles nimbo, atque procacibus aus-  
 tris.

Nam Pater omnipotens armatus fulmine dextram  
 Deturbabat agens, flammisque sequacibus arce  
 Siderea, excussos Erebi domus atra recepit.  
 Pugnae igitur superi admoniti, veterisque tro-  
 phæi,

Ætheris ardebant fractis erumpere portis.  
 Jamque adeo evâssent omnes, terrisque potiti  
 Sontem incendissent oram, jamque urbibus igni  
 Correptis Judæa nocens commissa luisse,  
 Ni Pater altitonans stellanti nixus Olympo  
 (Motus enim tanto subito flagrante tumultu)  
 Cœpta redargueret, verbisque inhiberet acerbis  
 Bellum importunum, cunctis haud mollia man-  
 dans.

Nam circumspiciens sibi centum astare ministras  
 Virgineas volucrum humana sub imagine formas  
 Hinc atque hinc videt, et nutum observare para-  
 tas.

Quarum quæ placido mitis Clementia vultu est,  
 Eligitur numero ex omni, cui talia mandet:

Vade, ait, et volucris per cœlum labere curru,  
 Fratribus hæc fer dicta tuis: non ætheris illis,  
 Non illis vasti commissas orbis habenas,  
 Ut ferro injussas meditantes edere pugnas  
 Omne ausint miscere meo sine numine cœlum,  
 Terramque, et tantos animis accendere motus:  
 Confidant,

Now here, now there they wheel; all heav'n appears  
 Obscure, and clouded with their missile spears.  
 Now in close combat furious they engage;  
 Some, where the darts are wanting, fir'd with rage,  
 Fierce grasp the foe; and by the golden hair  
 In circles whirl them thro' the void of air.  
 These you may view with slow reluctance yield,  
 Those urge the routed o'er th' embattled field;  
 Till all at once the foes disbanded fly,  
 Swift as a tempest, thro' th' affrighted sky.  
 For from the verge of heav'n th' Almighty Sire  
 Indignant hurl'd them, arm'd with vengeful fire;  
 Whilst hell's deep dungeon, from th' etherial height  
 Receiv'd, and shut them in eternal night.  
 Rous'd at the fame these story'd deeds display,  
 Thro' heav'n's high gates they long to burst their way.  
 Then, from their bounds escap'd, th' angelic host  
 Had wide around inflam'd the guilty coast,  
 And, hostile fire thro' all her cities spread,  
 Unjust Judæa for her crimes had bled;  
 Had not th' Eternal, from Olympus high,  
 (Mov'd at the kindling tumults of the sky)  
 In angry terms their furious zeal suppress'd,  
 And quell'd the raging tempest in their breast.  
 For bending round his eye, he view'd at hand  
 An hundred virgin-forms obsequious stand;  
 Prompt to receive, and execute command.  
 Of these, to mercy, mild beyond the rest,  
 The Sire with speed enjoin'd his high behest.

Fly, heav'nly messenger, on wings of air,  
 And to thy kindred hosts this message bear.  
 Tell 'em, no delegated pow'r have they,  
 O'er earth and heav'n to claim imperial sway;  
 That fir'd by vengeance they shou'd rashly dare,  
 Thro' these abodes to spread destructive war;  
 And uncommision'd in my sov'reign name,  
 O'er the wide earth enkindle hostile flame.

Confidant, positisque adsint huc ociùs armis.

Dixerat: illa viam raptim secat alite curru,  
Et Patris ingentes passim denunciât iras,  
Ni redeant, positisque quiescant protinus armis.  
Addunt se comites, Pietas, Paxque aurea: it  
unâ  
Spesque, Fidesque, piique parens placidissima Amo-  
ris:

Omnibus in manibus rami canentis olivæ.  
Quaque egere viam, videas procul ilicet arma  
Projicere, et studiis cunctos mitescere versis.  
Jamque in conspectu positus exercitus armis  
Regis adest, dicto parentes: sede locârunt  
Ordine sese, quisque sua, pariterque quierunt.  
Hic tum nimbipotens Genitor circumtulit ora  
Ter torquens illustre caput, ter cardine moto  
Terribilem increpuit sonitum: dein farier infit:

Quæ superi vetitum contra hæc insania ferri?  
Quò ruitis? quiane auxilio subsistere nostro  
Non queat ille, meæ aut sint fractæ denique vi-  
res?

Ne sævite animis, atque hanc deponite curam,  
Quandoquidem haud fert hæc nostro sine numine  
Natus.

Scitis enim, ut moriens crimen commune refel-  
lat.

Sic generi humano clausum stat pandere Olym-  
pum.

Illum ideo duos volui exercere labores,  
Atque agere in terris extrema per omnia vi-  
tam,

Finibus exactum cunctis, inopem, omnium egen-  
tem.

Jamque ad supremum ventum: manet exitus illum  
Hic hodie gravis infontem, irrevocabile letum,  
Et morti caput ipse sua sponte obviùs offert.

Nunc



**BOOK. V.] THE CHRISTIAD. 313**

Bid 'em, their arms resign'd, restrain'd their heat,  
Approach submissive our imperial seat.

He said; the cherub swiftly sailing, bears  
Her Father's mandate to their trembling ears;  
And, shou'd they not their swelling rage resign,  
Proclaims the terrors of his wrath divine.

Fair Piety, with mild benignant ray,  
And golden Peace, attend her on the way;  
With these, glad Hope and Faith united move,  
And the sweet parent of cœlestial love.

Where'er this gentle, amicable band,  
Held forth the verdant olive in their hand,  
At once their arms they quit; rude clamours cease,  
And wrathful bosoms soften into peace.

The hosts, observant of the sov'reign word,  
With speed approach the presence of their Lord:  
Each takes in order his appointed seat,  
Then all attentive his behests await.

The Sire, as these with anger he survey'd,  
Thrice shook the radiant honours of his head;  
And thrice he thunder'd with tremendous sound,  
Then from his lips these words a passage found:

What madness this, ye pow'rs! with hostile rage,  
Against My orders, impious war to wage?  
Where rush these armies? on what bold design?

Is it, because this feeble arm of mine,  
Extinct its force, is impotent to save,  
Yon guiltless Victim from the gloomy grave?  
Forbear your rage, your anxious cares resign,  
These ills he suffers by my will divine.

His death, ye know, must human guilt efface;  
Thus heav'n is open to man's sinful race:

Hence my decree allotted to his share  
A life of toils, and penury, and care.

And now the destin'd fatal time is come,  
This day he suffers his appointed doom;  
This dreadful day, consents his blood to shed,  
And freely offers his devoted head:

But

Nunc autem subito visu horruit, et timor illi  
 Confusam eripuit leti ipso in limine mentem.  
 Quippe Deum velut exutus, mortalis, inermis,  
 Restitit, et telis mansit violabile corpus.  
 Nil aliter vis divinos valuisset in artus  
 Ulla hominum, et cunctis foret impenetrabilis ar-  
 mis.

Non adeò vires, non parva potentia nostra;  
 Ut nequeam, si versa retro sententia, Natum  
 Eripere in medio versantem turbine leti,  
 Contra illum insurgant omnes, ab origine rerum  
 Quicquid ubique hominum natum, extinctumque  
 per ævum.

Non ita me experta est Babylon, ubi ad astra gigan-  
 tes

Tentavere vias educta turre sub auras:  
 Et poterant magnos manibus divellere montes.  
 Nunc etiam fumant præfractæ fulmine turres,  
 Ut nimborum acies, tempestatumque quies-  
 cant,

Quæ vastum rapiant convulsum à cardine mun-  
 dum.

Ipse manu terras quaterem, cœlum omne cierem,  
 Diluvio cuncta involvens: me me ignibus atris  
 Nunc nunc accinctum, teloque tricuspide dex-  
 tram

Armatum mortale genus sævire videret,  
 Hunc diffilare globum, hæc passim metere agmina  
 ferro.

At finite, adveniet (neque enim mora longior)  
 urbi

Tempus ei, frustra hunc cum magno optaverit emp-  
 tum

Haud tetigisse, genus cui ducitur æthere ab alto.

Sic ait, et moto tremefecit vertice mundum,  
 Terrifico quatiens tonitru cœlestia templa.  
 Continuò superùm furor acer, et ira quievit.

Prosequitur

But as the hand of death approaches near,  
 His anxious soul is seiz'd with trembling fear.  
 For 'midst the terrors of this trying hour,  
 Divested, as it were, of heav'nly pow'r,  
 Helpless, unarm'd, and mortal he is found,  
 His body subject to external wound:  
 Else ev'ry weapon had assail'd in vain  
 His limbs ethereal, free from human pain.  
 Not such my strength; that, were I now inclin'd  
 To change th' eternal purpose of my mind,  
 This arm cou'd fail to disappoint their hate,  
 And snatch my Offspring from the verge of fate;  
 Tho' all earth's pow'rs, from nature's earliest source,  
 Were leagu'd against him with united force.  
 Witness th' attempt at Babel; when on high  
 Earth's giants rear'd their structure to the sky,  
 To force a passage to these blest'd retreats; [scats.  
 Whose hands cou'd heave huge mountains from their  
 These felt the force of my vindictive ire;  
 Ev'n yet their turrets smoke with sulph'rous fire.  
 Tho' storms and whirlwinds sleep; whose lawless force  
 Can shake all nature, and unhinge her course;  
 Yet cou'd my potent and destructive hand,  
 With strong convulsions rock the seas and land;  
 Uproot the battlements of heav'n, and o'er  
 The ruin'd world a boundless deluge pour.  
 By flames encircled, and with thunders arm'd,  
 The race of mortals, trembling and alarm'd,  
 Shou'd view this hand resistless pow'r display,  
 And sweep their armies, and the world away.  
 But now, angelic pow'rs! your rage forbear,  
 The fatal day too soon approaches near;  
 When yon proud state shall wish, but wish in vain,  
 Untouch'd the Hero of celestial strain.

He said; and instant with his awful nod  
 Shook the bright temples of the blest'd abode.  
 At once the fury and resentment cease  
 Of warring hosts; and all is hush'd in peace:

Yet

Prosequitur tantùm votis chorus omnis amicis,  
 Atque Deum è summo taciti miserantur Olympo.  
 Sicut ubi inclusi septis vacuo æquore campi,  
 Pro laude ac decore accensi certamina miscet  
 Inter se æquatis juvenes duo comminus armis,  
 Hinc spectat procul, atque hinc circumfusa juven-  
 tus:

Tum si fortè alter minus ac minus utilis ore  
 Palluit, aut terra cecidit deceptus iniqua,  
 Consurgant fidi æquales, studiisque sequantur:  
 Quàm vellent, nisi pacta vetent, succurrere amico:  
 Stant ægri, et casum longè execrantur acerbum.  
 Haud secus indefensus, inermis restitit Heros.  
 Illum nudum humeros, nudum omne à vertice cor-  
 pus,

Directum longo malo applicuere furentes.  
 Nuda dehinc tendunt transverso brachia ligno,  
 Diverſaque ambas affigunt cuspide palmas.  
 Hinc atque hinc mucrone pedes terebrantur eodem  
 Confixi: largum manat de stipite flumen.  
 Instant vi multa: ferro ardua robora adacto  
 Dant gemitum, reboat diro stridore supinus  
 Mons, circum ingeminans, ictusque resultat imago.  
 Tum supra caput et nomen, patriamque, necisque  
 Inſcripſere notis variis in stipite causam.  
 Dextra autem, lævaque duos gemina arbore fixos  
 Addiderant socios, quos ob commissa merentes  
 Leges supplicium ad justum, pœnamque vocabant.  
 Verùm ipsum amborum in medio longè altius ar-  
 bos

Extulerat, veluti scelerum exhortator, et auctor,  
 Aut furtis foret ante alios immanior omnes.  
 Infelix Solyma, infelix Judæa propago,  
 Ultrò infesta piis; non ipsis vatibus æqua,  
 Hæc digna hospitia, has sedesque, torosque parasti  
 Coelicolûm Regi? hos socios, hunc addis honorem,  
 Qui mortale genus propter delapsus Olympo  
 Sponte sub humana lustravit imagine terras?

Yet on the sov'reign Victim they bestow  
 Their pious sorrows, and lament his woe.  
 As, where the measur'd ground a space displays,  
 Two rival combatants contend for praise;  
 The youths flock round, the contest to descry,  
 And watch their motions with attentive eye:  
 Shou'd one be weary or disabled found,  
 Turn pale, or fall (by fortune) to the ground,  
 His faithful equals to his side incline;  
 His luckless cause how gladly wou'd they join!  
 But check'd by laws that rule the stern debate,  
 Pensive they mourn, and curse th' unequal fate.  
 Thus stood the Chief, to public view display'd,  
 Unarm'd, forlorn, and destitute of aid.  
 Him all uncloath'd, and naked to the waste,  
 Enrag'd they fasten to the lofty mast;  
 Then on the beam transverse his arms they bound;  
 Next, his soft palms with pointed weapons wound,  
 And bore his tender feet; the sacred blood,  
 In copious streams distains the blushing wood.  
 With zeal their work they ply; the stubborn oak  
 Groans with the weight of each repeated stroke:  
 The hollow mountain murmurs all around,  
 And Echo's plaintive voice returns the sound.  
 Then fix'd the priests a title; to proclaim  
 In various marks, his country, crime, and name,  
 On either side, to heighten the disgrace,  
 A wretch, condemn'd for impious deeds, they place:  
 But He himself the midmost space possess'd,  
 As one in guilt superior to the rest.  
 Ah! luckless Solyma! unhappy state!  
 Wont to pursue with unrelenting hate  
 Your holy bards, and with dishonour treat;  
 Say, is it thus your heav'nly King you greet?  
 These friends, this lodging does your zeal prepare?  
 Is this the welcome destin'd to his share;  
 Who for this earth forsook the skies, to prove  
 For wretched sinners his unbounded love?

This

Hic genus ipse tuum Phariis eduxit ab oris.  
 Et pedibus salsas dans ire impunè per undas  
 Marmoreum tibi stravit iter, pontumque diremit.  
 Idem etiam te cœlesti dape pavit euntem,  
 Per deserta tuos miseratus vasta labores.  
 Hujus ope hausisti dulcem de cautè liquorem,  
 Cum procul et fontes, et liquida flumina abes-  
 sent.

Hic te posthabitis aliis longè omnibus unam  
 Gentibus elegit, meritis quam ad sidera ferret,  
 Muneribusque suis sublimi æquaret Olympo.  
 Promeritum his cumulas donis? hæc digna repen-  
 dis?

Non vatum voces, non te miracula rerum  
 Ulla movent, aut non præsentia numina sentis?  
 Cui unquam scelerum auctori tam dira parâsti  
 Supplicia? aut usquam quis tam crudeliter  
 hosti

Acceptus, tales luit alter corpore poenas?

Jamque trabi applicitus tergo altè hærebat: in il-  
 lum

Versi omnes observabant, quæ funere in ipso  
 Signa daret, quæ spes, aut quæ fiducia victo.  
 Ille autem tacitus jamdudum cuncta ferebat,  
 Immotusque: decor roseo nondum omnis ab ore  
 Cessit, adhuc oculis divinum est cernere hono-  
 rem.

Tantum resperfusque genas, pallentiaque ora  
 Humeat cruor, et mixto cum pulvere sudor  
 Plurimus, infectique rubent in sanguine dentes.  
 Qualis, qui modò cærulea perfusus in unda  
 Lucifer astrifero radios spargebat Olympo,  
 Si mundi species violetur clara sereni,  
 Et subita incipiat cœlum pallefcere nube:  
 Nondum omne occuluit jubar, obtusaque nitescit

Pulcher adhuc facie, et nimbo tralucet in atro.  
 Interea

This was the Chief that led your murmuring host,  
 By various wonders, from th' Egyptian coast.  
 He, when thro' seas your destin'd passage lay,  
 Deep to its bottom bar'd the wat'ry way.  
 'Twas He refresh'd you with divine repast,  
 When spent with toil you trod the dreary waste:  
 His aid alone your burning thirst supply'd,  
 When streams were wanting, with a plenteous tide.  
 He, his rich favours to the rest unknown,  
 From the wide world selected you alone;  
 Whom, in due time, he might from earth remove,  
 And crown with glory in the realms above.  
 And is it thus your grateful love you show?  
 Are these the gifts, the bounties you bestow?  
 The prophets, who aloud heav'n's wrath proclaim,  
 His deeds, conspicuous in the list of fame;  
 The signs that ev'n now a Godhead prove—  
 Say, cannot these your stubborn passions move?  
 Did ever criminal, condemn'd to death,  
 In pangs so great resign his forfeit breath?  
 Or who on earth was doom'd to undergo  
 Such horrid torture, from his bitt'rest foe?

Now on the fatal beam suspended high,  
 All view the Hero with regardful eye,  
 Observing at his death what signs he gives,  
 What accents utters, and what hopes conceives.  
 But He these insults and these dreadful pains,  
 In awful silence, and unmov'd sustains.  
 Not all the lustre and coelestial grace,  
 As yet were vanish'd from his blooming face;  
 But drops of blood his pale cheeks wander'd o'er,  
 And his white teeth were ting'd with purple gore.  
 Thus, when emerging from the azure main,  
 The morning planet gilds th' etherial plain;  
 To damp the scene if sudden mists arise,  
 And dusky vapours cloud the low'ring skies,  
 Not all his glories vanquish'd he resigns,  
 But thro' the envious gloom with faded splendor shines.

Meanwhile

Interea matris, quam magnam nuper ad urbem  
Traxerat incertus rumor, certissimus aures  
Nuncius implevit, natum extra mœnia duci,  
Ad mortemque rapi captum, insidiisque subac-  
tum.

Palluit infelix, mediisque in vocibus artus  
Dirigit: licet hæc Patris sciat omnia certo  
Consilio fieri, atque ipsius numine Nati.  
Altius ingenti tamen exuperante dolore  
Cuncta oblita ruit: resonant plangoribus ædes  
Foemineis, frustra lacrymantem, et acerbâ gemen-  
tem

Solantur fidæ comites: jamque illa per urbem  
Atque huc atque illuc errat: tristemque requirit  
Indefessa locum, nunc hîc, nunc hæsitât illic,  
Vestigans oculis, atque auribus omnia captans,  
Sicubi concursum, voces aut hauriat ullas.  
Ac veluti pastu rediens ubi vespere cerva  
Montibus ex altis ad nota cubilia, foetus  
Jamdudum teneri memor, omnem sanguine circum  
Sparsum cernit humum, catulos nec conspicit uf-  
quam:

Continuò lustrans oculis nemus omne peragrat  
Cum gemitu, tum siquâ lupi, siquâ illa leonis  
Raptoris signa in triviis conspexerit, illac  
Insequitur tota observans vestigia sylva,  
Perque viam passim linquit pede signa bisulco.  
Haud aliter, simul atque jugo prospexit in alto  
Collis oliviferi, latè qui maximus urbi  
Incubat, ingentem concursum, et lucida circum  
Spiculaque, clypeosque, et fulgentes equitatus,  
Per medios ruit, et cursum extra mœnia tor-  
quet.

Illam porticibus spectant, altisque fenestris  
Effusæ matres, longè et miserantur euntem.  
Jamque hos, jamque ruens cursu prævertitur il-  
los,

Ungula crebra licet volucrum proculcet equorum.  
Addunt



Meanwhile his parent, who but late was come  
 To join the concourse, from her native home,  
 Drawn by a vague report; now certain hears  
 The dismal tidings in her trembling ears:  
 That her lov'd Son, subdu'd by hostile hate,  
 Was now submitting to a dreadful fate.  
 Pale turn'd the Nymph, and as her startled ear  
 These words invade, her limbs grew stiff with fear.  
 Tho' well she knows, these evils but fulfil  
 Th' eternal counsels of almighty Will;  
 Yet on her mind as heavy sorrows lay,  
 The faint remembrance fades with ease away.  
 Loud sound the shrieks; her friends attempt in vain  
 To sooth her anguish, and her tears restrain.  
 Now thro' the streets, oppress'd with grief she flies,  
 The fatal spot exploring with her eyes:  
 Then stops awhile, if haply she might view  
 Th' assembled troops, or hear the shouting crew.  
 As when some hind, at eve returning late  
 From lofty mountains, to her known retreat,  
 Long time regardful of her tender brood;  
 Views the wide cave besmear'd with streaming blood,  
 Nor sees her hapless young; alarm'd she roves  
 With plaintive murmurs thro' the woods and groves:  
 Then, if by chance the savage track she trace  
 Of wolf or lion, in some noted place;  
 Swift she pursues; and leaves, where'er she strays,  
 Her printed footsteps in the public ways.  
 So when the Virgin, from the mountain's brow,  
 Which spreads its umbrage o'er the town below,  
 Saw the vast concourse; and the beamy shields,  
 With spears and helmets glitt'ring o'er the fields;  
 Bursting her way thro' all th' opposing throng,  
 Swift thro' the city gates she rush'd along:  
 Her, as she fled, from ev'ry porch and gate  
 View the sad matrons, and bemoan her fate.  
 Now these, now those she pass'd; tho' oft she found  
 The coursers hoofs too near, and felt the wound.

Addunt se flenti comites, pariterque sequuntur,  
Fidus Iöannes cum matre, atque innuba Martha,  
Et soror, et Salome, et conjux ægra Cleophæ,  
Cunctæ atro pariter velatæ tempora amictu.

Ecce autem videt infando jam proxima monti  
Erectamque trabem, et scalas, defixaque signa.  
Quamvis nescit adhuc, quæ sint ea robora porro,  
Horruit illa tamen metuens, et pectus honestum  
Terque quaterque manu tundens, pectusque ca-  
putque :

Hei mihi ! nescio quid moles, atque illa minatur  
Machina triste, inquit : gentis scio acerba furentis  
Circumfusa odia, et genus undique Judæorum  
Jam dudum nobis infensum exposcere pœnas.  
Hoc erat, hoc tota infœmnis quod nocte videbar  
Cernere signum, olim Isacidæ quo summa notâ-  
runt

Limina, quisque suum, fuso agni ritè per ædes  
Sanguine, post longa exilia, indignosque labores  
Niliacis moniti furtim decedere terris.

Hæc memorans, simul ibat : eam sine more ru-  
entem,

Rumpentemque aditus per tela, per agmina densa  
Rejiciunt clypeorum objectu, et longiùs arcent.  
Jam magis atque magis non vani signa, timoris  
Clarescunt, propiusque in vertice conspicitur crux  
Ingens, infabricata, et iniquis aspera nodis.  
Ut verò informi mulctatum funere natum,  
Affixumque trabi media jam in morte teneri  
Aspexit coràm infelix, ut vidit ahena  
Cuspide trajectas palmas, palmasque, pedesque,  
Vulnificisque genas, fœdataque tempora fertis,  
Squalentem ut barbam, turpatum ut sanguine cri-  
nem,

Dejectotque oculos dura jam in morte natantes,  
Inque humerum lapsos vultus, morientiaque ora :  
Alpino stetit ut cautes in vertice surgens,

Quam

With faithful John, whom equal cares invade,  
 His pious mother joins the weeping Maid:  
 Martha with these and Magdalene repair,  
 Cleophas' consort, and Salome fair.  
 In modest sorrow o'er their eyes they drew  
 A veil, that screen'd them from the public view.

Now from the mount, the cross erected high  
 With all its implements, salutes her eye.  
 But tho' she deem'd not what these signs express'd,  
 Yet struck with horror, and by fear distress'd,  
 Thrice with her hand she smote her snowy breast. }  
 Then cried, alas! some thoughts that cause dismay,  
 These dreadful engines to my mind convey.  
 I know the nation's hate, prepar'd to shed  
 Their utmost vengeance on our guiltless head.  
 'Twas for this cause, that late in dead of night,  
 I saw presented to my trembling sight,  
 A boding dream; which show'd our fires of yore  
 Sprinkling with blood of lambs each mystic door;  
 What time they fled, enjoin'd by heav'n's command,  
 With cautious silence from th' Egyptian land.

Thus saying, on she rush'd thro' dreadful rows }  
 Of armed squadrons; while th' insulting foes  
 With scorn resist her, and their shields oppose. }  
 Now more and more she finds her terrors true,  
 As the dread cross appears display'd to view:  
 A huge, mishapen trunk the engine stood,  
 Rough with hard knots, and form'd of stubborn wood.  
 But when her Son, from that opprobrious height,  
 In dying posture meets her mournful sight:  
 When she beheld his hands with weapons torn,  
 His temples wounded with the piercing thorn;  
 His squalid beard with filth all cover'd o'er,  
 His silver tresses soil'd with dropping gore;  
 His eyes dejected, languid, and half dead,  
 And on his neck reclin'd his fainting head—  
 Fix'd like a rock on Alpine hills she stood;  
 Which the wild fury of the rains and flood,

Quam neque concutiunt venti, neque sæva trifulco

Fulmine vis coeli, assiduus neque diluit imber,  
 Hispida, cana gelu, longoque immobilis ævo.  
 Ipsi illam montes ipsa illam flumina longè  
 Videre, ingentem fessæ miserata dolorem,  
 Eque sacro aëreæ lacrymârunt vertice cedri:

Filius at postquam pinu conspexit ab alta  
 Dilectam genitricem, animi miseratus in illa,  
 Ut potuit, subitò morientia lumina fixit  
 Semianimis, dulcemque oculis respondit amorem.  
 Mox sic exanguem visu, victamque dolore  
 Affari extremum, curasque avertere dictis:  
 Hactenus, ô mulier, stetimus: non te tamen ægram

Tantus edat tacitè dolor: haud sine mente Parentis

Hæc ferimus, solo qui temperat omnia nutu.  
 Hic tibi pro nato (admotum nam fortè parenti  
 Vidit Iōannem lachrymantem, et multa gementem)

Semper erit. Juvenem mox idem affatur amicum:  
 Hæc tibi erit genitrix: oro, tutare relictam  
 Tu saltem, et matris serva communis amorem.

His dictis lachrymas perculsis mentibus hostes  
 Non ipsi tenuere; feræ ingemuere cohortes.  
 Hic demum matri rediit vox faucibus ægræ;  
 Ingentemque dedit gemitum: tum robora largo  
 Tristis, inexpletum lachrymans, lavit humida fletu,  
 Et tales amplexa trabem dabat ore querelas:

Nam quem te miseræ matri, pulcherrime rerum,  
 Nate, refers? talin' voluisti occumbere leto?  
 Nec tibi noster amor subiit, ne funera adires  
 Talia, ne culpam alterius hac morte piæres,  
 Et letale dares miseræ sub pectore vulnus?

The fierce assault of warring winds defies,  
 And all the lightning launch'd from angry skies;  
 Rough, hoar with frost, its ancient state it bears,  
 Unmov'd, unshaken, thro' a length of years.  
 The mountains saw, and mourn'd her wretched woe,  
 The gliding streams in plaintive murmurs flow;  
 And lofty cedars on the sacred hill,  
 Struck with her fate, ambrosial tears distill.

Soon as her pious Son beheld from high  
 The weeping Parent; his dejected eye,  
 Far as he cou'd, to fix on her he strove,  
 And from his looks diffus'd coelestial love.  
 Then to the Dame with piercing woes oppress'd,  
 These few last accents calmly he address'd:  
 Thou know'st, oh! Woman! till this fatal hour,  
 I've shun'd their malice, and withstood their pow'r:  
 Then cease thy sorrows, and thy anguish spare,  
 These ills alone by heav'n's command we bear.  
 This gentle youth (for near her side he view'd  
 The faithful John, with silent grief subdu'd)  
 Thy son shall be; and thou, fair youth, shalt find  
 In her, a mother; faithful, just, and kind.  
 By tender offices thy duty prove,  
 And guard our Parent with an offspring's love.

At this, not foes themselves their tears suppress'd,  
 And groans deep issu'd from their savage breast.  
 The Dame, who long this scene in silence mourn'd,  
 Now felt at length her pow'r of speech return'd.  
 Forth from her heart she heav'd a piteous sigh;  
 The big drops trickling from each crystal eye,  
 Wash'd, as her hands embrac'd, the fatal wood;  
 Then thus her plaintive accents she renew'd:

Alas! my Son! my soul's supreme delight!  
 Say, is it thus thou greet'st a Parent's sight?  
 And wou'd'st thou suffer on this odious tree?  
 Cou'd not thy love, thy fond regard for me,  
 This bitter death engage thee to decline,  
 And spare a heart o'erwhelm'd with woes like mine?

Heu! quem te, Nate, aspicio? tuane illa fere-  
na

Luce magis facies aspectu grata? tuine  
Illi oculi? quæ tam scelerata insania tantum  
Ausu nefas? heu! quàm nato mutatus ab illo,  
Cui nuper manus impubis, omnisque juven-  
tus

Occurrit festam venienti læta per urbem;  
Perque viam ut regi velamina picturata,  
Arboreasque solo frondes, et olentia ferta  
Sub pedibus stravere, Deum omnes voce faten-  
tes?

His exornatum gemmis, hoc murice cerno?  
At non certè olim præpes demissus Olympo,  
Nuncius, hæc pavidæ dederat promissa puel-  
læ.

Sic una ante alias felix ego, sic ego cœli  
Incedo regina? mea est hæc gloria magna?  
Hic meus altus honos? Quò reges munera opi-  
ma

Obtulerunt mihi post partus? quò carmina  
læta,

Cœlestes cecinere chori; si me ista manebat  
Sors tamen, et vitam cladem hanc visura trahe-  
bam?

Felices illæ, natos quibus impius hausit  
Infantes regis furor ipso in limine vitæ,  
Dum tibi vana timens funus molitur acerbum.  
Ut cuperem te diluvio cecidisse sub illo?  
Hos hos horribili monitu trepidantia corda  
Terrificans senior luctus sperare jubebat,  
Et cecinit fore cùm pectus mihi figeret en-  
fis.

Nunc altè mucro, nunc altè vulnus adauctum.  
Saltem huc ferte oculos vos ô quicunque tene-  
tis

Hæc iter, et comitem dulci me reddite na-  
to,

Quando

Ah me! what ghastly spectre scares my sight?  
 Are these the looks more grateful than the light?  
 Those eyes, that shone with rays serenely fair?  
 What ruffian hand this impious deed cou'd dare?  
 How chang'd from him; whom late the youthful  
 throng

Receiv'd, and honour'd with triumphal song,  
 When to the town his proud approach he made;  
 When splendid robes and carpets they display'd,  
 When public paths with verdant boughs they  
 strow'd,

And loud Hosannas hymn'd the passing God!  
 What strange apparel do mine eyes behold?  
 Is this the purple, these the gems of gold?  
 Sure that cœlestial Messenger convey'd,  
 Far other promise to the trembling maid.  
 Belike 'tis thus, by this distinguish'd grace,  
 I live the happiest of the female race;  
 Thus, as heav'n's empress, tread th' etherial plain,  
 And this the pomp, and glory of my reign!  
 Why did the chiefs to me their treasures bring?  
 My envy'd praises why did angels sing?  
 If 'twas my fate so dire a lot to know,  
 And live spectator of this scene of woe?  
 Thrice happy they! whose babes untimely fell,  
 Beneath the cruel tyrant's ruthless steel;  
 What time he sought, by empty fears oppress'd,  
 To sheath the ponyard in thy infant breast!  
 Oh! wou'd to Heav'n! some rough tempestuous wave,  
 Of that fierce storm, had swept thee to the grave!  
 These are the wounds the boding seer foretold,  
 This, this the grief he prophesy'd of old;  
 When, as inspir'd he sung, a pointed dart  
 With thrilling pangs shou'd pierce my trembling heart.  
 Now has the sword this painful bosom found,  
 Too deep alas! I feel the threaten'd wound.  
 Ye, who by this sad passage journey on,  
 Oh! stop, and give me to my much-lov'd Son;

Quando nulla mihi superant solatia vitæ,  
 Atque meo major nusquam dolor: addite me me  
 Huic etiam, si qua est pietas, et figite truncos:  
 Aut vos ô montesque feri, quæque ardua cerno  
 Me supra frondere cacumina, parcite quæso  
 Vos saltem: vos ô nostro exaturata dolore  
 Respicite, et miseræ tandem succurrit matri.  
 Nunc nunc præcipiti casu convulsa repente  
 In me unam ruite, et tantos finite labores.

Hos virgo, atque alios dabat ore miserrima fletus,  
 Nec comites possunt flentem illam abducere fidæ.  
 Attamen armati morienti illudere pergunt,  
 Estque hosti duro in bello multo optimus hostis,  
 Crudeli quassant risu caput: undique circum  
 Insultant, tolluntque has læti ad sidera voces:  
 En, qui se coelo missum, superique Parentis  
 Progeniem jactat, temploque urbiq; minatus,

Seque Deum fictor fandi mentirier audet.  
 I, sequere, illiusque pius nunc numen adora:  
 Qui multos leti eripuit de faucibus olim,  
 Non potis ipse sibi tali in discrimine adeste.  
 Falsus abest illi longè, nec talia curat  
 Nunc Genitor: sanè infami nunc liber ab orno  
 Defiliat: si nūmen habet, vincla omnia rumpat.  
 His quoque nos signis missum credemus Olympos.

Talia jactabant, mediaque in morte dolore  
 Semianimem hoc etiam cumulabant: cuncta ferebat

Ille animi invictus: sævis clementius æquo  
 Hostibus orabat veniam, Patremque rogabat,  
 Parceret ignaris rerum, cæcisque furore.

At verò inter se adversis decernere dictis  
 Audit, poenas qui juxta ob furta luebant,  
 Supplicio æquali juvenes gemina arbore fixi.

Alter



Since ev'ry comfort now in life is o'er,  
Since never breast an equal sorrow bore.  
If yet on earth such piety there be,  
Fix, fix my body to this fatal tree.  
Or ye, oh mountains ! and hoar trees ! that spread  
Your dark, and low-brow'd horrors o'er my head ;  
Do you at least, now satiate with my grief,  
To a desponding parent yield relief :  
On these devoted limbs your ruins throw,  
And end at once my being, and my woe.

Thus wail'd the plaintive nymph ; th' attendant train  
To sooth her pious sorrows strove in vain.

Now on the Chief the troops invectives throw,  
In fields of battle a more gen'rous foe.

They shook, in scornful mockery, their head,  
And thus, with bitter taunts, insulting said,  
Behold the Man ! who threaten'd to o'erturn  
This sacred city, and her temple burn ;  
Proclaim'd his mission from the bright abode,  
And dar'd usurp the honours of a God.  
Go now, and if devotion's zeal inflame  
Thy kindling breast, adore his sacred name ;  
Who numbers rescu'd from death's gloomy pow'r,  
Now wants assistance in this trying hour.  
His boasted Sire sits far-remov'd on high,  
Nor views his sorrows with regardful eye.  
Let him descend at once, if God he be,  
Burst from his bands, and quit the fatal tree ;  
This act, this single act shall clearly prove  
His high commission from the throne above.

Thus mock'd the Jews ; this insult adding more,  
To all the anguish and the pains he bore.  
Yet this he suffer'd with unconquer'd mind ;  
Nay, for his foes by strong delusion blind,  
To heav'n's great Sire he pour'd his earnest pray'r,  
Their sins to pardon, and his wrath forbear.

But lo ! the youths, who by the law's decree  
With him were sentenc'd to the bitter tree ;

Amidst

Alter enim furiis, longisque doloribus actus,  
 Ipse etiam verbis morientem Heroa superbis  
 Stringebat miser, ac tales dabat ore loquelas:  
 I nunc, et templi multa constructa virum vi  
 Demolire adyta, et post tres rursus erige lucas.  
 Nunc tibi si genus è summo traheretur Olympo,  
 Eque Deo genitore fores, ut te ipse ferebas,  
 His te, nos pariterque malis prohibere liceret.  
 Verum, omnes quando jactasti vana per urbes,  
 Nobiscum moriere, Dei mentita propago.

Non tulit hæc alter, dextra qui in parte propin-  
 quis

Jam morti pendebat, et hæc extrema profatus:  
 Infelix, quæ tanta animo dementia sedit?  
 Nos ambo meritò luimus peccata: sed insons  
 Proditur hic odiis: quin nos commissa fatentes  
 Æquiùs hinc fuerat veniam, pacemque precari.  
 Sic ait: hinc Divum conuersus lumina in ipsum,  
 Talibus orabat: Superi tu certa Parentis  
 Progenies (nam celsa manent te sidera) ab alto  
 Respice me, et dexter morienti protinus adsis.  
 Annuit, et verbis Deus est dignatus amicis:  
 Tu partem laudis capies, tu gaudia mecum.  
 Quæ me cunque hodie, una eadem te regna bea-  
 tum  
 Accipient, ait: astra alacri jam concipe mente.

Vix ea: nam vitæ labentis sine sub ipso,  
 Dum luctante anima fessos mors exuat artus,  
 Æstuat: it toto semper de corpore sudor  
 Largior, et siccas torret sitis arida fauces.  
 Tum vix attollens oculos jam morte gravatos,  
 Exiguum sitiens laticem suprema poposcit  
 Munera: vix tandem corrupti pocula Bac-  
 chi

Inficiunt felle, et tristi perfusa veneno,  
 Ingratosque hastu succos, inamabile virus,

Arenti

Amidst their tortures, variously express'd  
The rising thoughts that crowded in their breast.  
One rashly urg'd, o'ercome with raging pain,  
The dying Hero in this taunting strain.  
Go ; in the space of three revolving days,  
Destroy this temple, and another raise.  
Sure, if you came from heav'n's etherial host,  
Were God your Father, as you proudly boast ;  
Yourself and us, condemn'd to equal fate,  
Your pow'r might rescue from this dreadful state.  
But since the whole's a farce ; yourself must go  
With us, vain Godhead ! to the realms below.

The other youth, who on the right hand hung,  
Reprov'd this insult with his dying tongue :  
Vile wretch ! he cried, thy breast what madness fires ?  
We justly suffer what our guilt requires.  
But this fair youth innoxious yields to fate,  
Th' unhappy victim of the public hate.  
How wiser far the Godhead to address  
For speedy pardon, and our crimes confess !  
He said ; and turning to the Chief his look,  
This humble pray'r with dying accent spoke :  
Thou genuine offspring of th' eternal God !  
(For kingdoms wait thee in the bright abode)  
Look down propitious from th' etherial height,  
And waft my spirit to the realms of light.  
The God consenting as the suppliant pray'd,  
Thou, heav'n distinguish'd penitent ! he said,  
This day a seat of honour shalt obtain,  
Amidst the glories of my future reign. [breath,

Scarce cou'd he speak these words with fault'ring  
His soul just struggling in the pangs of death :  
From all his limbs descends the copious sweat,  
And his dry'd lips are parch'd with burning heat.  
Then, lifting up his eyes with death oppress'd,  
To quench his thirst he urg'd his last request.  
At this, some meager wine corrupt and sour,  
On bitter gall and vinegar they pour ;

And

Arenti admôrunt morientis arundine linguæ:  
 Quæ, simul extremo libans tenuis attigit ore,  
 Reſpuit, atque diu labris infedit amaror.

Interea magno lis eſt exorta tumultu,  
 Dum tunicam, nato genitrix quam neverat olim,  
 Partiri inter ſe famuli certamine tendunt,  
 Exuviasque petunt: ſed erat non ſutilis ipſa  
 Veſtis, et in partes ideo non apta ſecari.  
 Sorte trahunt igitur concordēs: ſic fore quondam  
 Prædixere ſacri corda haud improvida vates.

Jamque ferè medium curſu trajecerat orbem,  
 Cùm ſubitò ecce polo tenebris caput occulit or-  
 tis  
 Sol pallens, medioque diè (trepidabile viſu)  
 Omnibus incubuit nox orta nigerrima terris:  
 Et clauſus latuit denſis in nubibus æther,  
 Proſpectum eripiens oculis mortalibus omnem.  
 Hic credam, niſi cœlo abſint gemituſque, dolor-  
 que,  
 Æternum Genitorem alto ingemuiffe dolore,  
 Sidereoſque oculos terra avertiſſe nefanda.  
 Signa quidem dedit, et luctum teſtatus ab alto  
 eſt.

Emicuere ignes, diffuſit conſcius æther,  
 Concuffuque tonat vaſto domus ardua Olympi,  
 Et cæca immenſum percurrunt murmura cœ-  
 lum:

Diſſiluiſſe putes divuſi mœnia mundi,  
 Sub pedibus mugit tellus, ſola vaſta moventur,  
 Teſta labant, nutant ſuccuſſæ vertice turres.  
 Obſtupuere humiles ſubita formidine gentes,  
 Et poſitæ extremis terrarum partibus urbes.  
 Cauſa latet, cunctis magnum ac mirabile vi-  
 ſum,

Et populi æternas mundo timuere tenebras  
 Attoniti, dum ſtare vident caligine cœlum.

Ipfam

And on a reed a sponge advancing high,  
The noisome potion to his tongue apply;  
Which when he barely touch'd; he spurn'd away;  
Long on his lips th' ungrateful moisture lay.

Meantime with noise, amidst the soldier-crew,  
And mutual envy, warm debates ensue;  
While to divide the sacred vest they strove,  
Which with much skill his Virgin-Parent wove.  
But as no seam was found; it mock'd their art,  
Nicely to rend, and yield to each a part.  
Hence casting lots, unknowing they fulfill'd,  
What heav'nly Prophets had of old reveal'd.

Now had the sun his midway journey sped,  
When lo! dark clouds obscure his radiant head;  
And (wond'rous to behold!) at noon of day,  
O'er all the globe incumbent darkness lay:  
Night's thickest shades involve th' affrighted skies,  
And ev'ry prospect fades from human eyes.  
Here I shou'd think, cou'd ever grief or pain  
Disturb the glories of th' ethereal reign;  
That the great Parent with a mournful sigh,  
Had turn'd from heav'n his all-surveying eye.  
At this disastrous scene his grief he show'd,  
By various tokens, from the bless'd abode.  
Swift flash'd the lightnings thro' the conscious sky;  
The deep-mouth'd thunder, from Olympus high,  
Roll'd o'er the court of heav'n with hollow sound,  
And murmuring bellow'd thro' the vast profound.  
You'd think all nature, in the gen'ral shock,  
Convuls'd and shatter'd; earth's foundations rock;  
Beneath their footsteps groans the ground below;  
Tremble the roofs; the lofty turrets bow.  
With terrour kingdoms felt th' alarming sounds,  
And cities, plac'd on earth's extremest bounds.  
Scar'd at the horrors of this wond'rous sight,  
Despairing nations fear'd eternal night;  
While trembling they beheld, the cause unknown,  
A night of vapours veil the noonday sun.

But

Ipsam autem propior Solymorum perculit urbem,  
Ac trepidas stravit mentes pavor: undique clamor  
Tollitur in cœlum, sceleris mens conscia cuique  
est.

Templa adeunt subito castæ longo ordine matres:  
Incédunt mixti pueri, intactæque puellæ;  
Perque aras pacem exquirunt: quas thure vaporant  
Suppliciter, sacrisque adolent altaria donis.  
Ecce aliud cœlo signum præsentius alto  
Dat Pater altitonans, et templum sævit in ip-  
sum:

Velum latum, ingens, quod vulgi lumina sacris  
Arcet inaccessis, in partes finditur ambas.  
Et templi ruptæ crepuere immanè columnæ.  
Jamque Deus rumpens cum voce novissima verba  
Ingenti, horrendumque sonans: En cuncta perac-  
ta;

Hanc insonitem animam tecum Pater accipe, dixit:  
Supremamque auram, ponens caput, expiravit.

But greater fear Judæa's sons invades ;  
Swift thro' their minds th' awak'ning terrour spreads :  
Vain pray'rs in tumult are to heav'n address'd,  
While conscious guilt alarms each trembling breast.  
With youths attended, to the sacred fane,  
The pious matrons, and the virgin train  
In order march ; and while for peace they pray,  
Their holy off'rings on the altar lay.  
Now heav'n reveals a more immediate sign,  
And o'er the temple pours his wrath divine.  
For lo ! the spacious veil, which, hung on high,  
Shades the mysterious rites from vulgar eye,  
Is rent in sunder ; and a hollow sound  
From the burst columns echoes all around.  
At length the God with loud and awful tone,  
This dying sentence utters—— All is done :  
Now take, oh Sire ! this spotless Soul—he said ;  
Then on his bosom bow'd his sacred head,  
And from his lips the vital spirit fled. }

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# MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

## CHRISTIADOS

### LIBER SEXTUS.

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**J**AMQUE nigrescenti properabat vesper Olympo:  
Corpora adhuc stabant inhumata, inflectaque  
cano

Vertice, stipitibusque etiam nunc fixa manebant.  
Talia Josephus veniens Arimathide ab ora  
Non tulit, egregiusque animi, præstantque juven-  
ta,

Et bellis assuetus, agri ditissimus idem,  
Atque auri: is Christi miratus maxima facta,  
Addiderat comitem modò se, quòcunque voca-  
ret.

Ergo dum sylvis alii formidine turpi,  
Speluncisque vagi passim conduntur in altis,  
Protinus ipse animi intrepidus, fretusque juvena,  
Aggreditur gentis rectorem, ac talia fatur:  
Optime Romulidum, te cari in cæde Magistri,  
Quem gens nostra odiis leto mulctavit iniquis,  
Fama pias fervâsse manus, cæcumque furorem  
Adversus totis nequicquam viribus îsse.

Scis falsa exceptum sub proditione, quòd illis  
Obstaret coram scelera urgens impia verbis.

Quod potes, exanimum terræ succedere cor-  
pus

Da saltem, sociis casûs solamen acerbi.

Ipse novo condam, mihi quod de more para-  
vi,

Funera



---

V I D A's  
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K. VI.

---

**N**OW twilight dusk the face of heav'n invades,  
And swift o'er earth descend the ev'ning shades.  
As yet the bodies hung, distain'd with blood,  
Unwept, unburied, on the naked wood.  
Joseph, who came from Arimath's shore,  
This piteous sight with indignation bore.  
A youth he was, to virtuous deeds inclin'd,  
In manners gentle, and of noble mind;  
In fields of war accustom'd to command,  
Wealthy in gold, and large extent of land.  
Mov'd by the wond'rous deeds himself descry'd,  
He late had follow'd this illustrious Guide.  
Hence, while the rest, in grief and deep despair,  
To gloomy caverns and to woods repair;  
With courage to th' imperial throne he press'd,  
And in these words the sov'reign chief address'd:  
Oh! best of Romans! who, if fame say true,  
Did'st stem the madness of a barb'rous crew,  
And, when our Lord by impious hands was slain,  
Oppose the nation's malice, tho' in vain!  
Thou know'st he falsely was betray'd, while mov'd  
With gen'rous zeal, their vices he reprov'd:  
Grant then, 'tis all his anxious friends can crave,  
To lay him decent in the peaceful grave.  
Myself, uncertain of the fatal day,  
When death shall snatch this vital breath away;

*Funera mecum animo dum verso incerta, sepulcro.*

Pontius hæc contrà: Ut potius concedere vivum  
Nunc corpus cuperem! vos veri conscia testor  
Numina, tentavi versans mecum omnia, siqua  
Infontem morti excipere, ac dimittere possem.  
Et nobis pietas colitur, sanctique penates:  
Sed nihil invita tandem profecimus urbe:  
Crudelis vicit gentis furor: ite, sepulcro,  
Muneribusque pii exanimem decorate supremis.

Dixerat: ille gradus montis contendit in altos,  
Cui sese comitem jungit Nicodemus, et ipse  
Multum animo cari concussus funere amici.  
Jamque propinquabant paribus vestigia curis  
Figentes, unde infaustus de colle videri  
Jam poterat locus: ecce autem fulgentia circum  
Arma vident, cinctumque armato milite clivum.  
Nam, ne luce sacra pendentia corpora truncis  
Solennem funestarent lætæ urbis honorem,  
Primorum missu armati venere ministri,  
Semineces qui stipitibus de more refixos  
Hoc ipso injecta tumularent vertice arena.  
Stabant, supplicium meritum qui hinc inde luebant  
Semianimes, et adhuc spirantes funere in ipso  
Oprabant duros leto finire labores,  
Et montem implebant lacrymosis vocibus omnem.  
Protinus hinc atque hinc longis hastilibus instant  
Armati, franguntque viris tabentia crura,  
Et miseris mortem properant, trabibusque refigunt;  
Deinde cava infodiunt projecta cadavera terra,  
At simul exanimem, qui nostra ob crimina poenas  
Pendebat, videre, manum abstinuere, nec ultra  
Sunt passi sævire in cassum lumine corpus:  
Mirati properos obitus, collapsaque membra  
Tam citò, et ora modis jam tum pallentia miris.  
Quidam etiam vidisse ferunt pendere per auras  
Coelivagos juvenes, feralia robora circum  
Plaudentes

Have hewn a maiden sepulchre, and there  
I'll place the body with religious care.

To this the chief; how happy! cou'd my pow'r  
Alive the Hero to your arms restore!  
Be witness, heav'n! that, like a faithful friend,  
I strove to save him from this dreadful end!  
We too respect for piety maintain;  
But all my labours and my zeal were vain.  
Tumultuous rage prevail'd—In safety go,  
And rites funereal on the dead bestow.

This said; the mountain's summit he ascends;  
Sage Nicodemus on his steps attends:  
He too with tears in silent grief deplor'd,  
Th' inhuman slaughter of his dearest Lord.  
Now both with heavy hearts their course pursue,  
Till lo! the fatal spot appear'd in view;  
Whence the keen flash of armour glitt'ring bright,  
And hostile troops alarm the startled sight.  
For lest the putrid bodies hung on high,  
Shou'd, on their solemn day, pollute the eye;  
The cautious priests dismiss'd a chosen band,  
Their limbs to bury in the neighbouring sand.  
Here hung the youths, by justice doom'd to death;  
And wishing to resign their forfeit breath,  
Amidst the pangs of bitter anguish, fill  
With mournful clamours all the vocal hill.  
Sudden advance with spears an armed train,  
And break their limbs, and end their ling'ring pain;  
Then bear the bodies from the cross away,  
And instant to th' unhallow'd earth convey.  
But when they saw the Chief already dead,  
Who for our sins in human nature bled;  
At once their fury they restrain, nor more  
Against his lifeless corse resentment bore;  
Surpriz'd, within a space so short, to view  
His faded limbs, and cheek of bloodless hue.  
Some (some reports) beheld with wond'ring eyes,  
The bright assembly of th' ethereal skies,

Plaudentes alis, niveaque in veste coruscas,  
 Divinum multo stillantem è vulnere rorem  
 Suscipere, et superas pateris perferre sub auras.  
 Hic ausus solus, lato cui lancea ferro,  
 Longinus sanctos violare ignobilis artus:  
 Irruit, et longa transverberat abiete costas.  
 Intepuit ferrum, sanctum ebibit hasta cruo-  
 rem.

Vulnere quo perhibent bicoloris fluminis instar  
 Et purum laticem, et rorem exiliisse rubentem.  
 Diluta est humus: erubuerunt gramina circum.

Huc sese in medios Arimathes urbis alumnus  
 Infert, conscenditque trabem, atque exangue Ma-  
 gistri  
 Detrahit, et densis procul aufert corpus ab ar-  
 mis,  
 Veste tegens, modo quam tales mercatus in u-  
 sus.

Huc volucres pueri, coelique effusa juvenus  
 Ferte pedem, æterni largum date veris honorem:  
 Pallentem violam calathis diffundite plenis,  
 Narcissique comas, ac mœrentes hyacinthos,  
 Et florum nimbo divinum involvite corpus.  
 Ecce autem latè reboant plangore propin-  
 qui

Fœmineo montes: responsant flebile saltus.  
 Omnia flere putes sola lamentabile letum.  
 Ipsa sedet vivo genitrix mœstissima saxo,  
 Ægro corde, comis passis, totoque cruentum  
 Heu! natum complexa sinu, miserabile corpus,  
 Atque oculos fovet ore, patensque in pectore vul-  
 nus.

Nec jam ullos gemitus, nec jam ullos amplius e-  
 dit

Singultus: magno sed enim exanimata dolo-  
 re,

Frigida, muta filet, gelidoque simillima saxo.

Circumstant

Hov'ring on wing around the fatal wood,  
 Catch from his gaping wounds the purple flood;  
 Then swiftly sailing thro' the liquid air,  
 To God's high throne the sacred Ichor bear.  
 Here one, unknown amidst the num'rous band,  
 Presum'd to violate with impious hand,  
 His heav'nly limbs; forth rush'd the dastard near,  
 And buried in his side the reeking spear:  
 Warm'd in the tepid stream the weapon glow'd;  
 The thirsty jav'lin drank his sacred blood,  
 Which, mix'd with water, issu'd from the wound;  
 The purple current stain'd the blushing ground.

Here the fair youth from Arimathis' coast,  
 With zeal advanc'd amid the thronging host;  
 And climbing up the cross, without delay,  
 Bore thro' the crowd the lifeless limbs away:  
 Then o'er his corse a milk-white vesture spread,  
 To guard from vulgar eyes the sacred dead.  
 Hither, ye winged youths! oh! hither bring,  
 Th' unfading honours of eternal spring:  
 Let sweet narcissus and the violet pale,  
 From the full urns their fragrant sweets exhale:  
 Ye purple hyacinths! diffuse your stores,  
 And shade his relicks in a veil of flow'rs!  
 But lo! the hills with female shrieks rebound,  
 The neighbouring groves return the plaintive sound;  
 The soft infection all around prevails,  
 And ev'ry place his hapless fate bewails.  
 The wretched Parent, rack'd with deep despair,  
 In silent grief unbinds her flowing hair;  
 And sitting pensive on a naked stone,  
 Clasps to her breast the relicks of her Son:  
 Kisses his pale cold cheeks, and bathes with tears  
 The wound, that ghastly in his side appears.  
 Amidst her grief no murmurs she express'd,  
 No plaintive accents from her heaving breast;  
 But inly suffer'd, without sigh or groan,  
 Mute, cold, and lifeless, as the barren stone.

Circumstant aliæ tunsæ omnes pectora palmis.  
 Pars calidis corpusque lavant, et vulnera lymphis.  
 Textilibus membra involvunt pars squalida donis.  
 Hæc siccat fuso rorantia genua capillo,  
 Vulneribus super accumbens, hærensque cruen-  
 tis.

Oscula dat manibus, pedibusque rigentibus illa.  
 Indulgent omnes lacrymis, tristiquè ululatu  
 Cuncta replent: vix inde viri divellere possunt,  
 Ipsi etiam guttis humentes grandibus ora.  
 Tum corpus miseræ solati exangue sepulcro  
 Condunt marmoreo, atque affati extrema recedunt,  
 Et magnam comites genitricem in tecta repor-  
 tant.

At Solymos penitus nondum omnis cura reliquit,  
 Sollicitos, sed adhuc timor acer corda preme-  
 bat.

Sæpe etenim audierant fociis moerentibus hostem,  
 Sese olim superas rediturum lucis ad auras  
 Promississe, palamque sacros id prodere vates,  
 Id veriti, armatos subito misere viros, qui  
 Noctes atque dies fervarent flebile bustum,  
 Ne fortè auferret furto quis nocte sepultum,  
 Et totam impleret falsis rumoribus urbem,  
 Defunctum vita rediisse ad luminis oras,  
 Vitaleque auras haurire, atque æthere vesci.

Aura veni afflanti Patris omnipotentis ab ore,  
 Aura potens cœli numen, superùmque voluptas;  
 Quicquid adhuc superat mihi dira è cæde dolo-  
 rum

Mente fuga, lætosque animi nunc reficere sensus,  
 Et placidos per membra riga mihi numine motus,  
 Sit fas lætitiæ sentire in pectore lapsus,  
 Lætitiæ, qua gens fruitur felicitis Olympi,  
 Larga ubi latifluo passim torrente redundant  
 Gaudia, nec fines novit diffusa voluptas.

Vertitur

The sympathizing train around her stand,  
 And beat their bosoms with their snowy hand.  
 Part bathe in tepid streams each honour'd wound,  
 Part in white robes involve his limbs around.  
 This wipes his knees, with clammy dew's o'erspread,  
 And bends in pious sorrows o'er the dead;  
 That on his feet, cold as the winter snows,  
 A thousand kisses in her zeal bestows:  
 All weep his fate, in tears of anguish drown'd,  
 And mournful murmurs fill the region round.  
 The men to bear them hence attempt in vain,  
 Themselves too weeping with the tender train,  
 Now gently soothing the soft pious race,  
 The lifeless body in the tomb they place;  
 Then from the grave in silence bend their way;  
 Her friends the Virgin to her home convey.

Not yet the Jewish cares were all suppress'd,  
 But anxious dread still harbour'd in their breast.  
 Oft had they heard (what chosen bards of old  
 In sacred records to the world foretold)  
 That late the Hero had a promise made,  
 To rise triumphant from the dreary shade.  
 Fearful of this they send an armed band,  
 Around the tomb in constant guard to stand:  
 Left friends by night shou'd steal the shrouded dead,  
 And idle rumours thro' the city spread;  
 That Christ, returning from death's dark domain,  
 Breath'd on the earth this vital air again.

Come, heav'nly Spirit! from th' eternal God,  
 Thou joy, and pleasure of the bright abode!  
 Within my breast whatever griefs remain,  
 What anxious sorrows for a Saviour slain,  
 Disperse at once; and thro' my senses pour,  
 The grateful blessings of thy healing show'r!  
 Oh! give my heart that mighty bliss to prove,  
 Those joys, peculiar to the realms above;  
 Where copious torrents of delight abound,  
 And pleasures circle in eternal round.

Vertitur hinc rerum facies, hinc gaudia nostra  
 Incipiunt: longè in melius versa omnia cerno.  
 Jam Deus, ut sacros vates, et sancta piorum  
 Concilia educens tenebris inferret Olympo,  
 Corporeis liber vinclis concesserat imos  
 Spiritus ad manes, animarum regna silentum,  
 Per cæcos aditus, et præcipites anfractus  
 Solis inaccessos radiis, loca nocte perenni  
 Obsita, terrificam cæcæ formidinis aulam.  
 Hic stabulant, vivisque tenent impervia regna,  
 Noctivagi fratres, superi quos ira parentis  
 Cælo immane nefas animis excussit adortos,  
 Tartareisque genus miserabile merfit in antris,  
 Quando illos tenuit regnandi tanta cupido:  
 Nunc miseros poenis manes, miseri magis ipsi  
 Exercent, vinctosque tenent nigrantibus oris.  
 Interiora habitant barathrum irremeabile clausæ  
 Crudeles animæ, ad superos dum vita mane-  
 bat;

Nunc merita expendunt vasta fornace sepultæ  
 Supplicia, undantemque ferunt caligine fumum,  
 Ignis ibi æternus, semper nova flamma renas-  
 cens.

Innocuæ circum sedes, secretaque longè  
 Atria circuitu longo: hinc incendia nulla,  
 Nulli obsunt penitus flammis ultricibus ignes;  
 Umbrarum sed iners requies, penitusque silentiæ  
 Mundi temperies, secretæ his sedibus ævum  
 Infantes degunt animæ, quibus haud sua  
 damno

Admissa: at primi scelus exitiale parentis  
 Detinet hinc clausas, nostræ nil lucis egentes,  
 Poenarum prorsum expertes, nisi luce care-  
 rent

Jucunda, qua gens gaudet stellantis Olympi.  
 Hic patres, sanctum genus, antiquissima proles,  
 Qui vitam vincolo nullo, non legibus ullis

Compositam



Here sorrows vanish; here our joys arise;  
And brighter scenes unfold to human eyes.  
Now, to convey from shades of endless night,  
The pious spirits to Olympus' height,  
Freed from the bondage of this earthly chain,  
The God descended to th' infernal reign:  
Thro' dreary tracks he pass'd, and midnight gloom,  
And reach'd at length the deep Tartarean dome.  
Here, in these dismal and obscure retreats,  
Night's gloomy sons possess their darksome seats;  
Whom, for enormous crimes, th' Almighty drove  
To hell's deep dungeons, from the realms above:  
Such doom was theirs, by mad ambition driv'n,  
To stretch their sceptre o'er the courts of heav'n.  
Now wretched souls they rack with tort'ring pains,  
Themselves more wretched, and confine in chains.  
Here lodg'd and guarded in the deepest cell  
Of midnight Tartarus, for ever dwell  
Those cruel spirits; who, while life remain'd,  
With pride tyrannic o'er their brethren reign'd:  
They feel the vengeance of th' Almighty's ire,  
Plung'd in deep caverns of eternal fire.

Round these appear, stretch'd out in circuit wide,  
The peaceful mansions where the blest'd reside.  
No raging furnace with incessant heat,  
No flames sulphureous blast this calm retreat;  
But happy spirits pass their moments, blest'd  
With temp'rate climates, and ambrosial rest.  
Within the limits of this chosen place,  
Dwell the pure souls of that innoxious race;  
Who not condemn'd for vices of their own,  
But for their great forefathers guilt alone,  
Are here detain'd; nor wish for life again,  
Fenc'd from the reach of sorrows, care, and pain;  
Yet sigh for pleasures that can never cloy,  
Those endless glories which the blest'd enjoy.  
Here dwell those fires, an ancient race and wise,  
Who unrestrain'd by force of human ties,

Compositam incultos primi degere per agros,  
 Inter oves patrio tantum se more tenentes,  
 Justitiæ memores ultro, rectumque colentes:  
 Hic vatesque pii, qui quondam numine pleni  
 Ventura intrepidè magnas cecinere per urbes,  
 Quique dedere orbi leges, divina reperta,  
 Quosque datis olim jovit parere volentes,  
 Matronæ atque viri, vitæque in limine rapti.  
 Omnibus unus amor, cœlique arrecta cupido.

Et jam promissi memores tum fortè per umbras  
 Secla recensabant tacitis volventia lustris,  
 Ducobantque animis finem adventare malorum,  
 Atque hæc inter se læti sermone ferebant:  
 En tandem volvenda dies, en imminet illa,  
 Cum lucem liceat, supera et convexa tueri.  
 Hanc claro Pater omnipotens manifestus Olympo  
 Ostendit nobis divino numine plenis:  
 Nos aliis subito mortalibus ore canentes  
 Optandam votis venienti liquimus ævo.  
 Jamjam aderit lux nostra, Dei indubitata propa-  
 go.

Ille erat, ille feri sub imagine sæpe leonis  
 Ostensus nobis, oculos caligine pressis:  
 Unus pro multis qui sese proderet ultro  
 Morti, defensoresque daret nos hoste subacto.  
 Vicit io tandem leo magni à sanguine Judæ  
 Davidæ genus: ô passim gaudete beati  
 Mortales, gaudete animæ jam corpore functæ.  
 Jam vos astra vocant: nunc, quæ tot clauditur an-  
 nos,

Janua siderei nobis aperitur Olympi.  
 Jamque erit, ut nostris promissum vocibus olim,  
 Læticia exilient montes, collesque resurgent  
 Pampineis vincti formosa cacumina fertis:  
 Quales creber agris aries, oviumque minores  
 Subsiliunt fœtus, mollique in gramine ludant,  
 Balatus matrum dum per juga longa sequuntur.

Ipsi

Led harmless lives amidst their fleecy train,  
That graz'd at large th' uncultivated plain:  
To follow nature was their chief delight,  
Just without laws, observant of the right.  
Here bards; who to the world, with zeal inflam'd,  
Their heav'n-directed prophecies proclaim'd.  
Here those who founded laws; or who obey'd,  
With pious rev'rence, laws already made:  
Matrons and heroes; tender babes, from earth  
Snatch'd by hard fate, the moment of their birth.  
All these, with eager and impatient love,  
Pant for the pleasures of the realms above.

And now, regardful of the promise made,  
These captive spirits in the gloomy shade,  
Measuring the circles of time's swift career,  
Conceiv'd the period of their bondage near.  
Then thus rejoicing 'midst themselves they say—  
Behold, ye saints! behold th' expected day,  
Comes hast'ning on; when we shall share the sight  
Of heav'nly mansions, blest'd with endless light:  
The Sire reveal'd to us, in times of old,  
And we to earth this blest'd event foretold.  
Soon will He come; th' undoubted Heir of God,  
And with his presence gild this drear abode.  
He to our eyes was oft in dreams convey'd,  
Beneath a lion's fiery form display'd;  
Who by his death shou'd wound our mortal foe,  
And rescue spirits from these shades below.  
This mighty lion, sprung from Judah's blood,  
Great seed of David! has the foe subdu'd.  
Rejoice, ye mortal race, on earth who breathe,  
Rejoice, ye spirits, in the world beneath!  
Now heav'n invites; now, closely barr'd before,  
Opes, to receive us, its unfolding door.  
Now, as erst sung by our prophetic voice,  
Mountains shall leap, and vine clad hills rejoice:  
As joy on steepy rocks the sportive lambs,  
That hear the bleatings of their anxious dams.

Let

Ipsi jam fontes, ipsa et vaga flumina passim  
 Melle fluant, niveo passim vaga flumina lacte,  
 Lacte mero, et dulci distillent nectare rupes.

Talia perstabant memorantes: cuncta fremebant  
 Intus lætitia ingenti, plausuque secundo.  
 Sicut ubi cives longa obsidione tenentur  
 Urbem intra, et vallum, portarumque obice tu-  
 ti,

Dum circum sonat, atque in muros arietat hostis:  
 Tum si fortè acies procul auxiliaribus armis  
 Adventare vident socias è turribus altis,  
 Consurgant, animosque alacres spe ad sidera tol-  
 lant.

Ecce autem foribus succedens maximus Ultor  
 Haud cunctatus adest, divina luce coruscus.  
 Porta ingens adversa manet centum ærea vastis  
 Væstibus, æterni postes: hanc nulla neque igni  
 Vincere vis valeat, neque duri robore ferri.  
 Constitit hic Deus, ac dextra stridentia claustra  
 Impulit: intremuit quo latè exterrita tellus  
 Impulsu, vaga contremuerunt sidera mundi,  
 Regiaque umbrosis immugiit atra cavernis.  
 Ad sonitum horrifico adventu de vallibus imis  
 Lucifugi raptim trepido adsunt agmine fratres  
 Humana facie crurum tenus, inde dracones.  
 Tum rudere insuetum, dirumque è faucibus ig-  
 nem

Efflare, atque domum piceo omnem involvere fu-  
 mo.

Continuò patuere fores: procul ecce repentè  
 Sponte sua abiliunt convulsi à cardine postes.  
 Apparet confusa intus domus, altaque circum  
 Atria, rarescunt tenebræ, et nox cæca recessit.  
 Nam Deus haud secus obscuris conspectus in an-  
 tris

Perstringens oculos divina luce refulget:

Quàm

Let liquid honey with a copious tide,  
 From ev'ry fount in golden currents glide;  
 Let streams of milk each winding valley fill,  
 And balmy nectar from the rocks distill.

Thus the bless'd saints awhile discourse maintain,  
 And sing their triumphs in exulting strain.  
 So, when enclos'd within the circling lines,  
 Some city's troops a tedious siege confines;  
 Tho', while the works a safe defence maintain,  
 They hear the thund'ring engines storm in vain,  
 Yet if from far they view by lucky chance,  
 Confed'rate armies to their aid advance;  
 With brisker spirits to their task they rise,  
 And shouts triumphant rend the echoing skies.

But now th' Avenger, cloath'd in heav'nly light,  
 Descends impetuous to the gates of night,  
 These his approach with hostile front oppose;  
 An hundred brazen bars the portal close;  
 Which barricado'd strong on ev'ry side,  
 The force of flames, and temper'd steel defy'd.  
 Here, arm'd with pow'r, the Godhead takes his stand,  
 And bursts the thund'ring portals with his hand:  
 Thrice as he struck, th' affrighted earth around,  
 Heav'n's wand'ring planets trembled at the sound,  
 And hell remurmur'd from her gulphs profound. }  
 Forth from the deepest vales, a gloomy throng  
 Of night's abhorr'd associates pour along:  
 A dreadful crew; their upper parts in show  
 Like men; but dragons from the waste below:  
 Breathing thick flames, they bray with horrid sound,  
 And clouds of smoke involve the dome around.  
 Back fly the brazen gates without delay,  
 And from their starting hinges burst away:  
 The lofty courts appear reveal'd to sight,  
 And instant vanish the dark shades of night.  
 For thro' the dreary gloom his rays divine,  
 With golden splendor more conspicuous shine,

Than

Quàm cum gemma ignes splendore imitata corusco  
In noctem thalamis lucet regalibus, atraque  
Exuperat tenebras, largo et loca lumine vestit,  
Purpurea circum perfundens omnia luce.

Ut verò in mediis Divum penetralibus hostes  
Videre, et faciem invisam agnovere per umbras  
Ardentem radiis, ac mira luce coruscantem:  
Protinus aspectu subito terrentur, et imas  
Conjiciunt sese in latebras, linguaque remulcent.  
Commixtas utero caudas, stratique tremendum  
Nequicquam umbrosis in spelæis ululârunt.  
Quales, quæ celsis habitantes Alpibus Euros  
Semiferæ gentes semper patiuntur, et imbres,  
Romanas si fortè protul fulgentibus armis  
Ora exertantes antris videre phalangas:  
Fumosa extemplò palantes tecta relinquunt,  
Disperitque jugis, siqua altius exit in auras,  
Rupe sedent, longèque duces mirantur euntes.

At casti circum manes fulgore repente  
Lustrati, passas tendunt ad sidera palmas,  
Lætitiæque fremunt subita, lacrymasque dedere,  
Nec saturare queunt animos, oculosque tuendo,  
Tum læto ultorem propius clamore salutant,  
Unà omnes: Ut te, cœli lux clara sereni  
Optatum aspiciamus! nec nos spes nostra fefellit,  
Qui revehis mundo primo concessa parenti  
Munera, et humanus genus omne in pristina reddis.  
Ignotasque vias aperis ad sidera cœli?  
Venisti, æthereæ facies tua lampadis instar  
Diffulsit, tandemque oculis lux reddita nostris.  
Sed quibus exhaustum ærumnis, quantisque procellis  
Jactatum accipimus? (nigras ea fama sub oras  
Detulit) indigno quis sanctum vulnere corpus  
Fœdavit? quænam hasta tuo intepuisse cruore,  
Quod ferrum tulit? an tantum mortalibus ullis  
In terris licuit scelus? ô quæ clausa remotis  
Æquora littoribus terrarum cingitis orbem,

Than the bright lustre that the gem displays,  
Whose vivid colours, like a fiery blaze,  
Midst regal banquets sparkle thro' the night,  
And gild the mansion with a stream of light.

But when the foes the victor God survey'd,  
And knew his dreadful presence thro' the shade,  
Glitt'ring with rays, in beamy splendor bright;  
At once alarm'd, and trembling at the sight,  
Swift to their inmost dens confus'd they fled,  
And couchant bellow'd on their darksome bed.  
So when those savage nations, that sustain  
On Alpine rocks eternal storms and rain;  
If chance they view, in all the pomp of war,  
The Roman ensigns glitt'ring from afar;  
Sulk from their cells; and on some mountain's brow,  
Admire the splendor of the passing show.

But pious spirits in the realms of night,  
Around illumin'd with the sudden light,  
Spread their glad hands in transport to the skies,  
While streaming tears gush copious from their eyes;  
Their heart, their looks a silent joy express'd,  
At length th' avenging God they thus address'd:  
Our hopes fulfill'd, how gladly we survey  
Thy face, O Chief! more welcome than the day!  
Who, by thy gracious presence, do'st restore  
Those gifts divine, our sire enjoy'd of yore;  
Renew the grace on human kind bestow'd,  
And ope the portals of the blest'd abode!  
Thou com'st, refulgent like the morning ray,  
To chase the darkness from our eyes away.  
But from what perils, by what tempest tost,  
Does night receive thee on her gloomy coast?  
For fame ev'n here the dreadful news convey'd;  
What barb'rous hand these ghastly wounds has made?  
Oh! say, what hostile sword, what envious spear,  
What marble heart such impious deed cou'd dare?  
Ye distant seas, that with your liquid bound,  
Earth's spacious habitable globe surround;

Tell,

Quæ vos, quæ tenuere moræ? quibus abdita claus-  
tris,

Leto opifex tam crudeli cum vester obiret?

Vos tum diluvio mortalia cuncta decebat

Obruere, et terras penitus delere nocentes.

Nosne per hæc, superi soboles certissima Rēgis

Vulnera servamur? non ô non præmia tanti,

Non tanti ipsa salus erat olim nostra: tua ingens

Hæc pietas: adeon' tibi curæ incommoda nostra,

O hominum dulcis requies, superûmque volup-  
tas?

Nos patris averfi nostro irritavimus iras

Crimine: tu diras solvisti sanguine poenas.

Talia per campos jactabant undique inanes.

Tum læti obscuro pariter se carcere promunt,

Ultoremque Deum supera ad convexa sequun-  
tur

Sedibus ut placidum degant stellantibus ævum:

Felices animæ, gens jam defuncta periclis

Humanis, secura operum, secreta laborum.

Primus it ipse hominum generis pater antè, nec  
ora

Conscius antiquæ noxæ audet tollere cœlo:

Primores procerum inde alii non vana futuri

Pectora, quæis nivea velantur tempora vitta.

Ingemuere illi, quos ob commissâ cremandos

Sorbet in abruptum, fundoque exercet in imo

Tartarus, eructansque incendia dira caminus,

Unde animis miseris nullo patet exitus æ-  
vo.

Præcipuè rex ipse aulæ illætabilis alto

Cum fociis mœrens ducit suspiria corde,

Et fortunatis sedem, quam liquerat ipse,

Invidet ætheream, furiis immanibus ac-  
tus.

Illi iter ad cœli debentia regna tenebant,

Aëra per tenerum læti, regemque caneant:

Felices



Tell, what unkind delay, what fatal force,  
 Restrain'd your gen'rous waves vindictive course;  
 When the great Lord, that to all nature gave  
 Existence; sunk untimely to the grave?  
 Zeal shou'd have bid your raging billows roll,  
 And pour the deluge wide from pole to pole.  
 Say, do we owe, illustrious Guide divine,  
 Our hopes, our safety, to these wounds of thine?  
 Oh! mean reward! man's lost and wretched state,  
 Was ill recover'd at so dear a rate.

Cou'd human race so far excite thy love,  
 Oh! health of earth! oh! joy of heav'n above!  
 Our crimes alone provok'd the wrath divine,  
 Thy cruel suff'rings paid the deadly fine.

Thus sung the spirits lock'd in shades of night;  
 Then from the dusky mansion wing'd their flight,  
 With man's Redeemer, to the realms of light;  
 There, lengths of circling ages to employ,  
 In endless pleasures, and immortal joy;  
 All human sorrows past, a happy train,  
 Exempt from toils for ever, and from pain:  
 First march'd the Father of the human race,  
 Hiding, in conscious guilt, his blushing face:  
 Next, holy seers the long procession led,  
 The snowy veil adorn'd their sacred head.  
 Loud groan'd the souls, whom doom'd to endless woe,  
 Hell's dungeon swallow'd in her gulphs below.  
 These, for their impious crimes, th' Almighty Sire  
 Condemn'd to dwell in flames of penal fire;  
 And barr'd for ever from the plains of light,  
 In gloomy caverns of infernal night.  
 But chief the monarch of the shades, express'd  
 Indignant murmurs from his sullen breast;  
 And rack'd with envy at their happier fate,  
 Mourns the lost glories of his former state.  
 Meanwhile the saints proceed; and joyous sing,  
 Thro' heav'n's wide regions, their immortal King:

Felices animæ, quibus est in secula vitæ  
 Jam nunc parta quies, præclusaque janua leti.  
 Applaudunt volucres purum tranantibus auræ:  
 Subsidunt Euri, fugere ex æthere nimbi,  
 Arridetque procul clari liquidissima mundi  
 Tempestas: cœlo arrident rutila astra sereno,  
 Assurgit matutinis aurora volucrum  
 Cantibus: assurgit rubefacta vesper ab æthra.

Atque ea dum longè vastum per inane gerun-  
 tur,

Jam lux Eois properabat tertia ab oris,  
 Et Pater omnipotens Nato immortalia membra  
 Illustrans, penitus divinum afflavit honorem;  
 Quodque fuit mortale modò, et violabile cor-  
 pus,

Immortale dedit: non tantà luce sereno  
 Sidera clara polo, non aureus ipse nitet sol.  
 Ceu qui per noctem imposito cinere obrutus ig-  
 nis

Delitet, et nusquam tecto se lumine prodit,  
 Si quis eum flabris exuscitet, arida circum  
 Nutrimenta serens, subitis ad tecta favillis  
 Emicet, et totas lustret splendoribus ædes.  
 Talis, ubi turpe irrepsit senium, unicus ales,  
 Congessitque sibi ramis felicibus altum  
 Summo in colle rogam, posuitque in morte senec-  
 tam,

Continuò novus exoritur, nitidusque juvena  
 Effulget cristis, et versicoloribus alis,  
 Innumeræ circum volucres mirantur euntem.  
 Ille suos adit Æthiopas, Indosque revisit.

Jamque adeò in terris hominum miranda paven-  
 tes

Terruerant animos visa: umbris orbe fugatis  
 Sole recens orto mœstissima Magdalene  
 Amissi desiderio perfixa Magistri

Cum

Thrice happy souls, whose destin'd toils are o'er,  
 Condemn'd to pass the gates of death no more.  
 Soft fanning zephyrs smooth their airy course,  
 Back fly the clouds, the winds restrain their force;  
 Indulgent seasons smile with airs benign,  
 Heav'n's radiant orbs in brightest lustre shine:  
 With choirs of birds glad morning cheers their way,  
 And ev'ning hails them with her golden ray.

While these thro' spacious skies their flight pursue,  
 At length the third bright morning rose to view:  
 When now the Father of th'etherial race,  
 Breathes on his Offspring's limbs coelestial grace;  
 And what before was frail, nor free from wound,  
 He made immortal and with glory crown'd.  
 Not with such light the stars ethereal shone;  
 Less bright the splendor of the golden sun.  
 So, when beneath warm embers thro' the night,  
 The fire lies hid, nor shines with wonted light;  
 If some with blasts the latent sparkles blow,  
 And wither'd fuel o'er the ashes strow;  
 Swift to the roof it mounts, with glitt'ring rays,  
 And round the mansion spreads the sudden blaze.  
 Thus, when disgraceful age comes creeping on,  
 The bird, for ever single and alone,  
 Heaps on some mountain's top his funeral fires  
 With gather'd boughs, and full of years expires;  
 Then with new vigour from his ashes springs,  
 All fresh in youth, and waves his painted wings:  
 Unnumber'd birds assemble as he flies,  
 And pleas'd admire his progress thro' the skies:  
 To Ethiopia's tracts sublime he goes,  
 And visits India where he first arose.

Now signs, and prodigies of wond'rous birth,  
 Alarm the trembling nations of the earth.  
 Scarce from her bed the blushing morn arose,  
 When pensive Magdalene, oppress'd with woes,  
 And sorrowing for her Lord, untimely slain,  
 In sad procession with the female train,

Cum sociis ibant prima sub luce, ferentes  
 In gremiis molles patriæ felicitis odores,  
 Myrrhamque, et costum, spicæque unguenta Ci-  
 liffæ,  
 Supremum tumulo manus: varioque ferebant  
 Multa inter sese tristes sermone per agros:  
 Nos miseræ, quas non secum lacrymabilis He-  
 ros

Duxerit ad letum: vigiles quis fallere nobis  
 Custodes dabit? aut quis grandia saxa sepulcro  
 Evolvat clauso, ut saltem fungamur inani  
 Munere, deserto solventes debita busto?

Talia fundentes tumultum venere sub ipsum,  
 Jactantesque oculos faciles hæc plurimâ, et illuc  
 Milite conspiciunt collem, et custode vacare,  
 Clausuraque mirantur secum patefacta sepulchri.  
 Accedunt: at ubi tumultum conspexit inane,  
 Naribus unde ingens fluctus se evoluit odorum,  
 Hoste putans clam sublatum pulcherrima virgo  
 Flebat, inornatum vellensque à vertice crinem,  
 Et nemora, et montes gemitu, sylvasque reple-  
 bat.

Cui juvenis subitò effulgens in vestibus albis,  
 Aligerum genus, et cœli de gente: Quid, in-  
 quit,

Queritis ô matres? longo jam parcite luctu,  
 Atque animis mœstum tandem revocate timo-  
 rem,

Lætitiâ certa jam spe præsumite vestram:  
 Quandoquidem, quem vos adedò lugetis ademp-  
 tum,

Funestæque trabi fixum, ut scelus omne piaret,  
 Vestraque sponte sua deleter crimina morte;  
 Unus pro cunctis Erebi jam rege subacto  
 Manibus ex imis has rursus lucis in oras  
 Victor iit, supera que etiam nunc vespicitur au-  
 ra,

Corporis

March'd slowly on; e'er morn her light display'd,  
 And balmy odours to the tomb convey'd.  
 On various subjects much discourse they held,  
 As slow they journey'd o'er the mournful field.  
 Ah! wretched we; that here survive, they cried,  
 When the great Lord of human nature died!  
 How shall our skill the watchful guard deceive?  
 Who from the cave th' enormous weight will heave?  
 That love and duty may at least bestow,  
 What to the dead in gratitude we owe.

Thus utt'ring pious thoughts, at length they come  
 In solemn order to the sacred tomb:  
 Where, as they rais'd their weeping eyes, they found  
 The hill deserted, and no guards around;  
 And fill'd with deep astonishment, survey'd  
 The cave's wide entrance to the view display'd.  
 But when she spy'd the vacant tomb, from whence  
 A gale of odours greets the ravish'd sense;  
 The dame concluding, by vain fears betray'd,  
 Some foes to distance had her Lord convey'd,  
 Pour'd forth a flood of tears in deep despair;  
 And wildly rending her dishevell'd hair,  
 Fill'd all the neighbouring woods with rising groans;  
 The woods and mountains echo to her moans.  
 Sudden, a youth descending from the skies,  
 In glitt'ring vesture stands before their eyes;  
 And why, ye matrons! why this grief, he cries? }  
 Whom seek you here, with pious cares, in vain?  
 Dismiss your sorrows, and your tears restrain:  
 On happier prospects all your thoughts employ,  
 And in your bosoms wake new scenes of joy.  
 Since He, whom now your tender hearts bemoan,  
 To all his friends so lately lost and gone,  
 By foes extended on the fatal beam,  
 Man's guilty race from ruin to redeem,  
 One doom'd for all—Triumphant springs to light,  
 Quell'd and subdu'd the tyrant of the night;

Corporis ablutus quæcunque obnoxia morti.

Hæc ait, et nubi volucer se immiscuit atræ.  
 Ipsa etiam res ecce oculis oblata repente  
 Firmavit dubiumque animum, tenebrasque resol-  
 vit.

Namque moræ impatiens, atque acri faucia a-  
 more

Dum virgo sedet, ac miratur inane sepulcrum,  
 Artificumque manus, videt ipso in marmore fic-  
 tum

Littus arenosum, porrectum in littore piscem,  
 Fluctivomum, ingentem, nant æquore qualia in  
 alto

Mole nova ignaros nautas terrentia cete:  
 Monstrum turpe, atrum, spaciosi bellua ponti,  
 Cujus ab undivomo vates imperditus ore  
 Redditus, æreas rursus veniebat ad auras.  
 Tum secum: Superi nunc ô nunc visa secun-  
 dent

Præsentem, veterum agnosco non vana futuri  
 Signa, inquit: nempe, ut monstri deformis in a-  
 tro

Tres vates latuit luces, tres gutture noctes  
 Ingluviem passus, vastæque voraginis antrum:  
 Sic Heros multum ad superos defletus amicis,  
 Inclususque cavo saxo, terraque sepultus  
 Delituit, sæpe ut (memini) prædixerat ip-  
 se,

Ad cælum rediit, saxumque reliquit inane.

Talia versanti, subitò sub imagine falsa  
 Ignoti agricolæ sese Deus obtulit ipse,  
 Et tumulum juxta astant, mox farier orsum  
 Virgo amens animi agnovit, conversa que  
 luce

Respicit, ecce, nova illustrem, radiisque corus-  
 cum.

Corruit,

Revisits earth, and draws this vital breath,  
No more obnoxious to the darts of death.

He said; and instant from their sight withdrew—  
When lo! a wonder rises to the view,  
Which from their hearts, with doubtful errors blind,  
Dispell'd the darkness, and confirm'd their mind.  
For whilst the nymph, impatient of delay,  
Sits on the ground all-pensive, to survey  
The empty tomb, and scan its fabric o'er;  
She sees depicted, a smooth sandy shore;  
And on the shore a fish enormous laid,  
(The marble tomb such images display'd)  
Large as huge whales, that tempesting the main,  
Affright the sailors on the wat'ry plain:  
A dire, tremendous, formidable beast;  
From whose vast gorge the seer at length releas'd,  
When three long nights uninjur'd he had lain,  
Return'd in safety to this air again.  
Then thus the Virgin, deeply pond'ring said;  
Ye gracious pow'rs! be present to my aid!  
My mind acknowledges this dread portent,  
This sign, predictive of some great event.  
For, as three nights and days the prophet lay,  
Within th' enormous monster of the sea;  
So this great Hero, this celestial Lord,  
By all his friends lamented, and deplor'd;  
Who late, condemn'd by too severe a doom,  
Was slain, and swallow'd in this marble tomb:  
Rais'd from the grave, as oft himself foreshow'd,  
Returns triumphant to the bless'd abode.

Whilst thus the maid pursu'd her joyful strain;  
Clad in the habit of a rural swain,  
Appearing to her wond'ring sight, the God  
Beside the tomb, in silent posture stood.  
But when to mix in converse he essay'd,  
Struck with astonishment, the trembling maid  
Confess'd her Lord; and turning at the sight,  
Beheld him glitt'ring with celestial light.

Corruit, ac genua amplexans, satis ora tueri  
 Clara nequit, corpusque oculis obit omne volutis,  
 Et mœstum aspectu dulci saturavit amorem.  
 Continuo tristi penitus de pectore mœror  
 Omnis abit, rediitque decor suus ilicet ori  
 Marmoreo: sed adhuc turgentibus humida gem-  
 mis

Lumina, inornatique fluunt per colla capilli.  
 Sic ubi rore madens pluvio rosa languida honestum  
 Demisit caput, atque comam largo imbre grava-  
 tam,

Tum si purpureo sol lumine vestiat arva,  
 Et redeat madido facies innubila cœlo,  
 Protinus attollens sese rursum illa resurgat,  
 Puniceique sinûs divinum pandat honorem.  
 Talis erat posito virgo pulcherrima luctu.  
 Ardet amans ipsum affari Regemque, Deumque,  
 Et coram solitas haurire ac promere voces.  
 Dum trepidat, quæ prima hærens exordia sumat,  
 Mortales visus adopertus nube reliquit,

Fama Palæstinas subito hæc impleverat urbes.  
 Jamque sacerdotes trepidare, et quærere, siquæ  
 Multiplici vulgi sermone occurrere possint,  
 Rumoremque astu premere, atque extinguere fa-  
 mam,

Custodes busti in primis, qui cuncta canebant,  
 Muneribus superant, subiguntque haud vera pro-  
 fari,

Sublatum furto intempesta nocte cadaver:  
 Sed non ulla datur verum exuperare facultas.  
 Quoque magis tendunt serpentem sistere famam,  
 Amplius hoc volat illa, omnemque exuscitat o-  
 ram.

Sunt etiam, qui se ore canant vidisse patentes  
 Sponte sua tumulos, multosque exisse sepul-  
 cris,

Quorum jam pridem tellus acceperat ossa.

Interea



Then, whilst her pious hands his knees embrace,  
She dwells in raptures on his radiant face;  
O'er all his limbs her eyes insatiate rove,  
And from his aspect drink excess of love.  
Swift from her breast each abject sorrow fled,  
And o'er her cheeks the bright vermilion spread:  
Yet from each eye gush'd forth a crystal tear,  
And in loose ringlets hung her flowing hair.  
As some sweet rose, that charg'd with show'rs of rain,  
Bows its fair head, and droops upon the plain;  
If Sol, emerging with unclouded ray,  
Pours o'er the vault of heav'n the golden day;  
Sudden exalts the languid head on high,  
And spreads its purple bosom to the sky:  
Thus, all her grief remov'd, the maid appears  
With brighter charms, and lovely from her tears.  
She longs her Lord and Sov'reign to address,  
And in a thousand words her zeal expresses.  
But while she hesitates what first to say,  
Wrapt in surrounding clouds he pass'd away.

Scarce had this news thro' Juda's cities spread;  
When lo! the rulers, seiz'd with sudden dread,  
To hush the story 'midst the vulgar aim,  
And stifle in its birth the rising fame.  
Hence, to secure their ends, they first o'ercome  
With pow'rful gifts, the guardians of the tomb;  
To spread report, that while asleep they lay,  
Some hostile hand convey'd the corse away.  
But nor their utmost malice, nor address,  
Cou'd stop the rumour, or the truth suppress:  
The more they strive to hide, still more resounds  
The spreading fame, and fills th' extremest bounds.  
Nay, some reported, that their eyes survey'd  
The gloomy caverns of the tombs display'd;  
And apparitions stalk the streets around,  
Whose bones long since lay mould'ring in the  
ground.

Meanwhile

Interea focii, quos in diversa paventes  
 Jamdudum terror longè disjecerat omnes,  
 Tabescunt mœsti: cœlo cecidisse videtur  
 Omnibus extinctum æterna caligine solem,  
 Et penitus mundo jucundum lumen ademptum.  
 Tandem conveniunt, et adhuc loca nota frequen-  
 tant,

Tectaue, quæ vivo sibi quondam Rege fuissent  
 Dulcia, sed casu nunc desolata recenti:  
 Dux nusquam: miseris nusquam datur illa tueri  
 Ora, illoive oculos aspectu luce serena  
 Jucundos magis, aut cœlo radiantibus astris,  
 Et cunctis nomen dulce obversatur ad aures.  
 Ægrescunt mœsti: squalent circum omnia luctu.  
 Haud secus atque olim exemit cum subere pastor  
 Cereâ dona cavo, vacuumque alveare reliquit.  
 Tunc etiam, fumus quas longè dispulit ater,  
 Hinc illinc glomerantur apes, et inania frustra  
 Tecta adeunt, denso volitantes agmine circum,  
 Direptosque favos ægræ, populataque passim  
 Mella vident, nequicquam hyemi congesta futu-  
 ræ.

Ecce viros autem tali mœrore sepultos,  
 Attonitæ miris matres rumoribus implent:  
 Vidisse aligeros cœli de gente ministros,  
 Regem ipsum vidisse novo fulgore micantem,  
 Et vacuum porro tumulum, vestesque relictas.  
 Protinus ergo alii montis petere ardua cursu  
 Contendunt rapido festini, ubi inane sepulcrum,  
 Ast aliis incredibile, ac mirabile visum,  
 Et primò ancipites, delusos credere matrum  
 Effigie pavitantum oculos, et imagine falsa:  
 Ut nobis sæpe in somnis spectare videmur  
 Absentum vultus, simulacraque luce caren-  
 tum:

Donec sera illis sub luce in tecta coactis  
 Ingrediens sese ostendit manifestius Heros,

Meanwhile his friends, whom grief and dire dismay  
 Had widely scatter'd from their homes away;  
 In silent sorrows waste each mournful day.  
 The sun seems falling from the skies, his light  
 Lost and absorpt in shades of endless night.  
 At length assembled, this desponding train  
 Meet, and frequent each noted place again;  
 Which, while his gracious presence it cou'd boast,  
 Was sweet; now desolate, their Master lost.  
 No more his face they view with fix'd delight,  
 His eyes, more chearful than the morning light,  
 Or stars ethereal; yet for ever dear,  
 His sacred name resounds in ev'ry ear.  
 With grief they pine away, and anxious care,  
 And ev'ry spot seems desolate and bare.  
 So when some shepherd of their stores deprives  
 The bees, and vacant leaves the straw-built hives;  
 Whom late the smoke dispers'd, the buzzing train  
 Condense, and gather round their cells again;  
 With grief behold the waste and naked coast,  
 And all the treasures of the winter lost.

But now the matrons to his friends declare,  
 His friends, deep sunk in anguish and despair,  
 That their glad eyes some winged youths survey'd;  
 Their Lord himself, in glitt'ring pomp array'd;  
 The tomb was vacant of its heav'nly guest,  
 And wrapt in order lay the linen vest.  
 Hence some, the place impatient to survey,  
 Swift to the mountain's summit bend their way:  
 Others, the whole a pious fiction deem,  
 And slight the story as an idle dream.  
 At first their thoughts suspending, they believ'd  
 The women's eyes with empty forms deceiv'd;  
 As oft, when wrapt in pleasing sleep we lie,  
 Thin, airy spectres dance before the eye:  
 Till, where his friends were met in dead of night,  
 The Chief appears in person to their sight;

His

Voce habituque Deum confessus imagine nota,  
Divinum toto jaciens de corpore lumen.

Hinc Thomas aberat Didymus vicina pererrans  
Oppida, quò metus impulerat duce nuper adempto.  
Isque ubi dein rediens est sacræ redditus urbi,  
Acceptusque domo, socios videt ecce recenti  
Attonitos casu, ac cæco terrore silentes,  
Quales aut templum, domini aut ubi divitis ædes  
Marmoreas petiit ruptis de nubibus ignis,  
Terrificisque locum implevit splendoribus omnem:  
Stant intus pavidi cives, quatit omnibus horror  
Pectora, vix longo post tempore corda residunt.  
Obstupuit visu ignarus, causamque requirit,  
Et socios dictis Didymus demulcet amicis.  
Quem senior Petrus amplexus, lacrymisque profusis  
Menti caniciem humectans, sic denique fatur:  
Vidimus (ô jam nos felices) vidimus ipsum,  
Ut soliti, Regem spirantem, aurasque trahentem:  
Coelicolum Regem, qui nos modò morte reliquit.

Hæc ait: exultansque animo cœlum usque tuetur,  
Ille autem: (neque enim narranti talia credit)  
Ipsene rursus, ait, cœli hoc spirabile lumen  
Aspicit? an potius simulacri apparuit umbra,  
Atque oculos fallax vestros elusit imago?

Immo, ait, illum ipsum divino illa ipsa gerentem  
Vulnera, et antiquam servantem corpore formam.  
Vidimus, ac veros manibus tractavimus artus.  
Vidi oculis, vidi ipse meis, et vulnera novi:  
Vesper erat, clausæque fores, clausæque fenestræ.  
Nos intus pavidi latitare, et corpora victu  
Curare, ac positis mœsti discumbere mensis.  
Ecce autem tecti in mediis penetralibus ipse  
Improvisus adest, et inobservabilis Heros  
Effulget clausis ingressus limina portis:  
Improvisus adest, inopinæque gaudia portat.  
Continuò ad lucem visum tectum omne cremari.

His voice, his looks, his habit spoke the God,  
And from his limbs divine effulgence flow'd.

Thomas, impell'd by fear (his Master slain)  
By chance was absent from the social train:  
But scarce return'd, his eyes beheld the rest  
Thro' wonder silent, and with dread oppress'd.  
So, when the light'ning with its fiery rays,  
Wraps some rich dome or temple in a blaze,  
And wide around the dismal gleam displays;  
In wild affright the burghers stand aghast,  
And scarce recover from their fears at last.  
Surpriz'd, his friends thus' heartless to survey,  
He ask'd the cause of this unknown dismay,  
And anxious strove their sorrows to allay.  
To whom with tears, his bosom closely press'd,  
The hoary Peter thus his speech address'd:  
Oh! bless'd event; this moment have we view'd  
Our Lord, our King; to vital breath renew'd;  
So lately lost in death—this said, his eyes  
He rais'd with ardent transport to the skies.

Thomas rejoins, unwilling to believe,  
Can He once more this breath of life receive?  
Rather confess, some specious empty shade,  
With vain delusions has your mind betray'd.

No; 'twas Himself we saw (the friend replies)  
His very wounds were obvious to our eyes;  
His limbs we touch'd; I saw the marks display'd,  
Clear to our sight, the cruel nails had made.  
'Twas eve; and now from hostile force to guard  
Our train, the windows and the doors were barr'd;  
Whilst in the dome, oppress'd with anxious care,  
Trembling we sate our wonted meal to share.  
Sudden and unobserv'd the Chief appears;  
Coelestial splendor on his front he wears,  
And with new joy our drooping bosoms cheers.  
Strait, as with fire the roof appear'd to blaze,  
Our hearts were seiz'd with terror and amaze.

But

Nos trepidare animis, subitoque horrescere visu  
 Attoniti : verum ille metus, vanumque timorem  
 Increpitans, vetuit trepidos exurgere mensis.  
 Ipse ego sum : pacem unanimes agitate, metusque  
 Solvite : tentandosque dabat simul omnibus ar-  
 tus,

Vulneraque, insigni quæ corpore quina gerebat :  
 Quinetiam parcis nobiscum accumbere mensis  
 Non fugiens, solito est coram de more loquutus,  
 Ceu mortalis adhuc, quæ verba novissima nuper  
 Ad mortem properans nobis memoranda reliquit :  
 Tum demum liquidis abiens se immiscuit auris.  
 Hæc senior, focique eadem simul ore canebant,  
 Nec dum finis erat verbis, cum protinus ecce  
 Cum clamore ruit Cleophas, fidissimus unus  
 E multis, quos bis senis subjunxerat Heros,  
 Atque hæc dicta dabat : Vos ô jam solvite luc-  
 tu :

Vivit, adhuc focii, leti jam lege solutus :  
 Vivit adhuc, vidi his oculis, vidi ipse, Deique  
 Ausibus his hausi vocem, consuetaque verba.  
 Audiit hic etiam mecum, viditque loquentem,  
 (Atque manu, nutuque propinquum Amaona sig-  
 nat)

Nam modò fortè animis mœsti dum incedimus am-  
 bo,

Quà se demissi incipiunt subducere montes,  
 Extulit aëreas Emaus ubi turribus arces,  
 Advena in ignota nobiscum veste profectus,  
 Externosque gerens habitus comes additur ultro.  
 Tædia dumque viæ vario sermone levaret,  
 Interdum eruptis roramus fletibus ora,  
 Et gemitus imis dolor exprimit ossibus ardens.  
 Ille ægros dictis solari, et quærere causas  
 Crebrâ resurgentis luctûs : nos ordine cuncta  
 Pandimus, atque ducis letum crudele profa-  
 mur :

Quo moriente, simul perierunt gaudia nostra.

Ut

But He, these fears condemn'd and vain surprize,  
 Forbade us trembling from the board to rise.  
 Behold! 'tis I; among yourselves revere  
 Mild peace, he cried; and banish abject fear.  
 Then bid our eyes his naked limbs explore,  
 And the five wounds his mangled body bore.  
 Nay, not disdaining to become our guest,  
 His friends, as wont, familiar he address'd;  
 And as if mortal still, again imparts,  
 What late he utter'd, to our joyful hearts:  
 Then swift in air from human sight remov'd—  
 Thus spoke the senior, and the rest approv'd.  
 Scarce from his lips had this narration pass'd;  
 When lo! sage Cleophas with noise and haste,  
 Enters the room; whom late, for faith approv'd,  
 Our Lord had number'd with the twelve he lov'd.  
 Oh! friends! dismiss your fears, with joy he cried,  
 He lives, he lives; our great illustrious Guide!  
 Ris'n from the grave; I saw the Chief appear,  
 And mark'd his words, familiar to my ear.  
 This friend can witness to the truth; (his hand  
 Then points Amaon to the social band.)  
 For as, oppress'd with grief, our steps we bent,  
 Where yonder hills with gradual descent,  
 Slope their declining summits; where on high  
 Proud Emaüs lifts her turrets to the sky:  
 Some courteous stranger, in a garb unknown,  
 Politely greets us as we journey'd on.  
 But whilst he strives in converse to betray  
 The hours, that wain'd so tedious on our way;  
 Oft starting tears stood trembling in our eye,  
 And from our bosoms heav'd the frequent sigh.  
 Our grief he sooths, and kindly begs to know,  
 Why on our cheeks appear'd such marks of woe?  
 At this; the whole in order we relate,  
 Explain with tears our Lord's untimely fate;  
 That now all prospect of success was o'er,  
 Our hopes defeated, and our joy no more;

His

Ut factis, verbisque animos spe artexerit ingens  
Ingenti: sed dehinc nos morte fefellerit omnes.  
Non tulit ulterius, contraque hæc reddidit ille:  
Non pudet ô semper cæcos, et lucis egentes?  
Nonne ducis vestri quondam crudelia vates  
Funera prædixere omnes, casusque nefandos  
Tot veterum monimenta docent, haud credita vo-  
bis?

Sponte sua leto caput obuius obtulit ipse,  
Unus pro multis, patrias quò flecteret iras,  
Atque iter ipse suo signaret ad astra cruore.  
Haud ita vos ille erudiit: nam sæpe futura  
Hæc eadem de se longè antè retexit amicis.  
Atque equidem, memini, nuper media urbe cane-  
bat,

Obscura sed verborum rem ambage tegebat.  
Nunc autem manifesta patent, nunc omnia aperta,  
Nube palàm ablata: nec spes fovistis inanes.  
En Rex, qui positas conseruat ordine vites,  
Prætendens sepem insidiis hominumque, ferarum-  
que,

Omnibus immisissis incassum ex urbe ministris,  
Quos leto dedit insontes manus effera agrestum:  
Demum infelices natum ipsum misit in agros.  
Nam Pater omnipotens post tot fera funera va-  
tum,

Ipse suum iussit natum descendere Olympo.  
Ecce Palæstini furiis immanibus acti  
Natum etiam hauserunt crudeli funere herilem.  
Haud impunè tamen: Rex urbe ultricibus armis  
Jamjam aderit, flammisque feros agitabit agres-  
tes,

Et pangenda aliis credet vineta colonis.  
Sic fatus, cœpit voces ex ordine vatum  
Obscuras, veterumque evolvere facta paren-  
tum,

Cuncta docens letum Christo crudele minari,  
Quo mortale genus tenebris educeret atris.

Ut



His deeds, his words, great expectation gave,  
 But all was lost, and buried in his grave.  
 To this the stranger—Oh! what shame! to find  
 Such wretched darkness has o'erspread your mind!  
 Say, have not all heav'n's sacred bards of old,  
 Your Master's death with one consent foretold;  
 And ev'ry ancient record plac'd to view  
 These dire disasters, unbeliev'd by you?  
 As one for all mankind to slaughter led,  
 He freely offer'd his devoted head;  
 To calm his Father's wrath, and mark the road  
 To heav'n's bright regions, with his sacred blood.  
 Such truths as these the Chief full oft reveal'd,  
 While with his friends select discourse he held.  
 Nay, these in open streets he lately sung,  
 Yet veil'd in shadows from the vulgar throng:  
 But now, all cloud remov'd, th'event is plain,  
 The prospect brightens, nor your hopes are vain.  
 Behold the king; who planted in his ground  
 A vineyard, and with hedges fenc'd around;  
 Then sent, the usual produce to obtain,  
 His faithful servants; but he sent in vain;  
 These by the churlish hinds were rudely slain. }  
 At length the king, resolv'd some fruit to share,  
 Forth to the fields dispatch'd his fav'rite heir:  
 For heav'n's great Sire, so many prophets, gone,  
 Dismiss'd his Offspring from Olympus' throne.  
 But lo! this daring Solymæan crew,  
 Ev'n him relentless in their anger slew.  
 Not long unpunish'd; for the vengeful king  
 Will soon his armies to their city bring;  
 Devouring flames these rebels shall destroy,  
 And the rich vineyard other tribes enjoy.  
 This said; the stranger each event explain'd,  
 Which bards foretold, or mystic types contain'd;  
 Taught how the whole Christ's bitter death foreshow'd,  
 To rescue sinners from the dark abode.

Ut clara antiquis portendi hæc omnia signis  
 Monstrabat ratione, oculis caligine abacta?  
 Ut nostros mira inflexit dulcedine sensus?  
 Ut resoluta novo ardebant præcordia amore?  
 Qualiter aut æris rigor acri solvitur æstu,  
 Aut glacies concreta novo sub sole liquefcit.  
 Non illum tamen immemores agnovimus antè,  
 Quàm ventum ad sedem, parvamque subivimus urbem.

Namque iter ulterius fingentem, seque ferentem  
 Longè alias sedes petere, ambo oravimus, idem  
 Nobiscum haud asper tectis succederet hospes.  
 Id quoque præcipiti suadebat vespè Olympo,  
 Jam piceo terras infuscans noctis amictu:  
 Paruit, et menses comitum est dignatus egenas.  
 Ut primum fruges tostas Cerealia liba  
 Attigit, et solito fregit de more, repentè  
 Nox abiit, tandemque oculis lux addita nostris.  
 Agnosco, et supplex manifestum numen adoro.

Sed subitò volucres abiens ceu fumus in auras  
 Respuit humanos visus, sensusque refugit.

Talia narrabat Cleophas, quæ credita cunctis  
 Vera negat Thomas, et cœptis perstat in idem.  
 Hæc mihi (dicam iterum) nemo persuaserit unquam,

Illum ipsum his oculis clara nisi luce videndum.  
 Hausero, et his manibus nisi vulnera contrectâro.

Sic fatur: simul ecce Deus cum lumine largo  
 Improvisus adest iterum, sociosque revisit:  
 Et clausæ mansere fores, mansere fenestræ.  
 Non aliter vitri, quod tectis summovet auras,

Lumine sol penetrat splendentes aureus orbes,

Insertim radios jaciens in opaca domorum:

Nec

BOOK. VI.] THE CHRISTIAD. 671

These truths divine how clearly he display'd,  
Our eyes no longer veil'd in midnight shade!  
What wond'rous sweetness thro' our senses drove!  
How flam'd our bosoms with unusual love!  
As brass, whose hardness melts by heat away,  
Or ice dissolving at the solar ray.

Yet him, unthinkingly, we never knew,  
Till to the town our weary'd footsteps drew.  
For as he feign'd his destin'd journey lay  
Still further on; and turn'd his steps away;  
Charm'd with his sweet discourse, we jointly press'd  
The gen'rous stranger to become our guest;  
Ev'n night encourag'd this request, we said,  
O'er earth advancing with her awful shade.  
To this he yielded; and our frugal feast  
Well pleas'd, with humble condescension grac'd.  
But lo! no sooner had he touch'd the bread,  
And gently broke it, as his custom led,  
When in our minds arose a gleam of light,  
And from our eyeballs fled the shades of night.  
Suppliant the present Deity I own,  
And bow in prostrate adoration down:  
But swift, as smoke dissolves into the skies,  
At once he vanish'd from our longing eyes.

Thus Cleophas; his friends the tale believe,  
And all, but Thomas, with applause receive.  
But he persisting still the truth denies;  
None shall convince me of this fact, he cries;  
Unless Himself in person I survey,  
And in his bleeding wounds my fingers lay.  
Scarce had he said; when cloath'd in heav'nly light,  
Sudden appears, and stands before our sight,  
The God himself; the windows as before  
Were clos'd from all access, and barr'd the door.  
So thro' bright glass, that shuts all air away,  
The golden sun's quick penetrating ray,  
Darts its keen light with force into the room,  
And in a moment clears the sable gloom;

Nec tamen ulla viæ apparent vestigia adacta  
 Luce, sed illæso sæpe itque, reditque metallo.  
 Sternunt sese omnes terræ, genibusque salutant.  
 Ut verò Didymus manifesto in lumine vidit  
 Vulnera monstrantem, et se nomine compellan-  
 tem,

Horruit, et prono confectum corruit ore,  
 Multaque se incusans animo sic, denique fatur :  
 Vera mihi facies, verus Deus, omnia novi.  
 Haud equidem (fateor) vivum te credere qui-  
 bam

Post obitus, coeli hoc iterum spirabile lumen,  
 Has auras haurire: animo tua dicta labanti  
 Exciderant penitus, modò quæ suprema dedisti.  
 Demens, qui te obita non posse huc morte re-  
 verti

Crediderim, cùm quarta alios jam luce sepultos  
 Ad superas coeli nuper revocaveris oras :  
 Et memini atque aderam: sed me mens læva tene-  
 bat.

Forfan at hæc tamen haud vestro sine numine  
 tanta

(Credo equidem) venit dementia: forsitan olim  
 Proderit hìc seris hæsisse nepotibus unum,  
 Et manibus voluisse prius contingere corpus,  
 Ne facies, aut vana oculos eluderet umbra.  
 Talibus orantem Deus, et lux ipsa reliquit,  
 Nunc hos, nunc. adiens alios, et pectora fir-  
 mans.

Nec prius evasit mundi mortalibus oris,  
 Quàm quater exoriens dena sol luce rediret.

Fortè igitur Petrus, et socii vada falsa seca-  
 bant

Remigiis lembum subigentes, dum sibi victum  
 Arte parant solita, piscesque in gurgite captant.  
 Et jam per totam vano, quàm longa! labore  
 Defessi noctem frustra madefacta legebant

Retia,

Yet pass the lucid beams, and oft repass  
 Unmark'd, nor injure the transparent glass.  
 All bend submissive, and embrace his knees;  
 But soon as Thomas with confusion sees,  
 The glorious God, with rays celestial crown'd,  
 Call on his name, and point to ev'ry wound;  
 Prone to the earth he bow'd his bashful head,  
 And pierc'd with anguish thus repentant said:  
 Thou com'st in person from the blest'd abode,  
 I own the truth; my Saviour! and my God!  
 I rashly deem'd, with sorrow I declare,  
 That Thou, once dead, cou'd'st breathe this vital air  
 Again no more; thy words not duly weigh'd,  
 Too slight impression on my senses made.  
 Fool that I was! not instant to surmise,  
 That Thou cou'd'st surely from the grave arise;  
 When late our friend belov'd, tho' longer dead,  
 Thy voice recover'd from the darksome shade:  
 Myself was present on that signal day,  
 But some ill omen snatch'd my pow'rs away.  
 Perhaps this fatal blindness of the mind,  
 By thy almighty suff'rance was design'd:  
 Perhaps posterity may not in vain  
 Rejoice, that one of thy associate train  
 Doubted the truth; and surest trial made,  
 Not led to error by a specious shade.  
 While thus he spoke, the Godhead from his sight  
 Withdrew, and with him fled the rays of light.  
 Yet oft on these disciples, oft on those,  
 Strength'ning their minds, his counsel he bestows:  
 Nor from the earth pursu'd his heav'nly flight,  
 Till forty suns had cloath'd the world with light.

It chanc'd that Peter and the social train,  
 Had row'd their vessels on the neighbouring main;  
 To try their art, as usual, on the flood,  
 And gain by labour their accusom'd food.  
 Now thro' the tedious night, th' industrious crew  
 Had toil'd successless; when at length they view

Retia, cùm juvenem egregium videre liquentes  
 Fluctifrago tractus è littore prospèctantem.  
 Nec primò agnòvere Deum, divinaque membra,  
 Quandoquidem se mortali celaverat ore.  
 Ipse dehinc tali compellans voce natantes:  
 Dextram, ait, affectate viri: huc appellite pup-  
 pim:

Hàc dabitur vanum non effudisse laborem.  
 Nec mora, præceptis parent, dextraque per undas  
 Detorquent alacres cursum, nodosaque lina  
 Projiciunt: moti sonuit plaga cærule ponti.  
 Jamque senex tacito sociis Petrus innuit ore,  
 Auxilioque vocat, nutuque, manuque silentes,  
 Significans prædam innumeram: vix retia cuncti  
 Plena trahunt: capti saliant per vincula pisces.  
 Sensit Iôannes hîc numen, et heus, prior in-  
 quit,

O focii, non fallor, adest Deus, ille Magister,  
 Ille quidem: agnosco divinos oris honores.  
 Lætitiâ ut jactat vultuque, oculisque decoris?  
 Quod simul accepit Petrus, haud cunctatus, ab  
 ipsa

Desiliit rate, et æquoreas se jecit in undas,  
 Quò regem falsos per fluctus primus adiret,  
 Quamvis multâ timens gliscentibus æquore ventis,  
 Cætera deinde manus terræ advertuntur, et om-  
 nes

Remivaga siccum cupidi tenuere carina.  
 Tum victu ut vires revocent, Cerealîa mensis  
 Dona onerant jussi, vivosque in littore pisces  
 Unâ omnes torrere parant, succensaque pru-  
 na

Suggestitur circùm: teter petit æthera nidor.  
 Ut compressa fames, surgit Rex optimus ipse,  
 Confessusque Deum sociis ita denique fatur:

Pacem optate, viri, pacem laudate quieti:  
 Salvete æternùm focii, æternumque valete.

Esto

A Youth of graceful mien advancing nigh  
The shore, regard them with attentive eye.  
At first the God, by human art conceal'd,  
His sacred person from their sight withheld;  
Then thus address'd them toiling on the deep—  
Steer to the right, my friends! here ply the ship;  
Here shall you soon the wish'd success obtain,  
Nor find your labours, as of late, in vain.  
This said; at once his precepts they obey,  
And to the right rejoicing bear away.  
Then in the deep their sounding nets they throw,  
The parted billows foam and roar below.  
Now Peter with his hand the signal made,  
And strait his partners beck'ning to his aid,  
Points to the mighty numbers from the ship;  
Scarce cou'd they drag their nets along the deep; }  
The captive fishes in their prison leap.  
John first discern'd his Lord, the motion made,  
And oh! my friends—no visionary shade  
Deceives my mind; the God! the God! he cries;  
I know the rays that sparkle from his eyes:  
Mark how his limbs with grace celestial shine!  
What radiant splendor cloaths his form divine!  
This when the senior heard, without delay  
Swift from the deck he plung'd into the sea,  
To meet his Master first upon the shore;  
Tho' much he trembles as the surges roar:  
The rest their vessels row with speed, and land  
With eager transport on the nearest strand.  
Now to recruit their strength, large heaps of bread  
With prompt obedience on the boards they spread;  
Then with live coals to broil the fish prepare,  
Widespread the fumes, and taint the neighbouring air.  
Soon as the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
The Godhead rising thus his friends address'd:  
Be peace your care, the works of peace pursue;  
Farewel my friends! receive this last adieu!

Este mei memores: ego claro poscor Olympo :  
 Jamque aded duris animos aptate, ferendo  
 Omnia, nec propius sævos adiisse tyrannos  
 Sit timor, atque duces affari, et vera monere.  
 Non vos majestas foliorum, aut sceptras superba  
 Terrificent Regum, lucis nil hujus egentes.  
 Haud longè tum quærendum, quæ tempora fandi,  
 Quis modus aptus: ego præsens adero omnibus,  
 ora

Vestra regens: dabitur verborum copia cuique:  
 Nec cœlo vires vos, et solamen ab alto  
 Deficient: cum sol decimo jubar aureus ortu  
 Extulerit, Pater afflabit cœlestibus auris,  
 Diffusumque animis numen divinitus addet:  
 Præside quo freti Reges, rerumque potentes  
 Nil veriti, nostrum vulgabitis undique nomen.  
 Tum sanctum sese genus aurea tollet ad astra,  
 Densus agens veluti laxis se palmes habenis  
 Luxuriat, foliisque simul, fœtuque gravescit.  
 Denique, cum suprema dies illuxerit orbi,  
 Omniaque eliciam patefactis ossa sepulcris,  
 Atque iterum in lucem emergent, quos terra tege-  
 bat;

Hanc vallem, densa hos implebunt agmina colles  
 Matres atque viri, vixque hausta luce perempti:  
 Ipse ego jura dabo, mediaque in valle sedebo  
 Quæfitor, vitas populorum et crimina pen-  
 dens.

Vos etiam mecum bis senis sedibus ipsi  
 Sublimes mortale genus censebitis unâ,  
 Bis senæque tribus gentis tum vestra subibunt  
 Arbitria, et vestros mirabitur orbis honores.  
 Interea, Petre, te (nulli pietate secundum  
 Novi etenim) his, rerum summam clavumque te-  
 nentem

Præficimus cunctis, ultro qui nostra secuti  
 Imperia: hoc te præcipuo insignimus honore.  
 Tu regere, et populis parcens dare jura memento.

Summa



Of Me regardful and my words remain,  
I now am summon'd to th' etherial plain.  
The toils of life with patience learn to bear,  
Nor ev'n to kings your sacred censures spare.  
Let not the pomp of pow'r your hearts annoy,  
That aim no worldly honours to enjoy.  
Seek not with vain solicitude of mind,  
The fittest seasons of address to find;  
Each shall receive his gift, myself your guide,  
And all with copious language be supply'd.  
Nor yet shall pow'rs be wanting from on high;  
When the tenth sun shall mount the golden sky,  
Th' eternal Father will his spirit send,  
And thro' your minds th' etherial force extend.  
Hence shall your zeal, unaw'd by kings, proclaim  
Thro' earth's wide regions, my illustrious name.  
Then shall a sacred race exalt on high  
Its tow'ring head, and soar into the sky;  
As fertil vines their curling tendrils shoot,  
With leaves at once luxuriant, and with fruit.  
And when the grand decisive day shall come,  
That I, with pow'r, shall summon from the tomb  
All human race; and those to second birth  
Arise, whose bones lie mould'ring in the earth.  
Vast throngs, this valley and this rising hill,  
Of men, of matrons, and of babes shall fill.  
Myself here seated on that solemn day,  
Their faults and virtues will with justice weigh.  
Ye too with Me, amid th' etherial space,  
Sublime on thrones, shall censure human race;  
Your just decision all these tribes shall wait,  
And the whole world admire your envy'd state.  
Meanwhile on thee, oh Peter! (for I know  
Thy worth to none inferior) we bestow  
Imperial rule o'er all the rest that join  
Our standard; and to thee the keys consign.  
These marks of honour thou from us receive;  
Hence laws and precepts to our people give.

Summa tibi in gentes jam nunc concessa potestas.  
 Jamque pios tege pace: voca sub signa rebelles.  
 Quemcunque in terris scelus exitiale perosus,  
 Admonitum frustra, justa devoveris ira,  
 Colloquio absterrens hominum, coetuque pio-  
 rum:

Idem erit invisus cœlo: non ille beatis  
 Sedibus aspiret, nisi tu placabilis idem  
 Dignatus venia meliorem in pristina reddas.  
 Jamque adeò tibi concessum mortalibus ægris  
 Claudere siderei portas, ac pandere cœli.

Talia mandabat, terras hominesque relinquens,  
 Sic natis moriturus oves, et ovilia pastor  
 Commendans caris, furta, insidiasque luporum.  
 Edocet, et pecori contraria pascua monstrat.  
 Sic fociis ævo jam fessus nauta biremem  
 Credit, inexpertosque docet varias maris oras,  
 Et brevia, et Syrtes, et navisfragas Sirenas.

His animadversis, totius lucida circum  
 Palmiferi nubes collis capita ardua texit,  
 Et curva æthereis fulserunt littora flammis.  
 Interea totum exercent nova gaudia cœlum,  
 Alituum cœlestum acies, sanctique volucres  
 Dant manibus plausus, et multicoloribus alis,  
 Instaurantque coros, fremitu ætheris atria fer-  
 vent.

Pars pendent speculis, et propugnacula læti  
 Cœli summa tenent, et mœnia celsa coronant.  
 Obvia pars portis parat ire patentibus, et se  
 Quisque auris credunt, ac pennis æthera obum-  
 brant.

Hi plectro indulgent, fidibusque his tibia cantus  
 Dat bifores: alii cava cornua flatibus implent,  
 Raucifonasque tubas, et ahenea cymbala jac-  
 tant.

Atque ubi ter Patris ad solium pernice chorea  
 Indulsere

O'er the wide world extend thy sov'reign reign,  
 Protect the virtuous, and the bad restrain.  
 Those, whom thy zeal from councils shall displace,  
 Where saints assemble and the pious race;  
 Shall never tread the bright ethereal plain,  
 Till chang'd in mind thy favour they regain.  
 Behold! to thee, for human race, is giv'n,  
 To ope or close the sacred gates of heav'n.

Thus Christ, his blest ascension near at hand,  
 Consign'd his precepts to th' associate band.  
 So, at th' approach of death, some careful swain,  
 His flocks confiding to his tender train,  
 Warns them to shun the wolf with cautious heed,  
 And points the pastures where they safe may feed,  
 Thus, worn with age, the sailor o'er the deep  
 Instructs his younger mates to guide the ship;  
 Bids them beware, as smooth they sail along,  
 The shelves, the quicksands, and the Siren's song.

This said; the mount with fertile olives crown'd,  
 A cloud from heav'n descending, circled round;  
 From whose bright surface stream'd incessant rays,  
 The shores all glitter'd with th' ethereal blaze,  
 Meanwhile new scenes of sacred joy arise,  
 Amidst the bright assembly of the skies:  
 Th' angelic hosts applauding wheel around  
 In airy rings; their painted pinions sound,  
 And heav'n's high courts with joyous shouts rebound. }  
 Part on the tow'rs and lofty bulwarks stand,  
 Part line the ramparts, and the walls command.  
 These from the gates to issue forth prepare;  
 Swift as they mount, their wings obscure the air.  
 Some with their breath the shrill-ton'd flute inspire,  
 The cornet some; some sweep the sounding lyre:  
 Some the hoarse trumpet to their lips apply,  
 Some shake the brazen cymbals thro' the sky.  
 When now the throne of heav'n's eternal King  
 They thrice had circled, borne on rapid wing,

Indulsero choris, ter ludo lucida regna  
Lustravere, polique è vertice decurrere:  
Non aliter sunt ingressi volucris agmine contra  
Concentu vario, et multifono modulatu,  
Quàm prolapsa Remi cum nondum urbs alta jaceret,

Tarpeizque arces starent, lateque subactis  
Jura daret populis rerum pulcherrima Roma,  
Consul victor, ovans pugnatis undique bellis,  
Intrabat rediens, Capitoliaque alta subibat.  
Talis nubivago tendebat ad æthera gressu  
Vera Dei soboles: ut verò flectere quiret,  
Iratus quoties Genitor mortale pararet  
Exercere genus meritis ob crimina poenis,  
Omnia fert secum cædis monimenta nefandæ:  
In primis duplicemque trabem, infandamque columnam,

Brachia cui vinctus tulit aspera verbera, et acres  
Virgarum fasces, infectaque sanguine lora,  
Hastamque, et calamo pendentia pocula levi,  
Tres deinde ingentes, et acuta cuspide vestes  
Cernere erat, quibus effossus palmasque, pedesque,

Sertaque nexilibus vepribus conferta rigeant.  
Nec et longo Romani signa senatus  
Hastili suspensa, cavoque latentia cornu  
Lumina, quod superas abies tollebat ad auras:  
Quamque manu Rex pro sceptro gestavit arundo,

Omnia quæ pueri cœlestes antè gerebant,  
Singula quisque, polique arcem per inane petebant.

Suspexere viri attoniti, acieque sequentes  
Alituum nubem, ac regem videre per auras  
Tollentemque manus, cœlique serena secantem,  
Cum subito rutila hæc venit vox reddita ab æthra:

Ne trepidate, quid hæretis supera alta tuentes?

Cum

Thrice sportive travers'd o'er the realms of light;  
 At length descended from th' Olympian height—  
 Not with less pomp they wing'd their flight again,  
 With sounds melodious, to th' ethereal plain;  
 Than when the Consul, e'er a barb'rous foe  
 Had laid the walls of mighty Remus low;  
 Whilst yet Tarpeian tow'rs their strength display'd,  
 And Rome's proud laws the subject world obey'd;  
 Drove to the capitol his shining car,  
 Triumphant glitt'ring with the spoils of war.  
 Thus borne thro' ether to the bright abode,  
 Ascends in awful pomp the Son of God.  
 But to appease and calm the threaten'd ire,  
 Whene'er vindictive his eternal Sire,  
 Shou'd lift his arm the triple bolts to throw,  
 And hurl destruction thro' the world below;  
 Up to the court of heav'n, display'd before,  
 The dire memorials of his death he bore.  
 First, the vast cross; the pillar, where the band  
 Of surly ruffians bound each naked hand:  
 The spear, the scourges, and the leathern thong,  
 Dropping with blood; the moisten'd sponge, that hung  
 High on a reed; th' enormous nails that tore  
 His hands, and feet, distain'd with purple gore; }  
 The thorny wreath his bleeding temples wore.  
 There too, suspended on a taper spear,  
 The Roman ensigns stream aloft in air;  
 With these, triumphant thro' the skies are borne  
 The lights, far glimm'ring thro' the lucid horn:  
 Last, for the golden sceptre of command,  
 The idle reed that mock'd his regal hand.  
 These, the bright hosts, as heav'n's ascent they gain,  
 Each youth his ensign, in their hands sustain.  
 The crowds observing with attentive eyes  
 The radiant choir; beheld in deep surprize, }  
 Th' uplifted Monarch soaring to the skies.  
 When thus a voice from heav'n—Dismiss your fear;  
 Why stand ye trembling and astonish'd here?

Cum Genitore Deus regnandum accepit Olympum:

Nec mora, carminibus cœli domus ardua  
longè

Auditur resonare, modisque per astra canoris  
Contrà etiam plausere, atque hæc alterna canebant

Læta viri, cœlumque oculis, animisque petebant:  
Omnes ô plausu gentes, linguisque favete,  
Atque Deum canite ascensu supera alta tenentem:  
Quadrupedum, volucrumque genus, mutæque nantes

Exultent, tractus terrarum ubicunque patentes:  
Ipsi dent montes, ipsa et dent flumina vocem  
Læta suam, et scatebris volventes flumina fontes,  
Quodque ambit longis terras anfractibus æquor.  
Cuncta suum agnoscant auctorem, et carmina dicant:

Semper ut idem ingens regnârit originis expers  
Cum genitore Deo Deus, omnia numine complens.  
Ut nullis mox principiis, aut semine nullo,  
Omnia condiderit, cœlum, terrasque, fretumque,

Quæque vago passim subsunt animantia cœlo.  
Ut terras ponto discluserit, æthera terris,  
Luciferis cœli lustraverit atria flammis,  
Tellurisque sinum variis appinxerit herbis:  
Sufficiatque satis fruges, et vitibus alnum  
Humorem: tu cuncta moves, tibi maximus æther,

Quique super latices concrefcunt æthere, parent:  
Nubila te, ventique timent: te vesper et ortus

Observant, obeuntque tuo sua munera nutu:  
Et tibi monstriferi obsequitur plaga cærula ponti.

Tu manibus validis terrarum pondera libras,  
Atque gravem vacuo suspendis in aëre molem,  
Rerum

Behold! your Saviour mounts th' Olympian plain,  
In endless glories with his Sire to reign.

This said; with songs of joy heav'n's courts resound,  
And airs melodious fill the region round.  
Nor less, with eyes uplift, the pious train  
Thus pour'd alternate their exulting strain:  
Ye nations of the earth! rejoice, and sing  
The bright ascension of your heav'nly King!  
Rejoice ye beasts! that range the field or wood,  
Ye birds of air! ye natives of the flood!  
And all ye regions, that extended run,  
Beneath the rising or the setting sun!  
Let lofty mountains, and the streams that flow  
With pleasing murmurs, thro' the vales below;  
Let ev'ry fountain send a joyful sound,  
And ocean, circling the vast globe around.  
All nature's works confess your Sire, and raise  
Harmonious accents to resound his praise!  
Tell, that the Son with God his Father claim'd  
Eternal Being, e'er the world was fram'd;  
That from no seeds, no principles of birth,  
His pow'r created ocean, air, and earth;  
And all the various living species, found  
Beneath yon azure vault's stupendous round.  
That from the ether his almighty hand  
This earth divided, ocean from the land;  
Yon shining orbs in heav'n's bright regions plac'd,  
With various flow'rs earth's fragrant bosom grac'd;  
Bade furrow'd glebes the golden grain produce,  
And swell'd the vine-tree with a gen'rous juice.  
Thou rul'st all nature—Thee the spacious sky  
Obeys; the crystal firmament on high:  
Thee clouds and winds, Thee morn and setting day, }  
Their rounds performing as thou mark'st the way; }  
Thy pow'r controuls the monster-teeming sea:  
Poising this pond'rous earth, suspends on high  
Th' enormous fabric thro' the empty sky;

Rerum elementa locans æterno fœdere, ut omnia  
Concordi in medium tendant nitentia motu.  
Tu liquidas per inane vias is, nubibus actus,  
Aurarumque sedens veheris pernicibus alis.  
Non tibi tempus equis fugit irrevocabile adactis.  
Semper idem ante tuos oculos, præsensque mora-  
tur,

Quodque est, quodque fuit, simul et quod deinde  
sequetur.

Ipse etiam parens tibi cœli in vertice fixus  
Sol stetit: ipsa etiam surgens in cornua luna:  
Atque suos penitus requiêrunt sidera cursus.  
Te mandante suam vim sæpe innoxius ignis  
Dedidicit: pueri in mediis fornacibus astant  
Illæsi, jactantque tuas ad sidera laudes.

Tu mare navigerum concretâ dividis unda;  
Et populis medios das ire impunè per æstus.

Tu rapidos flectis ripis mirantibus amnes,  
Tu largam tactis è cautibus elicis undam:  
Idem largifluos fontes, et flumina sistens.

Ipsa tuo tremit aspectu conterrita tellus,  
Quosque procul tangis fumant ad sidera montes:  
Assurgunt reges pavidi, tibi sceptra, tibi arma  
Deponunt, longeque tremunt, et numen ado-  
rant.

Tu surdis aures, oculos tu lumine captis,  
Et vocem mutis, et vires sufficis ægris.

Tu revocas in vitam obita jam morte sepultos,  
Et rursus potes amissos accendere sensus.

Non te vis crudi perterrituit horrida leti,  
Non Erebi confusa domus, loca fœta timoris:

Te manes tremuere: plagæ regnator opacæ  
Umbrarum passim populantem immitia regna  
Non tulit, atque imis trepidus se condidit antris,  
Prostratæque metu procul Eumenides latitâ-  
runt,

Dum superas præda ingenti vehereris ad arces:  
Nunc ubi jam victor regnas, superûmque beato

Concilio



Bids nature's works observe their bounds, and all  
By laws eternal to the centre fall.

Borne on the wings of air, thou speed'st thy flight,  
Thro' wond'ring ether, to the plains of light.

Time ne'er from thee with rapid progress flies,  
But clear at once to thy discerning eyes,  
The past, the present, and the future rise. }

The sun himself thy sov'reign voice obey'd;

High in the heav'ns his fervid car he stay'd;

The moon for thee withheld her destin'd page,

And whirling planets check'd their rapid race.

Ev'n fire, obedient to thy will divine,

Rejoic'd its noxious nature to resign;

Whilst youths, uninjur'd in the circling blaze,

Forth from the flaming furnace hymn'd thy praise.

Thou bid'st the deep an unknown path display,

And lead'st thy people thro' the wat'ry way.

Thou turn'st the rivers from their wond'ring shores,

From the hard rock thou call'st the liquid stores:

Again, subdu'd by thy superior force,

The rushing torrents stop their headlong course.

Pale earth affrighted trembles at thy look,

Beneath thy touch the lofty mountains smoke:

Ev'n kings to thee their sceptred pomp resign,

And prostrate tremble at thy pow'r divine.

Thou mak'st the blind to see, the lame to walk,

The deaf to listen, and the dumb to talk.

Thou bid'st the dead from Pluto's dark domain

Arise, and breathe this vital air again.

Not death's stern pow'r thy dauntless soul dismay'd,

Nor all the terrors of the Stygian shade.

Wasting the dark dominions of the dead,

From thee the manes, thee the furies fled, }

And hell's grim tyrant veil'd his horrid head:

Whilst thou, victorious from infernal night,

Wast borne with Myriads to the plains of light.

Where now, triumphant in the bless'd abode,

Thou rul'st heav'n's councils with thy sov'reign nod;

Concilio imperitas, provisaque tempora longè  
Disponens reparas fugientia secula mundo,  
Nec requièssè finis solis volventia lustra.  
Salve, Opifex rerum, vastique salutaris orbis,  
Aspice nos propius, propius genus aspice nostrum;  
Morte tua patet ætherei cui janua Olympi,  
Ex veteres tandem Pater obliviscitur iras.

Talia littorea læti sub rupe canebant  
Undeni proceres, omnisque effusa juvenus.  
Non tamen exuerant vanum inter tanta timorem  
Gaudia, nondum animos firmati numinis aura  
Ætherea, sed adhuc latebras, cavaque antra petebant.  
Sicut ubi accipiter celsa de sede columbam  
Sustulit apprensam, quam rostro evisceret unco:  
Diffugiunt aliz huc illuc, mox turribus imis  
Conducunt se celeres, et inania murmura miscunt.  
Haud illi secus attoniti post funera Regis,  
Inclusi tecto stabant, promissa Magistri  
Cœlo expectantes, venturum numen ab alto.

Jamque aderat promissa dies, deciesque tenebras  
Flammifera sol exorians face ab orbe fugarat,  
Cum Pater omnipotens cœli regione serena,  
Sidera purpureo reficit quàm purior æther  
Lumine, cœlicolùm in medio media arce federet,  
Tempora dispensans, secretaque fœdera mundo,  
Cui se tum exutus moribundos filius artus  
Diffulgens radiis, ac mira luce coruscus  
Obtulit, et magno Genitorem affatus amore est:

O Pater, et iocis tandem succurrere nostris  
Tempus, ait, quos amisso duce protinus omnes  
Acer agit timor huc illuc, atque omnia terrent  
Imbelles, quoniam mortali corpore creti.  
Discute terrorem hunc animis, et pectora firma,  
Ne casus nequeant alacres procurrare in omnes.  
Illis me propter Solyme, Judæaque passim  
Insidias infensa odiis molitur iniquis:  
Tu tamen hos olim fore, qui præstantibus ausis  
Per gentes canerent nostrum indelebile nomen,  
Quacunque

Bid'st yon bright orb perform his destin'd rounds,  
 And giv'st the seasons their appointed bounds.  
 Hail, great Creator! from thy throne on high,  
 Regard thy Offspring with benignant eye;  
 For thee the Sire unfolds heav'n's golden door,  
 His anger satiate, and his wrath no more.

'Twas thus the chiefs, with all th' assembled train,  
 Beneath the mountains pour'd their raptur'd strain;  
 But had not yet, tho' brighter hopes appear,  
 Amidst their joys, dismiss'd each anxious fear:  
 Not yet encourag'd by cœlestial aid,  
 They fled to caverns and the secret shade.  
 As from her nest, when some fierce bird of prey,  
 To gorge its flesh, conveys the dove away;  
 The rest alarm'd to moss-grown turrets fly,  
 And plaintive murmur as conceal'd they lie.  
 So these, their Master slain, astonish'd stood,  
 And wait impatient for the promis'd God:

But now, the welkin streak'd with orient light,  
 The tenth expected morning rose to sight,  
 When, where the sky serener light displays,  
 And gilds the rolling orbs with purer rays;  
 Where sate the Sire amidst th' angelic train,  
 Dispensing laws, that nature's course sustain—  
 The Filial-deity, all beamy bright,  
 In limbs that glitter'd with ethereal light;  
 Ascending glorious to the realms above,  
 Address'd the Father in these terms of love:

Our friends, O Sire! by various fears dismay'd,  
 'Tis time to succour with thy pow'rful aid:  
 Their Master's loss, so frail is human kind,  
 Dejects their spirits, and unnerves their mind:  
 Thou from their breast dispel each abject fear,  
 And arm with courage, all events to bear.  
 The haughty rulers of the Jewish state,  
 For Me pursue them with relentless hate.  
 Yet these are persons who by deeds of fame,  
 Thro' the wide world shall spread my glorious name,

Quacunque Oceano terrarum clauditur orbis,  
 Et populos nova conversos ad sacra vocarent,  
 Pollicitus Genitor, tibi nec sententia nutat.  
 Hos (quando cœli demum non abnuis arcem)  
 Ipse ego sæpe tua fretus pietate labantes  
 Firmavi, implevique animis : siquidem affore O-  
 lympi

Promissi auxilium subitò, et tutâmen ab arce,  
 Quo freti reges, regumque minacia iussa  
 Contemnant, alacresque ruant in funera læti  
 Sponte sua veræ pro religionis amore.

Sic fatus, palmas ferro ostentabat acuto,  
 Trajectosque pedes, et hians in pectore vulnus,  
 Sertaque, et hamatos vepres, quos hostia gessit.  
 Annuit oranti, delibansque oscula Nato  
 Reddidit hæc Pater æterno devinctus amore:  
 Jam concessa petis : dabitur tibi, Nate, quod op-  
 tas.

Promissa (ne tende manus) afflabimus aura,  
 Quos vis, atque viros nostro flammabimus igni,  
 Ut pro te blandæ projecto lucis amore  
 Non ferrum, aut flammâs metuant, morsusve fera-  
 rum,

Aut crinita rotis circùm laniantibus haustra :  
 Quique reformidant nunc omnes æris auras,  
 Objicient certis alacres se sponte periclis  
 Pugnando, et claras animas de corpore red-  
 dent,

Contemptu necis et vera virtute superbi.  
 Non illos æstus, non illos frigora sistent,  
 Letiferum aut campos cum fidus findit hiulcos,  
 Cærulea aut glacie cum necit flumina bru-  
 ma.

Verùm ultra Gangem auditi, Bactra ultima su-  
 pra,

Ismara, Bistoniasque plagas, Serasque remotos  
 Gadibus, et virides penetrabunt voce Britannos.

Implebunt

Wherever ocean girts yon whirling ball;  
 And to new rites converted nations call.  
 Such once thy promise; nor can ought incline  
 To change the counsel of thy will divine.  
 These, (since for them thou op' st heav'n's golden tow'r)  
 I oft protected by my sov'reign pow'r;  
 Confirm'd with promis'd succour from on high,  
 The frowns of haughty tyrants to defy; [prove  
 And urg'd their minds, thro' toils, thro' death, to  
 For pure religion their unconquer'd love.

His hands and feet, thus saying, he display'd,  
 Fresh with the prints the tort'ring nails had made;  
 His temples with the thorny circle crown'd,  
 And breast, still gaping with the ghastly wound.  
 The Sire consented as submissive he pray'd,  
 Then kiss'd his Son, and thus paternal said:  
 Forbear to make thy just petition known,  
 With joy I grant thee thy request, my Son!  
 These friends with promis'd aid we will inspire,  
 And warm their bosoms with celestial fire:  
 That for thy sake they shall no longer dread,  
 To rush thro' flames, by gen'rous ardour led;  
 To brave the lion's rage, the tyrant's steel,  
 And all the tortures of the whirling wheel.  
 They who now tremble at each gale that blows,  
 Themselves to toils and dangers shall expose;  
 In conscious virtue bold, resign their breath,  
 And smile triumphant in the pangs of death.  
 Not icy winter, when he chills the plain,  
 Not summer's fierceness shall their zeal restrain;  
 Tho' piercing frosts congeal the crystal streams,  
 Tho' sultry Sirius darts his burning beams.  
 Beyond the Ganges they shall spread thy fame,  
 Bactra, and Ismarus shall hear thy name;  
 And those who tread Bistonia's frozen plain,  
 The Seres, far remov'd from distant Spain,  
 And Britain, circled by the rolling main.

B b 3

} They

Implebunt terras monitis, et cuncta novantes  
 Templa pererrato statuent tibi maxima mundo:  
 Ad tua mutatæ properabunt nomina gentes,  
 Divisæ penitus toto orbe per æquora gentes,  
 Seclaque conversis procedent aurea rebus.  
 Quæ tibi sæpe ego pollicitus, scisque omnia me-  
 cum.

Nec tantum tua, Nate, piis hæc vulnera Olympum  
 Nunc pandi meruere, nigra quos nocte preme-  
 bat

Infantes primi scelus exitiale parentis:  
 Verùm alios mox, atque alios per secula cœlo  
 Efficient dignos, sua quos commissa piacula  
 Sidereis procul arcebant à sedibus olim.  
 Tanta tuæ merces, ea vis, ea gratia mortis:  
 Atque adedò, quodcunque homines ab origine re-  
 rum

Admisere, aliis quicquid peccabitur annis,  
 Huc coëat: satis illa tui pars parva, super-  
 que

Omnia diluere, prorsusque abolere cruoris.  
 Quinetiam mox tempus erit, cum scilicet olim  
 Ter centum propè lustra peregerit æthereus  
 sol,

Tum veri Graiùm obliti mendacia vates  
 Funera per gentes referent tua carmine verso,  
 Atque tuis omnes resonabunt laudibus urbes:  
 Præsertim lætam Italiæ felicitis ad oram,  
 Addua ubi vagus, et muscoso Serius am-  
 ac

Purior electro, tortoque simillimus angui,  
 Quà Rex fluviorum Eridanus se turbidus in-  
 fert,

Mœnia turrigeræ stringens malè tuta Cremonæ,

Ut sibi jam tectis vix temperet unda caducis.  
 Illic tum nivei velut inter nubila cygni,  
 Omnibus in ripis pueri, innuptæque puellæ

Carmina

They with new rites shall fill the world, and raise  
 Illustrious temples to thy future praise:  
 Whole nations, from each other far disjoin'd,  
 By their advice, to nobler thoughts inclin'd,  
 Shall quit the idols which they serv'd before,  
 And thy superior Deity adore:  
 Whilst all mankind with joyful eyes behold  
 O'er the blest'd earth another age of gold.  
 Such, as thou know'st, is my supreme decree;  
 For all my counsels I unfold to thee.  
 Nor shall thy precious wounds alone obtain,  
 A free admittance in the blissful plain,  
 To those, whom banish'd from th' Olympian height,  
 Primeval guilt detain'd in shades of night;  
 But other sinners shall exalt on high,  
 And place amidst the bright ethereal sky,  
 Whose own transgressions from the realms of bliss  
 Excluding, doom'd them to the dark abyss.  
 Such endless blessings, such distinguish'd grace,  
 Thy death shall merit for a sinful race.  
 Hence, for whatever crimes, since nature's birth,  
 Have, or shall e'er pollute the sons of earth;  
 Thy sacred blood shall full atonement pay,  
 And one pure drop wash all their guilt away.  
 And when near fifteen hundred times the sun,  
 Around the globe his radiant course shall run;  
 At length, forgetful of the Grecian strain,  
 Inspir'd by heav'n, the true Parnassian train,  
 To thee their songs, their joyful songs, shall raise,  
 And ev'ry nation shall record thy praise.  
 But chief, that favour'd coast shall sound thy name,  
 Where winding Addua pours his silver stream,  
 And mossy Serius' crystal waters flow;  
 Where, with impetuous waves, the kingly Po  
 Along the walls of old Cremona glides,  
 And threats the turrets with his swelling tides.  
 There, pure as swans ascending on the wing,  
 Unmarried nymphs and blooming youths shall sing

Carmina casta canent, mixtique in gramine molli  
 Laudibus incipient certatim assuefcere nostris,  
 Et teneri prima cœtus te voce sonabunt.  
 Hæc tibi certa manent, hæc vis movet ordine nulla.  
 Sic fatus, dulcem Nato inspiravit amorem.

Interea scelus infandum pellacis Iudæ  
 Multa execrantes focii, se ad jussa parabant  
 Munera, diversas fortiti protinus oras  
 Quas peterent, moresque novos nova sacra docerent,  
 Quove autem patribus bis senis cætera, ut antè,  
 Pareret, pubes, numerum, sanctumque senatum,  
 Quod superest, suppleant: fociisque ex omnibus unus  
 Sortitu gaudes tanto prælatus honore  
 Matthia, obscurum genus, et sine luce propago.

Tum cuncti inter se mœsti sic ore precari:  
 Si nunc, si nobis auræ cœlitus almæ  
 Halitus omnipotens patefacto aspiret Olympo.  
 Quandoquidem toties nobis Deus omnibus illum  
 Auxilio fore pollicitus: sanè omnia vera  
 Prædixit, defit veris hoc hætenus unum.  
 Talia suspensi secum ægra mente ferebant.

Ecce autem cœli ruere ardua visa repentè,  
 Et superùm tonat ingenti domus alta fragore.  
 Suspiciunt: nova lux oculis diffulsit, et ingens  
 Visus ab æthereo descendere vertice nimbus  
 Lucis inardescens maculis, tectumque per omne  
 Diversi rumpunt radii; tum innoxius ignis  
 Omnibus extemplò supra caput astitit ingens,  
 Et circum rutilus incanduit aura favillis:  
 Stricturis veluti crebræ crepitantibus olim  
 Diffiliunt scintillæ, acres dum incudibus ictus  
 Alternant Chalybes, robustaque brachia tollunt,  
 Candentem curva versantes forcipe massam.  
 Nam Pater omnipotens, superaue æquævus ab arce  
 Filius, aspirant unà omnipotentibus auris,  
 Infunduntque viris numen: Deus ecce repentè,  
 Ecce Deus: cunctis divinitus algida corda  
 Incipiunt affata calefcere: numine tacti

Implentur



Chast songs to thee; and o'er the moss-clad plains  
To heav'n's high praises chaunt their earliest strains,  
Such is my fix'd decree—This said, he shone  
With rays benignant on his fav'rite Son.

Meanwhile the social train with zeal proceed,  
Vex'd at the traytor's execrable deed,  
Thro' earth's wide regions, each his lot assign'd,  
To teach new rites and precepts to mankind.  
But o'er the rest that twelve might still command,  
One they select from forth th' associate band;  
And thou, Matthias! born of humble race,  
By lot art favour'd with this signal grace.

Then all dejected thus prefer their pray'r—  
Oh! wou'd that breath divine of genial air  
Inspire our souls! since heav'n so oft has made  
A gracious promise of this needful aid.  
In all the rest each sacred truth was shown  
Exact; deficient in this point alone.

Thus they—But lo! descending from on high,  
A radiant cloud rush'd sweeping thro' the sky;  
Bright beams of light were wide diffus'd around,  
And heav'n's high mansions rung with hollow sound.  
Swift thro' the dome the rays disparting spread;  
Then each, like flame, descending o'er their head,  
Around their awful brows innoxious plays;  
The air grew sultry with the quiv'ring blaze.  
So the vex'd ore around its sparkles throws,  
While on the anvil their repeated blows,  
With lab'ring arm the brawny workmen deal,  
And turn with crooked tongs the sputt'ring steel.  
For now with breath divine, th' eternal Sire  
And filial pow'r, their frozen hearts inspire:  
Lo! from above a God, a God descends,  
Swift thro' their breasts the genial warmth extends;  
With sacred rage their swelling bosoms glow'd,  
And felt the raptures of th' inspiring God.  
No rest, no respite; thrice the quiv'ring rays  
With dreadful splendor round their temples blaze;

Implentur propiore viri, sacrumque furorem  
Concepere, Deumque imis hausere medullis.

Nec mora, nec requies: ter scintillantibus ignes

Terrifico radiis fulgore, ter alitis auræ

Turbine correpti, blando flammantur amore,

Ignescuntque animis, atque exultantia cunctis

Exercent acres stimulis præcordia motus.

Diffugiunt animis terrores: mira loquuntur,

Mira canunt: eadem variis (mirabile dictu!)

Gentibus accipitur vox haud obscura; sibi-  
que

Quisque videbatur patrias haurire loquelas,

Multi ut tunc ierant variis huc partibus orbis

Sacrorum studio, visendæque urbis amore,

Solemne quæ luce illa celebrabat honorem

Quinquaginta actis post orgia prima diebus;

Orgia, cum mensis epulandum apponimus agnum.

Hic sua verba audit tellure Libyside cretus,

Hic Galli sua, Romulidæ, Parthique, Scythæ-  
que,

Nec non subjecti glaciali sidere Thraces,

Afrique, Cretesque, Phrygamque è gente profecti,

Atque Indi, atque Arabes, et arenivagi Garaman-  
tes,

Mirantur cuncti circum, mirantur et ipsi.

Namque hominem velut exuti, moribundaque mem-  
bra,

Mente domos cœli peragrant, atque æthera aper-  
tum

Intenti, et superum taciti sermone fruuntur.

Jamque canunt ventura; animis Deus expulit a-  
tram

Lustrans corda intus nubem, quæ corpora circum

Caligatque, hebetatque humanas humida mentes.

Quosque modò duræ mortis formidine turpi

Speluncis atris terrebant omnia clausos,

Liberius nunc luce palam, atque licentius audent

Terrorum expertes: nec jam mortalia curant.

Non

Thrice in the whirlwind rapt, coelestial love  
With warmth extatic thro' their bosoms drove:  
The kindling gust with rapid motion rolls  
Thro' ev'ry breast, and fires their inmost souls.  
And now, all dread remov'd, the pious train  
Pour forth their accents in unusual strain.  
Wond'rous to tell, the same great truths appear  
Plain and distinct, to ev'ry foreign ear;  
Each startled stranger, 'midst th' assembled throng,  
Hears and admires them in his native tongue.  
For numbers sped from various parts, to pay  
Their vows and off'rings on that solemn day,  
When ancient custom and the laws invite  
Our social tribes to share the genial rite;  
That rite, which falls, when fifty days are past  
From the fam'd season of the paschal feast.  
Here those, who march from Libya's burning sands,  
The tribes from Roman, Parthian, Scythian lands,  
From Gallic regions; and the hardy race,  
Who roam the barren wilds of icy Thrace;  
From Afric, Crete; from Phrygia who appear;  
All these with wonder their own language hear:  
Indians, and those from rich Arabia's plain,  
And Garamantes, a wild wand'ring train.  
All gaze astonish'd; ev'n themselves admire,  
The strange effects of this ethereal fire.  
For winging, as it were, their flight away,  
From the dark mansions of this earthly clay;  
Their raptur'd minds thro' heav'nly regions rove,  
And share the converse of the bless'd above.  
And now they sing of great events to come;  
For heav'nly light dispell'd the vap'ry gloom,  
That on their clouded minds incumbent lay,  
And chas'd the darkness from their eyes away.  
Hence those, who late oppress'd by servile dread,  
To dens and caverns for protection fled;  
Now all their actions, void of fear, display,  
Clear as the light, and open as the day.

Non ferrum, aut flammæ metuunt, morsive ferarum,

Sed Regem vulgò testantur morte peremptum  
Immerita, genus æthereo deducere Olympo:  
Jamque pudet metuisse omnes, animosque leti  
Spes magis atque magis viget acris numinis haus-  
tu.

Haud secus ac crebris cùm rimis terra dehiscit,  
Cùm fitit omnis ager: tum quæ morientia lan-  
guent

Gramina, cæruleus si coelo venerit imber,  
Continuò attollant rursus capita, arvaque ponant  
Squalorem, redeatque decor suus omnibus agris.

Ergo abeunt varias longè lateque per oras  
Diversi, laudesque canunt, atque inclyta vul-  
go

Facta ducis: jamque (ut vates cecinere futurum  
Antiqui) illorum vox fines exit in omnes.  
Audiit et siquem medio ardens æthere iniquo  
Sidere desertis plaga dividit invia terris;  
Quique orbem extremo circumsonat æquore pon-  
tus.

Continuò ponunt leges, moremque sacrorum  
Urbibus: infectum genti lustralibus undis  
Eluitur scelus, et veteris contagia culpæ,  
Relligioque novas nova passim exuscitat aras:  
Protinus hinc populos Christi de nomine di-  
cunt

Christiadas: toto surgit gens aurea mundo,  
Seculorumque oritur longè pulcherrimus ordo.

No more fierce flames, the tyrant's frown severe,  
 The lion's fury, or the sword they fear;  
 But viewing with disdain all earthly things,  
 With courage witness at the throne of kings,  
 That He, their Master, who so late was slain,  
 Deriv'd his lineage from th' ethereal plain.  
 And now, ashamed that once they dreaded death,  
 All pant impatient to resign their breath.  
 So when the thirsty soil wide chinks displays,  
 Its moisture drain'd by Phoebus' sultry rays,  
 And herbs now wither on the languid plain;  
 If chance from heav'n descend the copious rain,  
 The fields rejoicing lift their blooming heads,  
 And native verdure cloaths the smiling meads.

Hence wand'ring far to distant lands, they sing  
 With zeal the praises of their heav'nly King;  
 And thus their voice, as bards foretold, resounds  
 Thro' earth; and reaches her extremest bounds.  
 Ev'n they, who burn beneath the sultry line,  
 With joy and wonder heard these truths divine;  
 And those, where ocean's distant billows roll,  
 Far as the confines of the northern pole.  
 Now laws they found, and sacred rites ordain;  
 In water's holy streams that ancient stain,  
 Which guilt infus'd, at length is cleans'd away;  
 A new religion glad mankind obey, }  
 And at new altars their devotions pay.  
 Hence from their master Christ, his faithful train  
 The name of Christians thro' the world obtain;  
 An age of gold o'er all the earth appears,  
 And beauteous order crowns the circling years.









